Scandalum Magnatum:

Or, the GREAT

TRYAL

AT

Chelmnesford Assizes,

Held *March* 6, for the County of *ESSEX*,

BETWIXT

HENRY Bishop of LONDON, Plantiff,

AND

EDM. HICKERINGIL, Rector of the Rectory of *All-Saints* in *COLCHESTER*, Defendant,

FAITHFULLY RELATED.

Together with the nature of the WRIT call'd *SUPPLICAVIT*, seldom granted against any in these Days, more seldom granted against any but common-Rogues and common-Barreters, and common Villains; yet granted against Mr. *Hickeringill*: Who was thereupon bound to the Good-behaviour, at the Court of King's-Bench *Westminster*, *Octab. Pur.* xxxiv. *R.R.*

AS ALSO

The ARTICLES sworn against him by six Proctors at *Doctors-Commons*; the Reverend Proctors Names are likewise (according to the Record in the *Crown-Office*) particularized.

With large Observations and Reflections upon the whole.

Published to prevent false Reports.

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THE INTRODUCTION.

WAS there ever more need than now (*to prevent falſe Reports*) when every Coffee-Houſe Table (inſtead of a better Carpet) is cover'd and peſter'd with falſe News?

Falſe Rumours and News (*the Epidemical Plague*) that our Anceſtors were ſo careful to prevent, that (as the *Laws Oracle*, *Cook.* cap. 39. Inſtitut. 3. tells us, that) the Law before the Conqueſt was, That the Author and Spreader of falſe Rumours amongſt the People had his Tongue cut out, if he redeemed it not by the eſtimation of his Head. *Int. Leg. Alveredi*, *cap.* 28. If this Law had been reviv'd, *Thompſon*, *Heraclitus* and the *Obſervator* had much better be Tongue-ty'd.

For tho Wiſe-Men and Good-Men (in a juſt ſcruple of Conſcience) ſcorn to read ſuch nauſeous Ribaldry, in Reverence to that of the Wiſe-man; (Prov. 17. 4.) *A wicked Doer giveth heed to falſe Lips; and a Lyer giveth Ear to a naughty Tongue*; knowing that the *Reſettor* is as bad as *the Thief*, and that the *Ear that loves to hear* (is as bad as the *Tongue that loves to ſpeak*) falſe News, and equally Guilty; and he that *loveth*, (as well) as he that *maketh* a Lye, is rank'd amongſt Dogs, and Sorcerers, and Whoremongers, and Murtherers and Idolaters. (*Rev.* 22. 15.) Yet the depraved Nature of Man is (*novitatis avida*) greedy of hearing Tales from the very Cradle; and many Engliſhmen now, (like the *Athenians*, *Acts* 17. 21.) ſpend their time in nothing elſe, but either *to tell or to hear ſome new-thing.*

The *Lydians* puniſh'd theſe falſe News-Mongers with Death, as if a Man's Reputation was as dear to him as his Life, and the Aſſaſſinate of a Man's good Name, was accounted a Murderer.

The *Grecians and the French* have but one Name or Word to ſignify the Devil and (his Son) the Slanderer; διάβολος, *Diable*, or Devil; who was a Murtherer from the beginning; (that is) a Lyer, and the Father of Lyes: And to delight in *hearing* or *reading* falſe and ſcandalous News, is an *Acceſſory*, (which in Murder and all Aſſaſſinations) is equally *puniſh'd* and equally guilty with the *Principal.*

Prudent Men (tho') and Men of Courage (like a Lyon, or a right Engliſh Maſtiff) ſtalk and walk on, when little Currs bark at them, anſwering their yelping, only with Contempt: *Convicia, ſi iraſcaris, tua divulgas, ſpreta exoleſcunt*, ſaith *Tacitus*; If you ſeek to revenge Slanders, you proclaim them as your own; But if you deſpiſe them, they vaniſh of themſelves.

There are but few Biſhops like Arch-Biſhop *Cranmer*, who was ſo much revil'd, that he might have made work enough for the Lawyers, if he would have ply'd their Courts with Actions, upon the Statute of *Scandal. Magnat.* but he choſe rather to win Men with his Goodneſs, not rendring Evil for Evil, but (ſo uſually) Good for Evil, that it became a Proverb in thoſe Days, *Do my Lord of* Canterbury *a Diſpleaſure, and you have him your Friend ever after*; that's more Chriſtian-like, and Biſhop-like, than if Men had cauſe to ſay, Do

my

my Lord of — a Diſpleaſure, and you have him your Enemy ever after. Sure the World is near its end, and drawing its laſt Breath, Charity is ſo cold now a Days, old and cold, (God knows!) as for Example, and woful Experience, *Ecce Signum!*

The Preſſures that this Defendant has undergone ſince he writ the Naked Truth, (above a Year ago) are almoſt inſupportable, and enough to make his Back crack; at leaſt, enough *to fright* Men from writing or ſpeaking *any more Naked-Truths*: It was always ſo; the great Prophet of old made the ſame complaint, to ſmall purpoſe (God wot) amongſt ſome Men; (Iſa. 59. 14, 15.) *Judgment is turned away backward, and Juſtice ſtandeth afar off; for Truth is fallen in the Street, and Equity cannot enter.*

Yea, *Truth faileth*, and he that departeth from Iniquity maketh himſelf a Prey; and the Lord ſaw it, and it diſpleaſed him that there was no Judgment.

How has this Defendant been peſter'd within this Twelve Months? Four and twenty great Heads of Barretry preferr'd againſt him in the Crown-Office, about fifty Witneſſes ſubpœna'd to prove them, yet, ſcarce ten of them ſworn, and ſome of them that were ſubpœna'd, profeſt before they were ſubpœna'd that they knew nothing of the Matter, and yet ſubpœna'd. What? run Men down with a Noiſe? Is that ſuch Policy? or, is it Piety? And when the Defendant's Innocence appear'd, and a Verdict to that purpoſe by the Worthy Jury; yet, afterwards How was he *viſited and vex'd* in the Eccleſiaſtical-Court of Arches, (*Henry* Biſhop of *London* *Promoter* there againſt him) and for ſome of the ſame Barretry too, of which he had been honourably acquitted?

And when the danger appear'd of proſecuting him in that Eccleſiaſtical-Court for Barretry (againſt the Statutes of *Præmunire and Proviſors*) though Witneſſes were ſworn to them, yet it was upon ſecond Thoughts adjudg'd unſafe to inſiſt upon them; and five of the Articles were laid aſide (wherewith they had *long* made a *loud noiſe*) and *only five* clandeſtine Marriages inſiſted upon, or Marriages without Banes (firſt publiſhed) in time of Divine-Service, (and how can that be where there is no Divine-Service) but the old Rule, *Neceſſitas vincit Legem*, would not paſs Currant againſt a Law of Man, though it prov'd a good Diſpenſation to Holy *David* againſt a Law of God: But, in all haſte ſuſpended and ſilenc'd he muſt be, (*I do not know when!*) whether the Eccleſiaſtical Court have *Wit in their Anger*, and will not do *all the harm* they can; or, whether they think there is more in *Matrimony* than a *matter of Money*; or, whether they *think it hard* to ſilence a Miniſter from Preaching the Goſpel, though the Regiſter's had not the nine or *ten Shillings* (as formerly) from the Defendant for a *Blanck-Licence*, whilſt ſcarce a Man in an Age is ſilenc'd for *Drunkenneſs*, *Ignorance*, *Lazineſs*, *Fornication*, or *Debauchery*; or, whether they reſolve to be merciful in Concluſion, or, (if that be *not ſo probable*) whether they ſuſpend the execution of the Suſpenſion, that the *longer* the blow is a *heaving* it may *fall the heavier*, I cannot tell; But they have found the Defendant *work enough* this twelve-Month laſt paſt, if he had *had* no other work, but to fence and *ward off* the Blows made at him: *Then* ſix Proctors (*they*) ſwear againſt him *Articles* in the *King's-Bench*, and procure the *Writ* of *Supplicavit* againſt him, a Writ ſeldom granted againſt any in theſe Days, (as we are told by the *Compleat Solliciter*, p. 73, 74.) He ſays, he remembers that about eight Years ago, (in the days of *Uſurpation*, for his Book *was printed Anno. Dom.* 1666.) a troubleſome malicious Prieſt ſued *one* (namely *a Supplicavit*) againſt ſome of his Neighbours, but he had not heard of any ſince; and the Parties craving it ſhould take their Corporal Oath that it is not deſired for any *Malice*, *Hatred*, or *Envy* to the Party (ſurely if the ſaid ſix Proctors ſwore it, they ſwore it *freely*, *heartily* and *clearly!*)

Beſides

Besides, tho 'tis *a Writ rarely granted*, yet, when it is granted it is (more) rarely granted against any but *common Rogues*, and *Villains*, *common Barretors*, and *Man-Catchers*; Is there greater Indignity than to be *crucified* amongst *Thieves* and *Rogues*? It has been the Lot of his Betters, (tho) the Defendant offered an *Affidavit* in his behalf, *made* before Judg *Dolben*, by *three Worthy Citizens*, and desired (with all Humility) that as *the Bench* had heard *of one side* Affidavits against him, that they would please to leave *one Ear open*, to hear some *Affidavits for him*, and some Pleas in his *Defence*: intending to insist upon the Statute of 2 *Edw.* 6. 1. which if it be *in force*, then the Ecclesiastical Courts sit not legally, nor can they be called by Names bad enough; and if that Statute be not in force, then why did the Lord Chief Justice *Pemberton* insist upon it so lately at the King's-Bench Bar, and also Mr. *Rotherham*, for their Client Mr. *Weald* of *Much-Waltham* in *Essex*, about the time that the last Parliament sate at *Westminster*, telling the Lord Chief Justice *Scroggs*, that he would not urge it warmly (or Words to the like Effect) because he perceiv'd his Lordship was *not prepar'd* at *that time* to give an answer to that Statute; or Words to the like Effect: A *moot-Case* belike then, and a *hard Case* to bind a Man to the Good-Behaviour, or threaten him with a Jaile, when not wiser in the construction of the force of a Statute than the Lord Chief Justice.

But *nothing* would be admitted to be pleaded in *the Defendants Defence*, but *utrum horum* (*that is* not false Latin, whatsoever *quisquis* is.)

Sad choice (alas!) Bail, or a Jail:
There is no fence against a Flail.

They that will hear but of one Ear here, shall be made to hear on both Ears one Day (the Day of Judgment.)

And tho Mr. *Shepherd* (in his Office of a Justice of the Peace, *pag.* 83.) says, that in taking a Recognizance upon a *Supplicavit*, the ordinary Sum is *ten or twenty* Pounds (and difficultly enough (too) to be procured by a poor Rogue, tho a great Rogue) yet, since the time and Sum is Arbitrary and in the Breast of the Justices, no less than a *hundred Pounds* must Mr. *Hickeringill* be bound in for affronting the Men of Doctors-Commons, (if the Proctors swore throughstitch) nay, one of the Bench stood stifly for 200 Pounds, (that the *Principal* should *Recognize*, but (in that) he was over-ruled) and four Sureties in 50 *l.* apiece; whereas a *poor common-Rogue* could hardly have procur'd *two Manucaptors*: Ay, Ay; he that will have Honour must sometimes pay for his Ambition.

But, as if all these troubles were too little for the Defendant (besides the Weekly Affronts) By the Weekly News-mongers in their *Tantivy-Pamphlets*, (not to mention those *familiar* little friendly *Courtships*, and Caresses, of *Villain*, *Rogue*, *Colchester-Hick*— the *great Scribler of the Nation*: Daring *Nat. Thompson* reports him to be *convict of Perjury*, tho *Nat.* hides his viler Head for the same; and dare not give an appearance for himself and his Consort to Mr. *Godfrey Woodward* Attorney, who has long been prepar'd for him, if he could come at him, for villifying and aspersing such a Man as Mr. *Hickeringill* with so pernicious and false a Slander, all the Kingdom over.) But these are small Matters, *loss of Reputation*, and to be *called* and accounted a *common Rogue*, *common Barretar*, common Villain; a *small matter*.

Oh! But in the Neck of all, comes me, (*decima unda*) the *tenth Wave*, an Action of 5000 *l.* thick, brought by a great Bishop too, of *great* Interest, *great* Power, *great* Friends, *great* Parts, *great* Learning, and *great all over*;

againſt a poor Prieſt, or younger Brother, a *Minorite*, to Reform him, *(if any Body could tell how)* and make him better: Nay, it will be dangerous (this whole long Year) for Mr. *Hickeringill* to ſay, as did the Emperour, at a *General Council*, (when at the firſt ſetting out and opening thereof, the good Fathers were *gravell'd, and at a loſs*, where (firſt) to begin to 'mend, *the Eccleſiaſtical Frame* being ſo horribly *out of Frame*, *â Minoritis*, cries *one* of the *great Ones* very politickly: no quoth the Emperour,) rather a *Majoritis*; let *us firſt begin to 'mend* the great Ones.

The *Naked Truth*, with eaſe, we tear;
Not, ſuch as *Vizor-Maſques* do wear;
For *Vizors* ſconce and skreen Men here;
But will *not always laſt*, I fear.

This fam'd Trial came on *March* 8, 1681. at the *Niſi prius* Bar, before the Lord Chief Juſtice, Sir *Francis Pemberton*; The Jury, by the Sheriff of the County of *Eſſex*, were thus return'd; *viz.*

Eſſex ſſ. Nomina Jur. inter *Henr.* Epiſ. *Lond.* qui tam, *&c.* Quer.
Et *Edmond. Hickeringill*, Cler. Defend.

Andreas Jenner de *Dunmow Magnâ*, Bar.
Ricardus Everard de *Waltham Magnâ*, Bar.
Edwardus Smith de *Thoydonmount*, Bar.
Willielmus Appleton de *Shenfield*, Bar.
Johannes Bramſton de *Roxwell*, Miles Balnei.
Marcus Guyon de *Coggeſhall Magnâ*, Miles.
Johannes Marſhal, Miles.
Willielmus Maynard de *Waltham Stow*, Ar.
Willielmus Glaſcock de *Farnham*, Ar.
Jacobus Milbourn de *Dunmow Magnâ*, Ar.
Alexander Preſcot de *Mountneſſing*, Ar.
Willielmus Pert de eâd. Ar.
Samuel Hare de *Leigh*, Ar.
Anthonius Abdey de *Kelvedon*, Ar.
Ricardus Ballet de *Hatfield Broad-Oak*, Ar.
Johannes Meade de *Wenden*, Ar.
Johannes Tendring de *Baddow Magnâ*, Ar.
Willielmus Petre de *Stanford Rivers*, Ar.
Henricus Paſchal de *Baddow Magnâ*, Ar.
Henricus Humfreys de *Weſthamingfield*, Ar.
Ricardus How de *Ingate-ſtone*, Ar.
Ricardus Stanes de *Altâ Ongar*, Ar.
Aurelius Piercey Wiſeman de *Wimbiſh*, Ar.
Edwardus Taverner de *Canfield*, Ar.

None of the Jury were challenged by either ſide; Moſt of the Gentlemen (firſt named in the Pannel) appear'd and ſerv'd; being ſworn, a little Councel tremblingly made a ſhift to read the Heads of the Declaration, *viz.*

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The Declaration in Engliſh (faithfully tranſlated out of the Lawyers Latin) was to this Effect, viz. Trinity Term, xxxiii. R. R. Carol. 2.

Eſſex ſſ. 'HENRY Biſhop of *London*, one of the Prelates of this Realm of *England*, as well for our Soveraign Lord the King, as for himſelf, complaineth of *Edmond Hickeringill* Clerk, in the Cuſtody of the Marſhal of the *Marſhalſea*; for that whereas in the Statute made in the Parliament of King *Richard* the Second after the Conqueſt, at *Gloceſter*, in the Second Year of his Raign, held, amongſt other things, it is Enacted and ſtrictly Charged under great pain, That none ſhould be ſo bold as to deviſe, ſpeak or relate of the Prelates, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and other Nobles and Great Men of the Realm of *England*, nor of the Chancellor, Treaſurer or Clerk of the Privy Seal, Steward of the King's Houſe, Juſtice of the one Bench or other, nor of any Great Officers of the ſaid Realm, any falſe News, Lyes, or any ſuch Falſities, whereof any Scandal or Diſcord within the ſaid Realm may ariſe. And whoſoever this ſhould do, ſhould incur the Penalty otherwiſe thereof ordained, by the Statute of *Weſtminſter* the Firſt, as in the ſaid Statute more fully it is contained.

'Yet the ſaid *Edmond Hickeringill* the Statute aforeſaid not regarding, nor the Penalty of the ſaid Statute any ways fearing, but craftily deſigning the Good Name, State, Credit, Dignity and Honour of the ſaid Biſhop to hurt and blacken, and him the ſaid Biſhop into great Diſpleaſure, Diſtruſt and Diſcredit of our ſaid Lord the King that now is, and of the great Men, and great Officers of this Realm of *England*, and alſo of divers worthy Perſons, Subjects of our ſaid Lord the King that now is, to bring; the fourth day of *April*, in the three and thirtieth Year of the Raign of our ſaid Lord the King, at *Chelmnesford* in the County of *Eſſex*, divers falſe News and horrible Lyes of the ſaid *Henry*, then and yet being Biſhop of *London*, and one of the Prelates of this Realm of *England*, in the preſence and hearing of divers of the Subjects of our ſaid Lord the King, falſly, maliciouſly, and ſcandalouſly deviſed, ſpoke, related, publiſhed and proclaimed in theſe *Engliſh* Words following, *viz. The Lord Biſhop of* London (meaning himthe ſaid Lord Biſhop of *London*) *is a bold daring impudent Man, for ſending ſome Heads in Divinity to all his Clergy in thoſe parts* (meaning the Clergy within the Dioceſs of *London* in thoſe parts) *which are contrary to Law* (meaning the Laws of the Realm.)

'And of his further Malice, the ſaid *Edmond* afterwards, to wit, the ſaid fourth day of *April* in the three and thirtieth Year aboveſaid, at *Chelmnesford* in the ſaid County of *Eſſex*, ſcandalouſly, and maliciouſly, and further to defame and ſcandalize the ſaid Biſhop likewiſe, deviſed, ſpoke, related, publiſhed and proclamed of the ſaid *Henry*, then and yet Biſhop of *London*, upon a Diſcourſe of the ſaid Biſhop then and there had, theſe other falſe News and horrible Lies, in theſe *Engliſh* Words following, that is to ſay, *His Lordſhip* (meaning the ſaid *Henry* Lord Biſhop of *London*) *is very ignorant.*

'And the ſaid *Edmond* further craftily deſigning not only the good Name, State, Credit, Dignity and Honour of the ſaid Biſhop to hurt and blacken, and him the ſaid Biſhop into further great Diſpleaſure, Diſtruſt and Diſcredit of our ſaid Soveraign Lord the King that now is, and of the great Men, and great Officers of this Kingdom of *England*, and of divers other worthy Subjects of our ſaid Lord the King, to bring; but alſo to cauſe him to endure the pain and peril of the Laws and Statutes of this Realm, againſt Traitors and ſuch Malefactors;

'lefactors, made afterwards, to wit the ſaid fourth day of *April*, in the ſaid three 'and thirtieth Year of the Raign of our ſaid Soveraign Lord the King that 'now is, at *Chelmnesford* aforeſaid, in the ſaid County, divers other falſe News 'and horrible Lyes of the ſaid *Henry*, then and yet Biſhop of *London*, and one 'of the Prelates of this Realm, in the preſence and hearing of divers of the 'King's Subjects, ſcandalouſly, falſly, and maliciouſly deviſed, ſpoke, related, 'publiſhed and declared in theſe *Engliſh* Words following, *viz.* *I* (meaning him 'the ſaid *Edmond Hickeringill*) *can prove His Lordſhip* (meaning the ſaid *Henry* 'Lord Biſhop of *London*) *to be concerned in the Damnable Plot*, (meaning the Po- 'piſh Plot to deſtroy the King, and ſubvert the Government of this Realm) late 'diſcovered.

'By Means of which ſaid ſeveral falſe News and horrible Lyes, the ſaid Bi- 'ſhop is not only hurt and ſcandalized in his Reputation, Honour and Digni- 'ty, and the ſaid Biſhop hath loſt the Favour, good Opinion and Eſteem 'which our ſaid Soveraign Lord the King, and other great Men, and Prelates 'of this Realm afore towards him did bear, and divers Rumors and Scandals 'between divers of the Nobles of this Realm, and great Men, and other the King's 'Subjects upon the Occaſion aforeſaid, within this Realm are riſen and ſpread 'abroad, and great Scandals and Diſcords by reaſon of the Premiſes, between 'the ſaid Biſhop and others of this Realm are riſen, and daily more and more 'are likely to ariſe, to the great diſturbance of the Peace and Tranquillity of 'the Realm, to the Contempt of our ſaid Lord the King, and great Scandal 'of the ſaid Biſhop, and againſt the Form of the ſaid Statute of *Richard* the 'Second, to the Biſhop's Damage 5000 *l.* and therefore he brings this Suit.

Iſſue—Non Cul—

This Trial (of ſo great expectation) came on about nine a Clock in the Morning, *Wedneſday* the *8th* of *March*, 1681.

To prove the Declaration *only one ſingle* Witneſs was produced for the Plaintiff, namely, one *Samuel Harris*, Clerk.

Witneſſes ſworn on the behalf of the Defendant, were, The Right Honourable *Edward* Earl of *Lincoln*, Mr. *Benjamin Edgar*, Mr. *Ambroſe Flanner*, *Robert Potter*, *Henry Bull*, *Chriſtopher Hill*, and *Daniel Howlet*; all (*except that Noble Earl*) Pariſhioners of the Pariſh of St. *Buttolph's* in *Colcheſter*, and preſent when the Words were (*pretended to be*) ſpoken.

Actions for Words ought to be *preciſely and punctually* prov'd, and *all* the Words *together* without addition or diminution; otherwiſe, as the Defendant (*who pleaded his own Cauſe*) told the Court, the Senſe muſt differ, except they be *taken together*, with the antecedent and ſubſequent Diſcourſe, in *ſenſu conjuncto*, not *diviſo*; jointly and not ſeverally: adding, that he had a thouſand times ſaid, that, *there is no God*; and yet *that ſaying* (that looks ſo ſcandalouſly, Atheiſtically and Blaſphemouſly, taken disjointed and ſeverally from the foregoing Words) are really innocent and harmleſs, and have been ſpoken a thouſand times by every Man, that has a thouſand times read or repeated *Pſal.* 14. 1. *The Fool hath ſaid in his Heart, there is no God.*

So alſo, *in infinite Inſtances*, as to ſay, *It is not lawful to love God, nor to love our Neighbour diſſemblingly, or hypocritically*; take away the laſt Words, and it looks ſcandalouſly and moſt prophanely; but taken altogether, no harm at all, but good and true, and like that of the Apoſtle, — *Let Love be without Diſſimulation.*

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The ſaid *Harris* (Witneſs for the Plantiff) had got the Words pretty well by Heart, but yet did not ſwear them *ſo roundly off*, as was expected.

For, (as to the firſt Words, namely, *The Lord Biſhop of* London *is a bold daring impudent Man, for ſending ſome Heads of Divinity to all his Clergy in theſe parts :)* he ſwore them thus, — namely, *The Lord Biſhop of* London *is a bold daring impudent Man, for ſending a Printed Paper, wherein were ſome Heads of Divinity which were contrary to Law.*

But the Defendant again examining, and bidding him repeat the Words, He ſaid the Words were — *The Lord Biſhop of* London *is a bold daring impudent Man, for ſending ſome Heads of Divinity in a* Printed Letter *which is contrary to Law.*

Whereupon the Defendant taking notice and advantage from the difference of the Expreſſions and Words, The Judg bid that ſame *Harris* to repeat the Words once more as he would bide by it.

Whereupon, *Harris* ſware that the Words were theſe—*The Lord Biſhop of* London *is a bold daring impudent Man, for ſending ſome Heads of Divinity* in a Paper *contrary to Law.*

There the Mercury was fixt after all its ſeveral ſhapes.

The Words in the ſecond Count, He ſwore roundly off without any Hæſitation; But the Words in the third Count, he did not ſwear as they were laid in the Declaration, and yet without doubt the Declaration was made according to his ſingle Information; But it pleaſed God, he did not ſwear them off ſo roundly; for inſtead of theſe Words— *I can prove his Lordſhip to be concerned in the Damnable Plot* (meaning) the *Popiſh Plot*; he ſwore theſe Words — *I can prove his Lordſhip to be concerned in the Horrid Plot againſt my righteous Name and Perſon*; and that the Words were ſpoken by the Defendant without any intervenient Queſtion, all in one continued Diſcourſe.

Yet the Counſel would gladly have inſinuated to the Gentlemen that were ſworn, That the Words ſhould not be taken *together*, but to *make a Pauſe* at Horrid Plot, as if the next Words, *againſt my righteous Name*, did not ſufficiently give the meaning, without any *ſubintelligitur*; for who can imagine *in ſober ſenſe* that a Man means *John a Stiles*, when he expreſly ſays *John a Nokes*? or, who can imagine that a Man means a *Popiſh-Plot*, when he expreſly ſays, a *Horrid Plot againſt my righteous Name*? &c.

And he and all the Defendants Witneſſes argeed in one thing, namely, That not any *Colloquium*, Diſcourſe or Mention was made of any Popiſh Plot, during the Defendants ſtay in the Company, that 4*th* of *April*, 1681. being *Eaſter-Monday*, at the ſaid Pariſh-Meeting for the Election of Officers for the ſaid Pariſh of St. *Buttolph's* in *Colcheſter*, as their yearly cuſtom was, *on every Eaſter-Monday.*

The ſaid *Harris* his Teſtimony was confronted with ſix honeſt Witneſſes, ſubſtantial Men, who had no deſign upon the Defendant's Benefice of St. *Buttolphs*, (an Appurtenance to his Rectory of *All-Saints*, time out of mind of Man to the contrary) But the ſaid *Harris* could not deny, but he had a Pretenſion thereunto by a Sequeſtration granted to him by the Plantiff.

And firſt Mr. *Edgar* told the Judg, and thoſe that were ſworn, that he was preſent all the time *from firſt to laſt*, from the ſaid *Harris* his coming into the Room at the ſaid Pariſh-meeting where *Harris* found the Defendant; and gave good attention to all the Diſcourſe that paſt betwixt the Defendant and the ſaid *Harris* all the while they were together, which was not long, the Defendant ſoon leaving the Room and departing.

He was order'd to declare the whole Diſcourſe, which he did as followeth; namely, that when the ſaid *Harris* came into the ſaid Pariſh-meeting, the fourth of *April* laſt, The Defendant ask'd the ſaid *Harris* what Buſineſs he had there, or what he had to do there in his Pariſh? to whom *Harris* reply'd, that he had a Sequeſtration of the ſaid Benefice of St. *Buttolphs* from the Lord Biſhop of *London*.

To whom the Defendant reply'd, ſaying, The Lord Biſhop is not infallible, (and that the Pope is not infallible;) for inſtance (continued the Defendant.) The Lord Biſhop of *London* ſent a Printed Letter to every one of the Clergy in theſe parts, wherein he recommended to them the Obſervation of the Canons of Forty, which Canons are diſanulled by Law; *which Law* if the Biſhop *did not know*, it was his *Ignorance*; but if he did know it, it was *Inſolence*.

Beſides, The Defendant added theſe Words, *The Biſhop of* London *has a prejudice againſt me, for I can prove that he was concerned in the Horrid Plot againſt my righteous Name and Reputation.* In ſhort, all the Defendants Witneſſes agreed with Mr. *Edgar*'s Teſtimony, and all of them ſwore poſitively, that they were preſent during the whole Diſcourſe betwixt the ſaid *Harris* and the *Defendant*, that they all gave attention thereunto, and that they did hear and take good notice of the whole Diſcourſe that paſt at that time betwixt the *Defendant* and the ſaid *Harris*, and that the Defendant *during the whole Diſcourſe, mention'd not theſe Words* —The Lord Biſhop of *London is a bold daring impudent Man*; nor any mention made of any *Heads of Divinity*, nor theſe Words, *His Lordſhip is very ignorant*; nor the leaſt mention made of a Popiſh Plot by any in the Room, nor any *Colloquium* of the Popiſh Plot (laid) in the Declaration; but *all agreed* that the Defendant in a *continued Diſcourſe*, ſaid—*I can prove his Lordſhip to be concern'd in the Horrid Plot againſt my righteous Name and Reputation*; but *Harris* ſaid, againſt my *righteous Name and Perſon.*

And yet the ſaid *Harris* confeſſed, that after the Defendant was gone out of the ſaid Room from the ſaid Meeting, he went alone by himſelf into another Room; and writ ſomething, and brought it ſo written to ſome of the Company, to the ſaid Mr. *Flanner* in particular, and deſired him to ſubſcribe to the ſame; (this ſpake his Malice and Deſign:) preſently after the Defendant was gone away. But the ſaid Mr. *Flanner* and the reſt held up their Hands (as aſtoniſh'd) and bleſt themſelves from him, ſaying, There was no ſuch Words ſpoke by the Defendant; and thereupon Mr. *Flanner* and Mr. *Edgar* writ down the Words (as aforeſaid) which were ſpoken, thinking the Man had ſome Deſign againſt the Defendant to do him a Miſchief, as it appears ſince, too true; and therefore they could not but remember the whole Diſcourſe as well as he: at leaſt, all could tell there was no ſuch Words ſpoken.

The *Preacher* was a *Prophet* when he preach'd of the *Horrid Sin* of *Mancatching*; It was *Jezebel*'s way to get *Naboth*'s Vineyard, and his Life to boot; 'tis often *fatal to have a Vineyard* that other Men *covet*, 1 *Kings* 21. 15. *And it came to paſs, when* Jezabel *heard that* Naboth *was dead, that* Jezabel *ſaid to* Ahab, *Ariſe, take poſſeſſion of the Vineyard of* Naboth *the* Jezreelite, *which he refuſed to give thee for Money, for* Naboth *is not alive but dead.* (Cunning Harlot!) *And it came to paſs when* Ahab *heard that* Naboth *was dead, that* Ahab *roſe up to go down to the Vineyard of* Naboth *the* Jezreellite, *to take poſſeſſion of it.* (But this is a Parentheſis.)

It was good ſport to the By-ſtanders, to hear how the *glib-toung'd Counſel* did lay on Tongue againſt the Defendant, and to improve their *little-Evidence-Man*: They did earn their Guinies, to give them their due.

The

The *Lacedonians* (a wise People) baniſh'd all *Hackney-Orators* out of their Dominions, as pernicious to their Common-Wealth, becauſe they could (*like old Ladies*) paint and bedawb their Wrinckles, could black-patch their Pimples and Sores, and make them *Beauty-Spots*.

Candida de nigris & de candentibus atra.

Could diſguize the Truth, and caſt Dirt and aſperſe *when* and *where* and *whom* they liſt, an Effeminate-Trade; yet for Calumny theſe Lawyers are uſually out-done by every *Fiſh-Wife* and *Butter-Queen*.

But to go on with the famous Trial, ſome Men are bound to the Good-Behaviour, (as the Defendant told Sir *George Jeffries*, in the midſt of his Harrangue,) wiſhing that *his Tongue alſo* was as faſt ty'd and bound to the Good-Behaviour, as is the Defendants: And withal, told the Gentlemen that were ſworn, that the *leſs heed* was to be given to Sir *George's Words*, becauſe he was *not a Man of his Word*; for that Sir *George* had promis'd the laſt Aſſizes at *Brentwood* (a Year and half ago,) that he would never be retain'd (*nor plead*) *againſt the Defendant*, tho any Man ſhould give him an hundred Guinies; no, not againſt *Curſe ye Meroz*.—

But comes me out (before the next Aſſizes) — the poor Book, called the *Naked Truth*—the Second Part.

And then *ſtand clear from a common-Barretor*, the Knight had forgot his Promiſe to *Curſe ye Meroz*—

So *fickle a Paſſion* is this ſame thing (called) *Love*, (as this Defendant now told him) neither Man nor Woman knows well when they are ſure on't; If I were his Lady I ſhould be jealous of him, (*nay, I ſhould*) if he were as inconſtant in his Love to me, as he has prov'd to this Defendant; (*I ſay again*) at this rate his Lady will ſcarce know when ſhe can be Cock-ſure of his Love; (*inconſtant Man!*) Well, perhaps ſhe may give him a *Rowland*, for his *Oliver*. The Puniſhment, the *uſual and juſt* Puniſhment of a *Liquoriſh Tongue*, (a luſcious, wanton, extravagant Tongue is to be plagu'd with a) *liquoriſh T*— But enough of that at preſent, I am in his Debt, and I'll *certainly pay him off* with celebrating in Heroick Verſe, the Merits of the *noiſy-Hero* and *his Lady*, to perpetuate them to all Poſterity; Let him ſhake his Head, and ſtare with open-Eyes how he pleaſes, 'tis ſtrange if he ſhould not ſome time or other meet with his Match; we are told—

— *A Poet ſhould be fear'd*
When angry, like a Comets flaming Beard.

He ſhall repent his Inconſtance, (*He ſhall,*) let him do his worſt. A time may come yet, and a Day of Reckoning, God is Righteous, and he uſually ſhows his Juſtice in this World, againſt the greateſt Atheiſts that live Hectoring and Torying in defiance of him, *as if God had forſaken the Earth*, and *where is the God of Judgment?*

To ſupport the Credit of their *little Witneſs-Man*, which they craftily foreſaw would be ſhrewdly ſhaken by all the Witneſſes, they had provided (*ready for the work*) five Clergy-men, to *adorn* the little Black-Coat with five Circingles more, Men of the ſame ſtamp, (and if poſſible,) ſwore as boldly and venturouſly for him and the Biſhop, as *Harris* himſelf; and brought for the very nonce.

But

But Good Sir *George Jeffries* (that never before had told a Lye at the Bar) if you'll believe him, or any Hackney Breath-sellers, they come not for the sake of the Guinies, but purely in Devotion to Justice, and love to their Clyent and his Cause, tho *Pro* or *Con*, who comes first to retain them (*right or wrong*,) Tongue waggs *in the Cause*, if it be retain'd, and if the *Angel appear*, then the *A— opens his Mouth*, (a very pretty World) nay, many of them do not read their Breviats 'till the Cause be call'd, and then with two Eyes, in all haste, they are busy to spy out Vantages; (poor Clients are well help'd up, and what with an ignorant Jury, or a *Pick'd-Jury* for that very purpose, (as this was by Order of the Court of King's-Bench, the last day of the last Term, upon the Motion of Sir *Francis Withins*, just such another Man.) *Poor Countrymen* have a fine time on't, to go to Law as Tinkers mend Kettles, to remedy *one hole* in their Estate, they *make two*; is not this Remedy worse than the Disease?) What? *do you think a Lawyer will tell a Lye?*

But the Good Knight, Sir *George Jeffries*, told a Whisker at this time, when the said Black-Coats swore so heartily, in Vindication of *Harris* his Reputation; One Mr. *Powell* swore he had known *Harris* a Twelve-month and more, and *He never knew any ill by him*; so swore one Mr. *Kiddier*, and Mr. *Grove* (I think his Name was) of *London*, and so swore also one *Thompson*, and one *Shelton*, two *Colchester* Ministers.

Look you (my Lord) quoth Sir *George*, here are Clergy-Men swear to the Reputation of the Witness for the Bishop, Clergy-Men that here come *by accident*, and spying them in Court, we make use of them.

Whereupon the Defendant ask'd the said *Colchester-Ministers*, *Thompson* and *Shelton*, whether Sir *George* was a Man to be believ'd herein, or a Man of his Word, when he said these Clergy-Men came *by accident*, &c. Speak (Sirs) you are upon your Oaths, *Did you come by accident, or for set purpose subpœna'd* to give this Testimony? They answered (for they durst not do no other, being publickly subpœna'd) That *they came on purpose, being subpœna'd*.

Then, (Good Sir *George*) retorted the Defendant, *Where is your Veracity*, your Truth good Sir *George*? But Sir *George* sat down very angerly, his Mouth was *stop'd for once*, (Is it not a Wonder!) and the good Gentleman was *silenc'd*, his *Welsh-Blood* flying into his Face, and answering for him only with a *Blush*: Nay, *'tis well he had the Grace to Blush*, he is not much given to it; but this was put upon him from his own Witnesses, the *said Black-Coats*, who had *all of them more cause* to blush, than Sir *George*, but they blush'd no more than a Black-D— Nay, I'll trust such Black-Coats with an Oath, as soon as poorer Men, if there be a Bishop in the case, and hopes of Favour and Preferment; what? Can any Man think they will not *stretch it* for a Bishop, when (one says) they will ride down Sun and Moon for a Benefice, a Prebendary, or a Dignity.

The Men were true Sons of the Church, and knew the virtue of the Oath of Canonical Obedience; but unhappily the Defendant snap'd them with one single Question, and made them all *swear* (in effect) *Tongue thou liest*; and contradict themselves and one another, and all upon Oath too.

The Question put to every one of these Clergy-men (who swore *so thorow-stitch* to *Harris his Reputation*) was this; namely, *Is it not an ill thing in a Clergy-Man, and a Vicar (who is sworn to perpetual Residence in his Parish) to be Non-Resident for three quarters of a Year, minding only the* Fleece *but not the Flock?*

This gravell'd them, for they knew the danger of Perjury, and knew not well how to avoid it.

And

And therefore *Powel* being first ask'd the Question (and the rest of them after him, one after another) *was at a stand*, and knew not what to say.

Let's have no Pumping, no Pumping, I beseech you good Mr. *Powel*, answer directly, (*said the Defendant.*) *Is it not an ill thing for a Minister to be Non-Resident ever since before Mid-Summer last?* Yes, replyed he, and they; (*there was no help for it.*) Well then, Has *not* Mr. *Harris* been *non-Resident and deserted his Flock ever since Mid-summer last?* Yes, replyed Mr. *Powel*, and the rest of them; and yet before they knew no ill thing. But (says Mr. *Powel*) there has been some Differences and Contentions about the Parishes of St. *Buttolphs* and St. *Leonard's* in *Colchester*, which the Bishop gave to Mr. *Harris* by Sequestration: But (replyed the Defendant.) *What is that to* Fingringhoe, to which Vicaridge *Harris* is Instituted, and *Inducted to your knowledg*, for you were present at his Induction, and so was *Thompson* and *Shelton*, the other Witnesses; which all of them confest, (for they could not avoid it by any Evasion or Equivocation) only said, there was no Vicarage-House at *Fingringhoe*; to whom the Defendant retorted, That it might be a good excuse for not residing upon his Vicarage, if he resided in any other House of the Parish; but what is that to his leaving his Flock *at the distance of fourty Miles*, namely, at *London*, and taking upon him another Cure and Charge, (as Curate under Mr. *Grove?*) and leaving none to supply the place for three quarters of a Year, nor four Sermons from *Mid-summer* to *Michaelmas*; and those preach'd by a *quondam Logg-river*, one Mr. *Sills*, Rector of *Dounyland* (a good Rectory) but the Man tho a Rector, never yet could, nor ever was able so much as to read his Accidence; yet he that knows not how to supply his own Cure as he ought, must (*for cheapness*) mumble (to boot) a little for *this prime and single Episcopal-Witness*: (good doings the while!) This tis to be *in Favour* with a *Prelate*, and this tis to incur the Displeasure of a *Prelate*, and tell *bold Truths*; (behold the difference!) The Defendant *silenc'd*, *Stigmatiz'd*, *bely'd* and *slander'd*, *vilify'd* as a *Common-Varlet* and *Common-Barretor*, *paid off* with Indictments, Informations, Actions and Accusations, in Spiritual Court, in Temporal Courts, *Henry* Bishop of *London Promoter*, Suspensions, Supplicavits, Excommunications, Fines, outragious Verdicts, Plots and Complots, Conspiracies and Horrid Plots to ruine him and his Family, by *enriching* the *Rich Bishop*, and all *for what? For a little Naked-Truth.* (Sir *George Jefferies* brought the Books, and pointed with his *Index* to the two last Lines of the Black Run-Conformist, namely——

A Bishop sayest? Thou lyest: Him *Cornet* call
Of the *Black-Regiment*, that *Jayles* us all.

The *Welsh-man* looking merrily at the Defendant, and *glaring* in his Face;) For Sir *George* insisted more to the *Jury*, concerning the Defendant's *Books*, and his *writing and speaking against Lordly Prelacy* (than upon the Declaration) producing two Letters writ by the Defendant to the Bishop, wherein he complain'd to the Bishop how hardly he was used, (I wish they would *Print* those Letters, as well as *produce them* to the Jury,) as if it were a Sin to groan when a Man is pinch'd and tormented: First they make us sigh, and then accuse us for sighing to ease our Hearts. But first Sir *George* insisted upon the Title and *Superscription of those Letters* (To the Bishop of *London*) which was descanted upon (notably) by that Critick in Law, Sir *George Jefferies*; namely, this

To *HENRY* Lord Bishop of *LONDON*

These.

Do you see, Gentlemen, (quoth Sir *George*) *Henry Lord Bishop*, no more! Sir, (quoth he, to the Defendant) It might have *become you* to have styl'd him, —*Reverend Father in God*— you have not said— *To the Right Reverend Father in God, Henry Lord Bishop*, &c.

That, quoth Sir *George* is omitted, and seems to be an Aggravation (*at least*) if not another *Scandalum Magnatum*: nothing but *plain* Henry *Lord Bishop*;

A Gentleman of a noble Extract and Pedigree, I hope the Jury will take notice of this Omission, here is no—*Reverend Father in God.*

That is (*replyed the Defendant*) the very *Naked-Truth on't*, you say right, Sir *George*, there *is no Reverend Father in God in the case*, who denies it!

But, (said the Defendant) I am not innur'd (nor desire to be innur'd) to *Court-Complements*; (I think) to say *Henry Lord Bishop*, is pretty fair *for him*, and pretty fair *from me.*

Sir *George* makes little or nothing of a Lordship belike; whereas the Bishop of *London*'s Grand-Father *William Compton*, liv'd the *greatest part of his Life* without the Title of *Lordship.*

For indeed *William Compton* (this Bishop's Grand-Father) was the first of the *Compton*'s that ever was an *Earl* since *Adam*: And King *James* created him Earl of *Northampton*, (I could tell the Reader *how*, and *for what too*) *Anno Dom.* 1618. There are thousands alive that remember the Business.

But no doubt, but the Bishop did come of a noble Extract: But if Sir *George* had not taken notice of it, the noble Family would have been never the worse; for when Men are always dung in the Teeth with the same and the same *Bastinado*, Self-Preservation makes them stand upon their Guard, and perhaps take the length on't: and as it happens, this Pedigree (*that Sir* George *did so bluster with*) is *not so long* neither—not so long *as a Welsh-Pedigree*, ap *Lewis*, ap *George*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Taphee*, ap *Lloyd*, is a Pedigree more than twice so long.

But I should have wondred, if the *Welsh-man* (on *this occasion too, you'll say*) had not *vapour'd* with his Extract and *Pedigree.*

But, to the Business—*Here's no Reverend Father in God*: 'Tis readily granted, nor is the Omission a Sin of Omission, 'tis no Crime; For a younger Brother *to be a Lord* that's *pretty fair*, and more honour than his Grand-Father attriv'd unto at his Years: For a Man that was but the other day a *Cornet* in Captain *Compton*'s Troop in the Earl of *Oxford*'s Regiment (I think) by the King's Grace to be made a Prelate, and a Lord Bishop, there's no reason in the World that he or any Body else should take it so in disdain, to be called only *Lord Bishop*, since that old Complement (of Popish-Times) namely, *Reverend Father in God*, was never given 'till Priests grew abominably and loathsomely Proud and Ambitious, when Pride and Prelacy came in Fashion.

The Defendant in his Epistle Dedicatory to the *Arch-Bishop* (to avoid offence) in his Book called the Black Non-Conformist, does give *that old Father*, The Stile—namely, (the Stile that Sir *George* does so want, and does so stare about to the Jury, to find it missing) *To the Reverend Father in God* William, *&c.*

But

But the Biſhop of *London* is νεόφυτος, newly come to the Faith, as being young in Years, and a *Cornet* of Horſe within the memory of Youth, and *unmarried*, and much a younger Brother to the Defendant, both in Years, in Travels, in Studies, at the Univerſity, in Experience, nay, as a Souldier too; one a Cornet, the other a Captain, one a great Traveller as the moſt Gentlemen in *England*; the other's greateſt Travels is but over the Dioceſs, in *Conferences*, *Viſitations*, to gather *Procurations*, and unconformable Confirmations not according to Law (as is proved in the Black-Non-Conformiſt;) and for the Defendant to have called one who is (indeed) (only by the King's Grace (as being made a Biſhop and a Doctor) and *therefore only*) *his Senior*, but his *younger Brother* by many Degrees in all other reſpects, as aforeſaid; if the Defendant had pleaſed Sir *George's* Humour, and had ſtiled him *Reverend Father in God*, perhaps the Biſhop would have thought the Defendant had jeer'd him, and then all the Fat had been in the Fire again, and all in a Flame, the other Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

And let the By-ſtanders judg, whether it had not been as much for the Biſhop's Honour, if Sir *George* had never touch'd upon the Pedigree, but have left it quiet as he found it; nor yet have ſtar'd about, when he miſt the *old cogging*, flattering, Hierarchical, and Prelatical Complement (of) *Reverend Father in God*.

A Complement now worn *out at Elbows*, and as tatter'd, trite, and Threadbare, as—*Your Humble Servant*.

And for the noble Pedigree, the *Welſh-man* had as good have let it alone, (if it had been poſſible for a *Welſh-man* to omit the Occaſion;) but the noble Extract and Pedigree (which no Body does deny) had *reſted never the worſe* if he had ſuffer'd it to *ſleep quietly* to all Poſterity, without this *his Index to diſturb it*.

Here's a *ſlanting-do* with theſe *Welſh-men* and their Extracts, and their Pedigree's; and if old *Adam* or *Noah* were alive, they would equally love a Beggar, as one (who is as nigh a Kinsman of their Blood) as the *Welſh Knight himſelf*: Away with this *muſty*, *worm-eaten-Heraldry*, ſome by *pimping* (and worſe,) have got to be *Lords*; ſtand clear there from all his Progeny, remember 2 *Ric.* 2. Sirra, we'll *Scandalum Magnat.* you! do you not honour a Lord, and a Lord's Son?

A Lord's Son! Can you prove your Words? Now it is the Mode in ſome Countries, for *Ladies* that have *Lords*, to have alſo a *Gallant*, a ſtrong Back'd Coach-man, or ſweaty Foot-man, or Groom, (Spindle-ſhank'd Gentlemen-Uſhers (*as uſeleſs*) being laid aſide:) And now it is the Mode, the *Court-like Mode*, for a Lord that has a Wife, to keep a *Miſs*—likewiſe; That it would puzzle this ſame little *Harris* (who would make no Bones of a probable Oath (but ſwallow it roundly) to *ſwear* who is a Lord's Son; and yet what *a pother* Men keep in the World with their *Noble Blood*, Noble Blood; when the Chirurgeon ſwears, that there is not one of a hundred Lords (upon trial of Phlebotomy) has ſo good Blood in his Veins as the Defendant. In *Guinee*, therefore, to ſecure the Blood-Royal infallibly (in the Blood and *Family-Royal*;) the eldeſt Son of the King's eldeſt Siſter does *Heir* the Crown, *not the King's Son*; for ſo there can be *no foul play*.

But the ſaid *two Letters* were read, wherein the Defendant inculcated the Commands of our *Saviour* to *his Diſciples*, that they ſhould *not Lord it* over one another, (as the Princes and Men of the World do:) *Look you*, (ſays Sir *Francis Withins*) he *juſtifies* his ſpeaking againſt Prelates. (As *if it were a Sin to quote* our Saviour's own Words!) But eſpecially *He* and Sir *George* ſtorm'd when the Defendant ſaid, That Prelacy is condemn'd, 1 *Tim.* 5. 21. χωρὶς προκλίσεως, *abſq; eo ut unum alteri præferas*; without *preferring* (or, prelating) *one before another.*) *Worſe* and *worſe*, ſaith Mr. *Withins*, He juſtifies, here's *Scandalum*

dalum Magnatum again, an Aggravation *Gentlemen*, I hope you will *remember it* in the Damages. (Ay, Ay, *trouble not your Head!*) The Jury-men were Wise-men and had *conn'd their Lesson* perfectly, and knew their Business and what to do, as well as Sir *Francis* could tell them; he might have *spar'd his Breath to cool his Pottage*; or, for *the next* cause; and yet when his *Tongue* did not go, *his Hand went*, (at every Clause and Period and sometimes at every Word) lifting up his Hand and then the Cadence, (he had seen the Singing-men how *they act their Prayers.*) And when the Words of the Letter were full of heavy complaints, made to the Bishop by this Defendant, at every Period, or Clause, — *Hah* (quoth Sir *Francis:*) As when in the Letter the *Defendant* complains, that the Bishop of *London* listned to *clandestine Affidavits*— (*Hah!* quoth Sir *Francis*) about the false Accusations of Barretry— (*Hah!*) and taken illegally (*Hah*—) and out of Court (*Hah*—) when there was no Cause depending— (*Hah*—) nor any Issue joined— (*Hah*—) nor any Cause that was of Ecclesiastical cognizance— (*Hah*—) and sworn by two Bum-liffs—*Martin* and *Groom*, (*Hah*—) two Fellows of the basest Conversation— (*Hah*—) the former, *Martin*, whip'd for a Thief, (*Hah*—) in *Sudbury*— (*Hah*—) and the Record thereof produc'd, and prov'd at the Assizes, by Mr. *George Catesby*, Town-Clerk of *Sudbury* (*Hah*— still quoth Sir *Francis:*) And that the Fellows swore through an Inch-Board, as swearing against Records (*Hah*—) and after his Lordship knew this to be true, yet He or his Chancellor Sir *Tho. Exton*, or the Registers— *Morris* and *Betts*, or *all of them*, still prosecuted the Defendant as a Common-Barretor— (*Hah*—) and for taking a Bribe for granting an Administration to *Thomas Shortland* which they knew by their Register-Books was never granted, and yet (*knowing all this*) they suffer'd this *Martin* to swear that he brought the Administration from *Chelmnesford*, from the Register's-Office of *that Couple*— *Morris* and *Betts*; and *Groom* (*their Apparitor*, fit Companions in their Spiritual Court) swore he saw the Administration under Seal of the Court, and granted to *Thomas Shortland* by the Defendant, as *Surrogate*; when *they knew* all was false as God is true, and that not the Defendant, but *Gilbert* Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* (in the Prerogative-Court where the Defendant was never concern'd in his Life) and *Marcus Cottle* (not *Morris*, nor *Betts* Registers) and under the *Seal* of the Arch-Bishop: Of such Vexations and Grievances the Defendant humbly complains, (but *smartly* and *warmly* too) in his Letters to the Bishop, and humbly entreats the Bishop, either to give him *reparation* for the Damages he has causelessly been put unto; or, if he would stand upon the Plea of his Innocence and Justification (that he would please to give this Defendant the Benefit of righting himself by Law— (*Hah*—) And that the said Bishop would be pleased to wave his Priviledg, and give Appearance to the Defendants Attorney Mr. *Coleman*— (*Hah*—) and come in amongst the rest of the Conspirators and Plotters against the Defendants righteous Name and Reputation— (*Hah*—) And that all these Mischiefs had their rise from that old inveterate piece of Malice (*Hah*—) Sir *John Shaw*— (*Hah*—) who without any lawful Power or Authority— (*Hah*—) had taken clandestine Affidavits (*Hah*—) in his House (*Hah*—) about Barretry (*Hah*—) depending in the King's-Bench— (*Hah*—) where Sir *John Shaw* had *no Authority* to give or take an Oath— (*Hah*—) in private— (*Hah*—) against the Laws of the Land (*Hah*—) and made them ready against the Bishop came down, to set the Bishop to Roil Mr. *Hickeringill*, whom, he knew, would *not tamely* suffer himself and his Reputation to be illegally and publickly brought in question by any Bishop in Christendom— (*Hah*—)

This

This was the Sum and Substance of those two Letters which the Defendant writ to the said Bishop, that were never answered, but only (as *Men are when they are prest* to Death,) with—— *more Weight*—— *more Weight*——

The Defendant, in vain, opposed the reading of his private Letters, saying it was not *genteel*, civil nor *manly* to produce such Evidence, and nothing to the present Declaration, and that tho there was nothing in them but what was modest and true, yet private Letters are, and ought to be sacred in their Privacy, and that ——(*Si liceat parvis componere magna.*) King *Charles* 1. (If it be lawful to compare great with small) did justly upbraid the Parliament with the Incivility of publishing his private Letters taken at *Naseby*, tho there was nothing in them, (nor in this Defendants Letters) for which any Man need blush, or be blam'd. But *this* is the *Ecclesiastical-Candor*; any Method to expose the Defendant, no Vengeance is great enough, no Fine or Verdict outragious enough, to crush one that dares (as the Defendant has) discover the *Mystery of Iniquity Ecclesiastical*, in Extortions, illegal Fees, Oppressions, and Courts kept in defiance of the Statutes of this Realm, Excommunications, Absolutions, Prophanations, Procurations, Visitations, (namely) Vexations, *&c.*

There's a Villain indeed! Plague him, All Hands aloft, all's at Stake, down goes——if you do not help; This Fellow is another (*Germana illa Bestia quæ non curat Aurum*, a) German Beast that regards not Preferment, as the *Cardinal* told the *Pope* when he chid him, because he could not (by tampering with *Luther*, and the proffer of Gold, and a *Cardinal's Cap*) prevail with him, nor take him off from writing and preaching against the Abominations and Corruptions of the Church and Church-men.

Church and Church-men! Ay, set but the Clergy—— upon a Man, and you need not set any Dogs upon him to worry him?

Church and Church-men! Ha! do you know who you speak against? what? Find fault with Oppressions and Extortions of Ecclesiastical-Courts, with Apparitors, Registers, Commissaries, and all that Fry of Lay-Elders?

Church and Church-men! Ha! Do you speak against Prelacy? Say that Word again, say it again before Witness——Sirrah, Villain, Rogue! How dare you at this time of day speak Scripture, dangerous Scripture, Scripture against Statute-Law, 2 *Rich.* 2.5. which Statute makes a Prelate, τις μεγας, *Acts* 8.9. some great One; and you, Sirra, would have him, as your Saviour and the Gospel would have him, *as lowly as Christ* or his Apostles; you, Sirra, do you speak Scripture in a Court of Law? Ha! what do you produce a *Bible* instead of a *Breviate*? Do you plead Gospel against Law? and Christ and his Apostles, in defiance of *Rich.* 2?

An Aggravation, an Aggravation, (as Sir *Francis Withins* said) the Defendant justifies in a Plea of *Non-Culp*—— this is rich indeed! These Errors will be committed when you suffer Parsons to be Pleaders, and plead their own Cause, and understand not the Punctilio's and Methods of nice-pleading—— very fine! What suffer Scripture to be quoted instead of Law, and *Christ* and his *Apostles*, instead of *Cook* and *Littleton*? for Shame. And yet the Defendant (*ignorant Man!*) did not understand the mischief of urging a little Scripture in this Cause betwixt two Church-men, and already *there* decided, namely, that of *Christ*, St. *Paul*, and St. *Peter* against all Prelacy, Pride, Lordliness and Dominion one Brother over another, not *Lording it over God's Heritage.*

But, *Christ* and St. *Paul* and St. *Peter* were *poor Men*, Silver and Gold had they none, they *were meek*, humble, and lowly, and when they were reviled, *reviled not again*, nor brought an Action of *Scandalum Magnat.* nor did Fee a pack of Lawyers to *month it*, upon an old Statute, made in the time of Popish

Prelacy, and when Antichriſt was Rampant, and *when the Devil raigned*, a time (as the Defendant told the Court) when the *Prelates did all*, and *all ill*; a time when the Prelates were *grand Rebels* as ever were in *England*: For then (in the Raign of *Rich.* 2.) was this Statute made, when the Clergy were *as very Rebels* as *Wall* the Prieſt, *Wat. Tyler*, or any of that wicked Crew.

'Tis true; *Henry Spencer* Biſhop of *Norwich*, was General for the King both in *England* and *France* (did not Armour diſgrace Biſhop *Henry*'s Lawn-Sleeves?) The Biſhop of *Ely* was Lord *Chancellor*; (Countez, *Two.*) *Tho. Arundel* Biſhop of *Hereford*, (Countez, *Three*) Lord *Treaſurer*: *Nicholas* (Abbot of *Waltham*) Lord *Privy-Seal*; (*Four.*) *William* Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*; (*Five.*) *Alexander* Arch-Biſhop of *York*; (Countez, *Six.*) *William* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*; (*Seven.*) And *Thomas* Biſhop of *Exeter*; (*Eight.*) *Good Men and True*: (that's a Lye) a *Pack of damnable Villains* and Rebells as ever were in *England*, for taking upon them (by Commiſſion) to rule the King and Kingdom, and ſo the Judges concluded that (Commiſſion of thirteen Perſons to rule the King and Kingdom, of which eight were Prelates, with five Laymen, for faſhion-ſake, for the Prelates could out-vote them when they liſt,) a Deviliſh Rebellion, abominable Prelates in *Rich.* 2*d*'s time, when the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum* was made: and ſtruck at it has been by the laſt Parliament at *Weſtminſter*, and others, as a Statute obſolete, or (in the Judgment of the Wiſdom of the Nation, the Honourable Houſe of Commons) to be repealed; being made in the wicked time aforeſaid when the *Devil danc'd*, and *Simon Magus* vaunted himſelf to be one of the *Magnat*, ſome *Great One*, and yet alſo the Succeſſor of *Simon Peter*; who was a poor Fiſher-man, and a Fiſher of Men; not a Pick-Pocket, nor a Promoter of Law-Suits; nor did he *mend his Market* by *turning Church-man* (*as ſome have done, too well known*) but to his dying day was *poor and pennyleſs*, having his Faith and Hope in another World, and being a Diſciple of him *whoſe Kingdom is not of this World.*

All this and more the Defendant told the *Court, and the Men* that were ſworn (for *to give the Judge his due*) he gave the Defendant ſufficient leave, and leiſure for three hours to defend himſelf againſt the crafty Suggeſtions, and dirty Language thrown at him, on purpoſe to vilify him with Dirt, which the Counſel had rak'd up together; and in two ſet-Speeches made on purpoſe, fetch'd it far, and not at all to the purpoſe or to the matter in hand, villifying him with the Miſeries and Vexations with which they had *loaded him* in the *Barretry* and *Supplicavit*, (as if *his Sufferings* were his *only Crime.*) But ſomething they muſt ſay for their Guinies, and for their Lord Prelate, and in hopes of Preferment, and his Good Word and Recommendation; But the Defendant gave them ſuch ſmart, ſuch nimble, and ſuch home Repartees, and (ſo free from all Paſſion, and unmov'd) that even his Enemies, and all the Hearers could not but acknowledg, that as he *never ſpoke more* at *one time*, ſo he *never ſpoke better* in his Life.

And yet to no more Fruit, than if he had preach'd (as St. *Bede* did) to *a heap of Stones*; for the Jury were *reſolv'd-Men*; never Men better tutor'd, better cull'd, and obſequious—— *Pædagogue* ſaid to his Imps——

> Ye'ave con'd your Leſſen well, ſtroke them o'th'Head,
> Call them good Boys, and buy them Ginger-Bread.

There is *cunning in Dawbing*, and a Cauſe *ſlenderly witneſſed*, had need be *well-Jury'd*, or elſe the 2000 *l.* had not been worth a *Gray-Groat*; no, not worth a *Brummingham*. A plain Countrey Yeoman has neither Hopes nor Fears at Court

Court (the wiſer and *happyer Man he*) He is neither *fearful* a Commiſſion to loſe, nor *in hopes* of a Commiſſion to get; But values his Oath, his Soul, and his Conſcience above all.

You talk of an *Ignoramus-Jury* in *London*, we'll match them in *Eſſex* with *Billa-vera-Men*; you talk of a *Whigg-Jury*, we can match them with a *Tory-Jury*: Does not the *London-Juries* Idolize the Men of Doctor's-Commons? Bring *Doctor's-Commons-Men* into *Eſſex*, and tho moſt abominable contemners of Statutes, Oppreſſors, Extortioners, Buyers and Sellers of Offices, and (*they know all this is true, except their Conſciences be hardned*) yet let them come into *Eſſex*, and (as the common Strumpet ſaid to the Fellow that call'd her Whore, which ſhe knew *as well or better* than he) you, Sirra, Villain, *I would you would prove me a Whore*, Sirra; Bear Witneſs——Neighbours——*Scandal. Magn.*—— he calls me Whore, Scarlet Whore——*bear Witneſs*——

Sir *Thomas Exton* muſt be call'd too, as a Witneſs, for his Maſter the Biſhop (*a very good Witneſs* ſaid the Judge and the Council) a Man untainted, they meant unattainted, unconvicted, as yet; a Blot is no Blot 'till it be hit; if I live it ſhall be as well as *Betts* and *Morris*—— But what had Sir *Thomas* to do at a Pariſh-meeting, in the Pariſh of St. *Buttolphs* in *Colcheſter?* No, *that's true*; But he was not produc'd as a Witneſs to *prove the Declaration*; No, no; a good reaſon why, he could *not ſwear*, when he was *not there*; But he was call'd to prove *ſome private Diſcourſe* that the Defendant had with him, in *his private Chamber*, whither the Defendant came (in *Doctors Commons*, they being old Acquaintance) and the Defendant deſired the ſaid *Doctor Exton* to mediate an Accommodation betwixt him and the Biſhop, as a common Friend to both; which Sir *Thomas* undertook to do, when the Defendant had ingenuouſly made a private Confeſſion to him of the truth of the Caſe, to the very ſame effect, that the Defendants Witneſſes unanimouſly ſwore it; namely, that the Defendant did ſpeak of a *Printed Paper*, which the Plantiff ſent down to every Clergy-man, beginning with theſe Words —— *Good Brother* —— *&c.* and ending with theſe Words——*Your Lo. Brother, H. London.*

In which Paper the Biſhop recommended to the Clergy the Obſervation of the 65. 66. and 3. Canons or Conſtitutions of Forty; (which the Defendant ſaid again in open Court were ſo far from being *according to Law*, that it was *Non-ſence*, foraſmuch as the Conſtitutions of Forty, have not 65 nor 66 Canons, nor above eleven, and therefore *it was* Inſolence or Impudence, to lay upon the Clergy Burdens not to be born, and Duties impoſſible to be obſerv'd; foraſmuch as it is Non-ſence to bid them obſerve the 65 and 66 Canons and 3*d* of the Conſtitutions of Forty; there is not ſo many, and yet *there is enow of thoſe Lambeth-Canons*, which (the Defendant ſaid) do ſeem to have a mark of Non-allowance by the 13 *Car.* 2. 12. For if the Words of that Statute leave thoſe Canons of 1640, only juſt *in ſtatu quo*, then the mentioning the —— *not confirming them, &c.* in the ſaid Statute, ſignifies nothing at all; for *ſo* thoſe Canons would have been (*in ſtatu quo*) altho that Statute had never been made; which Law, the Defendant ſaid, if the Biſhop knew not, it was his Ignorance; if he did know it, it was Inſolence to oppoſe his Sence and Judgment to that of the King and Parliament; and to impoſe impoſſibilities upon the Clergy.

And *this Defendant* confeſſed again, that thoſe Words he did ſay, and if the Biſhop be aggriev'd thereat, he is at Liberty (*if he have not enough of this*) to bring another Action of *Scandal. Magnat.* if he pleaſed, but not being the Words of the Declaration, *that*, and *what* Sir *Thomas Exton* witneſſed was nothing (as the Judg fairly told the Jury) to this preſent Action.

But

But this muſt be ſaid for Sir *Thomas Exton*, he did *his good Will*, and no doubt but he will reap the Thanks for the ſame, and perhaps be the better for the Defendants Money (when they can catch it) but no Jeſuite could equivocate more than Sir *Thomas* did, when he firſt gave his Evidence againſt the Defendant upon Oath.

For he had the Words—— *Ignorance*—— and *Impudence*—— ſpoken of the Biſhop; (which come *pretty near* to thoſe Words in the Declaration—— *Impudent Man*—— and *Ignorant Man*—— but being *not the ſame*, could not affect, nor *ought not* to affect the *Jury* (as the *Judge* honeſtly told them, and leſs he could not ſay) as to the proof of the Declaration; for the all, the ſtreſs, and weight *of that*, lay *ſolely and ſingly* upon little *Harris* his Evidence.

And for that cauſe, The Defendant neglected Sir *Thomas* his Evidence, as *impertinent* to the matter in hand; but I thank you, —— *Latet Anguis in Herbâ.*

When Sir *George* perceived that the Defendant had (*and willingly*) ſlighted it, and neglected to examine Sir *Thomas Exton* about the *Colloquium and foregoing Diſcourſe* preceding the Words—— *Ignorance*——and *Impudence*—— which when afterwards confeſſed by Sir *Thomas* upon the Defendants *reexamining him*, and quite altering the Sence) to ſee, how Sir *George* (when he thought the Defendant had done, and ſaid all, and the Plantiffs Counſel claim'd the Privilidg (that a ſort of Females claim) of *having the laſt Word*,) to ſee, and hear, I ſay, how Sir *George* and Sir *Francis* did *mouth and open* upon't; —— Here is Sir *Thomas Exton* (Gentlemen) a Man of untainted Reputation, he ſpeaks in *effect* the ſame thing, and *almoſt* the ſame Words,——

(And yet the Judg had ſaid before, that *what* Sir *Thomas* witneſſed was *nothing to the proof* of the Declaration;) but Sir *George* ſpent many Words upon it *notwithſtanding*—— Whereupon the Defendant interrupted him, (at which he *ſtared* and *ſtorm'd* and *fretted* at a great rate,) but *to little purpoſe*, for the Judg *very mildly*, bid the Defendant *go on* to examine Sir *Thomas Exton* more *ſtrictly*, ſince they endeavour'd *to make work* with his Teſtimony, (declared *Impertinent to the preſent Cauſe* now in Queſtion, as aforeſaid.) Sir *Thomas Exton*, (ſaid the Defendant) was there no *Colloquium*, *no Diſcourſe* preceding nor ſubſequent to to the Words *Ignorance*,—— and *Impudence*? —— Yes; replyed Sir *Thomas*; you were diſcourſing of a *Printed Paper*, and the Statute of 13 *Car.* 2. 12. which ſeems *to diſallow* the Canons of *Forty*, which Statute (*you ſaid*) if the Biſhop *did not* know, it was his *Ignorance*, but, *if he did know* the ſame, it was *Impudence* to oppoſe his Senſe and Judgment, to the Judgment of the King and Parliament.

And *herein* (when it was *almoſt too late*; *herein*, when he had *almoſt* forgot his Oath, (which ſo lately he had ſworn) to ſpeak *the whole Truth*, as well as *nothing but* the Truth; *herein*, when the *Jury* and the *Court* was poſſeſt and prejudic'd with his *Evidence firſt* given of the Words—— *Ignorance*—— and *Impudence* three hours together, *then indeed*, upon *further* Examination the Truth *was pump'd out of him:* Oh! the Policy of this wicked World! *Some are wiſer than ſome*, at leaſt ſome are crafty, *wiſe to do Evil, but to do Good they have no Knowledg*; a Craft that is eaſily and readily learn'd; for, *any Man*, that is not a *very Fool*, may ſoon arrive to be a *Knave*; tho *none but a Fool* will be *a Knave*; any *Fool* has *Head-piece enough* to be a *Machiaveilian*, if he have *ſo little Wit* as to be *a Knave*, *and ſo bad* a Heart as to be hard, or *hardned in Miſchief:* For ſcarcely any Man wants *Wit enough* (if he have but *Wickedneſs enough*) to be a Knave or perfidious.

Then,

Then, the Defendant bid Sir *Thomas Exton* ſay, upon his Oath, *on what occaſion theſe Words were ſpoken to him by the Defendant in private*, with him in his Chamber?—To which the *Doctor* then (and *not 'till then*) replyed, That the Defendant came to him as his old Acquaintance, *(but a falſe Friend to be ſure)* that he would uſe his Intereſt with the Biſhop, *to accommodate* thoſe Matters; which honeſt Office of a Peace-maker Sir *Thomas* undertook, and promiſed to give the Defendant the Biſhop's Anſwer with all convenient ſpeed, the Biſhop being then at his Country-Houſe, at *Fullham*.

Ay; But when the Defendant came again to his Chamber, to hear the Biſhop's Anſwer, Sir *Thomas* begun with *wrinckled Brows* to tell this Defendant, That—*Did he* (the Defendant) *think* that after all the Miſchiefs he had done to the Biſhop's Courts (*Ay, there, there*, it pinch'd) in his late Books all the Kingdom over, that the Matter could be taken up with a *private Submiſſion* in a parcel of fair and *ſoft Words?* Will you (quoth Sir *Thomas*) publickly and in Print retract and refute your Books called the *Naked-Truth?* Who, I? *(replyed the Defendant)* what? The ſame Hand that gave the Wound give the Cure? What? *Vulnus opemq; tulit?* continued Mr. *Hickeringill*. Nothing like it, quoth Sir *Thomas*; No, no, *(replyed the Defendant)* you are *high enough already*, but I'll ſee you all *as high as Pauls* firſt; whereupon the Defendant departed from him, *for ever parted*.

And let all ingenuous Gentlemen judge, how *un-Knight-like*, *ungenteel*, *un-Chriſtian*, and *Inhumane* it was in Sir *Thomas*, to make *his Table a Snare*; and to be an Evidence to *improve* (tho he could not *prove*) the preſent Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, from Words ingenuouſly confeſſed to him in private as a Common-Friend and Mediator betwixt the Biſhop and the Defendant.

Can any Man imagine, or can it be in the leaſt probable, that any Man ſhould give *more ſcandalous Words* againſt the Biſhop, at the *very time*, and to the *very Man* that undertook to be a *Peace-Maker?* and did not ſo much as take the *leaſt Exceptions* againſt what was ſpoken; but went to treat the Biſhop to terms *of Accommodation*, until the Defendant *peremptorily refuſed* to retract, or write againſt the Books called the Naked-Truth, the Second Part; in *lieu* of which *Retraction*, the Defendant did write again indeed, but mended the Matter, in the Black-Non-Conformiſt; Theſe are the *dear*, *dear* Books, that has *coſt* the Defendant *ſo dear*, and muſt be his *Ruine*, if combined *Clergy-Malice* and *Revenge-Eccleſiaſtical* will do the Feat. *Barnaby*— *Tak't for a Warning*, neither write nor ſpeak (*as this Defendant has*) againſt the vile Corruptions, abominable Extortions of the Men of *Doctor's-Commons*; Hem! Heu! Wo, and Alas!

Devorat Accipiter, vexat cenſura Columbas.

The Birds of Prey are never vext,
But the poor Doves muſt be perplext.

Or, thus;

Make Rome there for the Birds of Prey;
But fright the poor Doves quite away.

Let the Vexations, Citations, Actions, Articles, Promotions, Writs, Supplicavits, and Oaths of the Eccleſiaſtical-Men, and Men of Doctor's-Commons (the only *Affidavit-Men* againſt Mr. *Hickeringill*) be *Chronicled to all Poſterity*;

together with that unconſcionable, inhumane and outragious Fine of 2000 *l.* by a *pick'd Jury* (pick'd and appointed on ſet purpoſe) together with the Names of the precious Jury-men; and let them pray that the righteous God do not deal as ſeverely with them and theirs, to their ruine, as they have *unmercifully* and *unchriſtianly* ruin'd the Defendant and his Family, Wife and Children. *God is Juſt* (not only hereafter, but) *in this World*, wait and ſee the Finger of God in this Affair; ſhall he not avenge his own Elect, tho he bear long with them? Yea, he will avenge them *ſpeedily*; he muſt, he will, to vindicate his Word, his Goſpel, his Chriſt, and his Apoſtles, (publick Enemies to Prelatical Pride) againſt all the Hypocrites that put on *Religion*, *Religion*; the Church, the *Church*, for a Cloak to their *Tantivee-Avarice*, and high-flown Ambition. Good God! *Ariſe, and let thine Enemies be ſcatter'd, and let all that hate thee, flee before thee.* A ſingle Arm has done Wonders when upheld by God.

We read indeed, *Eph.* 5. 11. that God gave ſome *Apoſtles*, ſome *Prophets*, and ſome *Evangeliſts*, and ſome *Paſtors* and *Teachers*, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the Miniſtry, *&c.*

But *who the Devil* brought that Man of Sin, that Son of Perdition into the Church? 2 *Tim.* 2. 3, 4. that ſits in the *Temple of God*, and oppoſeth, and exalteth himſelf above all that is called God? (*viz.* the Magiſtrate.) Away, Away, with theſe *carnal millenaries*, the Kingdom of Chriſt *is not of this World*, nor the *true Apoſtles* and Diſciples of Chriſt ambitious to ſit neither on the Pinnacle of the Temple, nor the Pinnacle of the Palace.

When Biſhops begun to be very *Rich*, *then*, *then*, they begun to be *high-minded and to truſt in uncertain Riches, rather than in* (the Words of) *the living God*, 1 Tim. 6. 17. the Words of our bleſſed Saviour and his Apoſtles againſt Tyrannical and Lordly Prelacy; and when they left the Word, then they to clap their hands upon the tame Magiſtrates Sword, if one *would not*, the other *ſhould*; this is the plain Truth on't, and obſerv'd by all that obſerve any thing. For who heeds their Excommunications, their Suſpenſions, their Silencings, their Eccleſiaſtical Miſchiefs, Curſes and Anathema's, if it were not for the *old Writ* invented firſt by Popiſh Prelates, and ſince and now ſtill made uſe of to this day, to *eeke out* their Spiritual-Weapons, which every Man can *take the length of.*

The bloody and numerous Sect of the *Donatiſts* in *Africa*, what Miſchief brought that Hereſy to the Chriſtian-World, and all the quarrel aroſe, becauſe *Donatus* (that *Diotrephes that lov'd to have the preheminence*, 3 Ep. *Joh.* 9. or, was *ambitious of being a Prelate, as the Original* properly ſignifies) ruffled with *Cecilianus* for the Biſhoprick of *Carthage.*

Solomon ſays, from Pride comes Contention; for a Man ambitious to ſit perking upon the Pinacle of the Temple (the fitteſt place (the crafty Devil thought) to inſinuate his Temptations upon our bleſſed Saviour) he will endeavour to break that Man's Neck, that ſays *come down*, into the Seat of the Church amongſt your Brethren, where our *Saviour* has plac'd you; nay, and the (*honeſt*) *Canons* too.

What inhumane Cruelty did the Prelates (in the Council of *Conſtance*) exerciſe to poor *John Wickliff*, our Country-man, Rector of *Lutterworth* in *Leiceſterſhire*, and (his Naked-Truth in 45 Articles) that cut them to the very Hearts, becauſe it cut their Combs for them; and not content with killing him, after he was buried one and forty years, they cauſed his Bones to be digged up (*barbarous and cruel Eccleſiaſticks!*) and to be burn'd (*inhumane Divines!*) Nay, That great Advocate for Prelacy (Sir *George Jefferies*) in this Aſſizes, took notice, that of all the Witneſſes that ſwear at the Aſſizes, the Clergy-

men,

men, the —Clergy tell the ſtrangeſt Tales, and the moſt oddely, and moſt impertinently, of all other Witneſſes, (perhaps 'tis becauſe they are forced to preach at the Aſſizes without Book.)

But of all the *Clergy-Witneſſes*, never did any thing look ſo *beſhrimpen* and *appall'd* as that ſame little *Harris*, the *Biſhop's ſpecial Witneſs*; truly the Man has reaſon to *go ſhips*, and have half of the 2000 *l.* given in Damages to the Biſhop.

For neither the Biſhop, nor any Man alive, had to this day *ever* heard of thoſe ſcandalous Words in the Declaration, if he had not broach'd them, and been the Author of them; for after the Defendant was gone, little imagining (as neither any in the Company) that any Offence was taken, or any Exceptions made, no not ſo much as by *Harris* (the Man-catcher.) The *little Blade* goes to another Room, writes what he liſts, or what he remembers, (and ſuch a Man had need of a good Memory) but 'tis treacherous; and out he brings his own *Scandalum Magnatum*, hoping to get ſome one in the Company to be (if poſſible) as wicked as his *little Clergyſhip*: But by God's good Providence miſſing his Aim, away he trudges, leſt he ſhould be called to an account for his own deviſed Scandals, and be forced to find the Author; away trudges he, as faſt as his wicked Legs could tremblingly carry him, to that old Piece of Malice, Sir *J. S.* that has always an open Heart, as well as open Ears, at a Piece of Miſchief againſt the Defendant. *Harris* could ſcarcely (on this ſide Hell) have met with a *fitter Tutor*, whoſe Friendſhip is *Artifice* and ſuperficial; but his Malice, Revenge, and Wickedneſs is *natural*, innate, deep, as *his own*, *own Self*. Nor could any *Preſent* be more welcome to the Biſhop (it ſeems by the conſequence) than Articles againſt *the Man* that finds ſuch fault with his illegal Confirmations, Viſitations, Vexations, *&c.*

Therefore call a Court — come to the Cabal — all the *Breath-ſellers*, whoſe Trade alſo is endangered by the wicked Defendant: Search old Statutes, (for the promoting whereof *Empſon* and *Dudley* were hang'd) vex and ruin (by the Aid of a good Jury) the Defendant, and his Family; and only for a ſuppoſed Tranſgreſſion, proved by a *ſlender* and *ſelf-contradicting* Evidence, that ſwore three times, and *every time varied*; and yet (I'le warrant) he had ſaid them over and over, ſince laſt *Eaſter*, oftner than he had ſaid his Prayers: but he was not ſuffered to ſwear *by Book*, tho he *prayes* and preaches all *by Book*.)

For if (at the firſt time) he ſwore the Words true, the other was falſe and he a falſe Varlet, and not to be believed by any Jury, that were not reſolved; and ſome would *not* have been *ſuffered* to attempt the third time, eſpecially,

1. He was but a *ſingle Evidence*, and therefore *neither* the Biſhop *ought* to have believed him at *firſt*, nor the Jury now, ſwearing againſt a *Presbyter*; becauſe the Holy Scripture (*as the Defendant urged*) ought to have ſome reſpect and obſervance, (from a Biſhop eſpecially) who is commanded, *againſt an Elder not* (ſo much as) *to receive an Accuſation, but under two or three Witneſſes.*

2. This *little Witneſs was not to be believed*, becauſe *point-blank contraried* by ſix *ſubſtantial Witneſſes*, who were not *negative* Witneſſes only, but affirmative and poſitive: for they did not only ſwear they *did not hear* any ſuch Words, but all *jointly* and *poſitively* affirmed, that they heard the *whole* Diſcourſe, heard *all the* Words, and well remembred them, becauſe *Harris* (after the Defendant's departure, *not before*) going into another Room, and writing other Words than the Defendant ſpake, and bringing them to the reſt of the Com-

pany

pany to ſubſcribe, they writ down the true Words whilſt freſh in their Memories, and all turn'd *Abhorrers* of ſo *vile a Man*, and ſo wicked a Deſign: And tll this was upon Oath made appear to the *Judg* and *Jury*, by the Oaths of all ahe ſix Witneſſes; but no notice was taken of it by the Judg, when he *ſumm'd up the Evidence*, otherwiſe than that he honeſtly ſaid, the Evidence on both ſides was *quite contrary* one to another, and *could not be both true.* And who could imagine, that an *unbiaſs'd Jury* ſhould judg ſix honeſt Lay-men, (that had no *deſign but Truth*) ſhould ſwear falſe, in compliance with a puny Clergy-man, not worthy a *Name* or *Company* amongſt honeſt Men, (ſuch Man-catchers ſhould be avoided by all Men, as *Enemies* to all Commerce and Converſation) and ſuch a Fellow too as ſwears for himſelf indeed; for he is the Author of the *Scandalum Magnatum*, if he could not father his Lies upon the Defendant, as he has done, thank a good Jury, by ſpecial Orders of the Bench to the High-Sheriff himſelf, to pick them, and empannel them throughout the County. And the Jury-Men for Eſtates and Quality were well enough, but not one of them *any other* than ſuch as know *who and who is together*; and all or moſt of them in Commiſſion and Dependance for their Places and Offices, *at the Arbitrement* of ———

3. How improbable is it, that the Defendant ſhould *put a Dagger* into his Enemy's Hand, the Hand of a *Creature* that came to take his Benefice from him and to eat the Bread out of his Mouth?

4. How probable is it that one ſingle Evidence *may and muſt* forſwear himſelf in *this Caſe*, when ſix Men *contradict* him at the *ſame Time* and *Minute*, ſoon after the Words were ſpoken?

5. How improbable it is, that a Man ſhould truly repeat another Man's Diſcourſe, that cannot repeat his own Diſcourſe and Words off-Book, in Sermon or Prayers, or now upon Oath?

6. How improbable it is, that one Man ſhould ſwear Truth againſt all the reſt of the Company, who are ſo poſitive in what they heard, and then ſwore unto, *unanimouſly and conſtantly*, like honeſt Men, when no Perſuaſions, no Motives, no Temptations, could alter them? (for they had *all been tamper'd with*, and Mr. *Edgar*, Mr. *Hill*, and *Daniel Howlet* were *ſubpœna'd* for the Plantiff.) But all would not do to win them for the Biſhop's ſide, and make them face about.

7. Laſtly; What Jury alive (*except this*) could, againſt the Evidence of ſo many ſubſtantial Witneſſes, credit one ſingle Creature, that was ſo *infamous?*

Firſt; For deſerting his Flock, that he *ſwore* to feed, and was bound *by Oath*, by Law of *God* and *Man*, *Juſtice*, *Conſcience*, *Equity*, and *Chriſtianity*, to look after, and mind the Cure of them, and take the Care and Charge, but neglected by him three Quarters of a Year together; and whilſt the *Fleece grows*, he is *hired* to another *Flock*, ſtaying till Summer (*till the* Wooll *be grown*) before he goes down to *clip* them.

Secondly; Infamous, becauſe he had forſworn himſelf before this time, (as the Right Honourable the Earl of *Lincoln* there *in Court* teſtified upon his Oath.) When *Harris* was his Chaplain, and having often broke his Word with the Earl, and told him *many a Lie*, he was not willing any more to truſt him upon the Security of his *bare Word*; whereupon *Harris* takes up a *Greek Teſtament* that lay upon the Table, and ſolemnly imprecates, *by all the Mercies and Benefits* that he ſhould receive by the Contents of that *Holy Book*, he would return to the Earl (at furtheſt) on the next *Saturday*, and ſo be ready the next day to officiate, except Sickneſs prevented.

But

But the Gentleman came not home *till the Tueſday* following, and then came with *Tears in his Eyes*, that is, (as the Earl upon his Oath explain'd it) *drunk*, *maudline-drunk*. And the Earl ſaid, it was ſome conſiderable time, and not till his Servants took notice of it to him, that Weeping was the certain Symptom of his being in Drink; that as other Men *rant* and *tear*, and *ſwear* when they are drunk, this little *Epiſcopal Tool* always wept when he was drunk. Whereupon the Earl (one time when he ſaw him weep) ask'd him, *What ail'd him?* *Harris* anſwered, That he had a *Siſter* an Apprentice in the Exchange, and that he had heard *ſad News* of her, namely, that *her Miſtreſs and ſhe had quarrell'd*, and had ſome hard Words together. Another time he ſaid he wept, becauſe he had an *Uncle* lately *dead*. This was *over-night*, but the *next day*, when the Earl ask'd him of the Quarrel betwixt *his Siſter* and *her Dame*, and of the *Death* of his *Uncle*, (at another time) *Harris* ſtar'd at him, and ask'd his Lordſhip, what he meant by theſe Matters? for he could not imagine what the Earl ſhould mean by ſuch Queſtions; he ſaid (indeed) he had a Siſter an *Apprentice*, he had an *Uncle*, but never heard of his Death, nor (at the other time) of the ſaid *Female-Bickering*.

And as for the *Solemn Oath* that he had *took* and *broke*, he told the Earl, There was a *Cauſe* for his Stay, for he was in *purſuit of a Girl*, whom he intended alſo to marry, (and he was *as good as his Word* in that, for this Epiſcopal Implement has her (*much good may ſhe do him*) Body and Bones.

But would any *Jury*, that were not of *Tory-Conſciences*, credit the ſingle Teſtimony of this *Biſhop's Engine*, when (it was prov'd) that he abandon'd all his Intereſt that he expected in the *Mercies and Benefits of the Goſpel*, and the *Merits of our bleſſed Redeemer*, for a Fit of Wooing, or in *purſuit of a Wench*.

Or, ſet a *profligate Clergy-man* in competition with *ſix honeſt*, *ſubſtantial Laymen*, and Men of *unſtained* Honeſty and Reputation, except the *Tories* are *Eagle-ſighted*, nimble and quick to *foreſee* the Inundation of Popery, that (they ſenſleſly imagine) is *coming*, *tumbling* in apace; (But I hope God will preſerve his Majeſty with longer Life than any of his Father's Children; that as he is the *Alpha*, he may be the *Omega*, the *laſt* as well as the *firſt* of his Father's Children. Thus *I propheſy as I would have it*, not (I confeſs) according to the *Courſe of Nature*, nor according to the *bloody Principles* and *bloody Plots* of Papiſts, who (as it is undoubtedly known, even by them that ridicule the *Popiſh Plot*) *never ſpare* any Prince that is not (at leaſt in Heart) Heretical, and of whoſe Inclination they have not good Aſſurance, longer than they think good, or can come at him. I ſay, the Jury poſſibly were *quicker-ſighted than other Mortals*, and could foreſee the ſpeedy Appearances of approaching Popery, if all be *Goſpel*, and *infallible*, that comes from a Clergy-man, (tho he be as *lewd and bad* as the *Iriſh* Friar, *Teague O Divelly*); but Lay-men are not to be believed againſt a Clergy-man, (*this is the Council of Trent*, right! juſt right!) nor to have the Benefit of the Clergy; *You muſt not expect it*, Gentlemen; never look for it, (you Lay-men!) *till you come to be hang'd*. From a Tory-Jury, *Good Lord deliver us:* That's as honeſt a *Letany*, as that Letany that uſed to be read or ſung juſt before the Maſs, I do not mean that Letany, (where's *Harris* with his *Innuendo? the Popiſh* —— Suffer me to explain my ſelf; *do not lie at catch*, and at ſnap; I do not mean that Letany) wherein was the *Suffrage* now *blotted out*, and thought by the Wiſe (who think themſelves wiſe enough to make *our Prayers* for us *in ſpite of our Teeth*) to be omitted, and left out, for fear (no doubt) of diſpleaſing his Holineſs, —— namely, —— *From the Biſhop of* Rome, *and all his vile Enormities, good Lord deliver us.*

But since neither the *Act of Uniformity*, *nor the Common-prayer-Book*, does license us (*as once it did*) to pray so against the Pope; yet I will *take liberty* (without asking leave of an Act of Uniformity, or a Common-prayer-Book,) to pray,— *From a Tory Jury* (of forlorn, desperate, and hardned Consciences) — *Good Lord deliver us.* I (once) thought, the Defendant might have *ventur'd his Life* in the hands of this Genteel Jury, one Moyety Knights, I'le assure you; but (as *Coleman* said at the Gallows, when his Devil fail'd him) *There is no Truth in Men.* When Power and Interest does but plead against it, there is no Oath so sacred, but some sort of Judges and Jury-men will break it without any regard. Ay, ay, the honest Lord Chief Justice *Hales* is dead and gone, in his Room (*seldom comes a better*) came Sir *Will. Scroggs*, but, as thought unmeet, discharged; but to mend the Market, (*who comes there?*) who comes next? Sir *Francis Pemberton*, the present Judg in this Cause.

With whom we will (as *he did*) conclude this Trial (for I have enough on't, if you knew all, whatever the Reader has) Sir *Francis* summing up the Evidence, and directing the Jury, to this effect, — namely, —

That this Action was brought by the Bishop of *London*, against Mr. *Hickeringill*, upon the Statute — (*Scandal. Magnat.*) for speaking scandalous Words of his Lordship, and such Words (*he told them*) as the Defendant himself ingenuously acknowledged. (*Such a Rehearsal transpros'd* would fright a Man from ever making an ingenuous Acknowledgment whilst he lived: If a Man be not submissive, then he is proud and obstinate, and justifies, (an *Aggravation*, an *Aggravation*, as Mr. *Withins* said) but if he *be coming*, they'll take him o'the Chaps, and make him stand further off; but this is the Policy: The Judg said, that the Defendant acknowledged) that if he had said the Words *modo & formâ*, as they are laid in the Declaration, the Jury could not punish him enough. (This 'tis to be *courtly and complemental*, a Man that is not us'd to it neither; for really and truly the Words in the Declaration (the Lawyers say) are not actionable, except the last *Innuendo*, the Popish Plot, had been proved; and instead of an *Innuendo*, *Harris* swore — *Plot against my righteous Name:* It is besides impossible to be prov'd by this Declaration, because no preceding *Colloquium* is laid; (but *this 'tis to be civil*, and to make Concessions, without which the Judg would have been put to't to have directed the Jury, as to the *Scandal of them*, or *the Law* in that Point. For 'tis not *Scandal. Magnat.* (the Learned say) to say, — *His Lordship is very ignorant*, because 'tis true of him, (and of *wiser* Men, and *better* Men than *Henry* Bishop of *London*) and therefore *cannot be Lies*, and scandalous, or within that Statute.

The Bishop of *London* for Knowledg and Wisdom is not worthy to carry St. *Paul*'s Books, Cloak, or Parchments after him, if he were alive; and yet that blessed Apostle (that could cast out Devils with a word) confesses *he was very ignorant, and knew nothing as he ought to know.*

But *not to insist* of Divinity, to come to Philosophy, the wisest Man of *Greece*, and the chief of the seven wise Men of *Greece*, (to whom the Oracle of *Apollo* awarded the Golden *Tripos*) confess'd he was so ignorant, that he knew nothing but only this, namely, he knew that *he was very ignorant, or knew nothing: Hoc tantum scio, quòd nihil scio.*

'Tis Atheism to say, that St. *Paul* made that ingenuous Confession of his *Ignorance*, (in that and many more Places) only *in Complement*, (as some that are as proud as *Lucifer*, or as *the Devil can make them*, will yet say, — *Your humble Servant.*)

For

For Shame——Away with these *Scandal. Magnat.*'s, and undoing Men and Families for speaking nothing but the *Naked-Truth*, and which the Bishop of *London* cannot, without blushing refuse to acknowledg that *His Lordship is very Ignorant.*

Which, if he does acknowledg, the *Defendant and he are agreed* in one certain Naked-Truth.

But if his Lordship *does not* acknowledg *that he is very ignorant, all the wisemen* of Man-kind must condemn him, *as very ignorant*; For none but he that does not know himself, none *(but a Fool)* but must know and *acknowledg themselves to be very ignorant*: 'Tis true, *the Issue is Non-Culp.* because the Defendant never *spoke* those Words as they are *(modo & formâ)* laid singly, by themselves, in the *second* Count of the Declaration; and all the Witnesses (except *Harris*) (nay, *Exton* the Doctor's Commons Man too) says that the Word *Ignorance* had reference to the *Law* or *Statute*, of *which*, tho a Bishop be *ignorant*, yet it is no blemish nor *scandal* to him: Nay, scarce a Bishop in *England* understands, or ever read *so much Law as the Defendant*, yet it is no *Scandal to them*, nor disparagement; Nay, *Harris* himself at last confesses, that the *Ignorance* and the *Impudence* had reference to the *Printed Paper and the Canons of Forty*; and therefore these Words —— *His Lordship is very Ignorant*, could never (as laid in the second Count singly) be spoken in Manner and Form as they are laid in the Declaration.

But were the Bishop of *London* (really and truly) *wiser* than *Solomon*, St. *Paul*, or *Socrates*, yet it is *as clear as the Sun* at Noon-day, that he was ignorant *in tanto* (whatever he might be *in toto*;) namely, ignorant *in so much*, and in that (which *occasion'd* all this Discourse) namely, in sending *Harris* with a Sequestration of the Benefits, and the small Tithes of the Parish of St. *Buttolph*'s (the place of this Contest, and also the occasion too) in *Colchester*; when the said small Tithes and Benefits, nay, all *Tithes*, *both small and great* Tithes, of St. *Buttolph*'s Parish appertain to the Defendant, as *Rector* of the Rectory of *All-Saints*, and has been enjoyed by his Predecessors since the Raign of *Henry* the *8th*, and so to continue for ever, as is more fully declared *pag.* 27. of the **Black Non-Conformist**, and therefore *it is no Lye*, (and therefore *not within* the said Statute of *Scandal. Magnat.*) but a great *Truth*, tho a *costly one*. Truth has been a dear Commodity to this Defendant, but still it is too true, that the Bishop was very ignorant in sending such a Sequestration; it had been better for the Defendant by 2000 *l.* if he had been wiser, and then this sad occasion had never come: (hard Case!) to be whip'd on another's Back, and taken up at these Years for other Men's Faults; and that the Bishop should *without Law* disturb the Defendant's Title to his Free-hold, and then *by the help of his Tool* and Utensil, and a good *Jury*, ruine him for complaining when he is pinch'd.

The Itch, the Scab, the Morphew, the Boyls, the Uncombs, the Carbuncles, the Leprosy, the Pimples, *(a Pox)* and the Nodes, are but Skin-Diseases, and Deformities coming immediately from the vicious *Ros*, and *Gluten* of the *third Concoction*; (at third hand, *poor par-boyling Function*, but it cannot help it) for the Mischief, *the Mischief*, the Author and *Origine* of *all this Mischief*, is the *first Ventricle*, that's erronious, and out of order.

If the Bishop (the *Original Cause* of all this Discourse and Stir, in sending down a Sequestration of the small Tithes of St. *Buttolphs* (the Defendant's Free-hold) by this same *Harris*, in hopes to do the Defendant a *Mischief* or Displeasure,) *had not been mistaken* in this his Attempt, these Evils had not come, they were *but the third Concoction*, and necessary Consequents of the Bishop's Error. Except some thought perhaps that Mr. *Hickeringill* is (as *Heraclitus* now calls him)

him) an Ass, good for nothing but to be burthen'd; or, worse than a Worm, and—— should say——*Prelate come tread me*, come, stamp upon me. I know, such an *Ass-like sottishness* had been, (as it proves) the wisest way, because the cheapest way, ——But what *Patience* can endure to be *so nusled?*

And so the Word ——*Impudent*——if *(as it ought)* it have reference to that nonsensical *(at least)* Imposition, *upon the Clergy*, and to the Statute; who can deny but that it is *Insolence* and *Impudence* too, for a Bishop so to insult over the Clergy, as either to recommend to them Articles to observe, which are no where to be found, or which interfere, or are not warranted by the Statute?

And if the Defendant had not been over-ruled by a sort of Lawyers, he would have pleaded the Words, specially as they were spoken, *absq; hoc, &c.* And not to come upon an *Issue Non-Culp.*——against a Fellow that *(every Body assur'd him)* would swear *right-down Thump*; and yet his Memory fail'd him, for he could not for his Life repeat the first Words, right; nor any one time repeat them, *one like another and uniform.* But let the World judge, whether any *sorry* Witness be not good enough, when a *Bishop is Plantiff*, and before *such a Jury*, and such a ——— *(God help!)* it will not always be thus; Let nor the Tory Pamphleteers ever henceforth prate of an *Ignoramus-Jury*; Here's a *Billa-vera Jury* (an *Essex-Jury* to a Proverb) that shall *give them half way*, and yet over-run them: (But all this long Parenthesis by the way.) Sir *Francis Pemberton* goes on to this Effect, tho not perhaps in the very Words, ——That the Jury had heard the Defendant's ingenuous Acknowledgment, and that he must direct them to find *good Damages*, if they find for the Plantiff; saying that the Bishop of *London* is a worthy and learned Bishop, as any in *England* (that's a large Place, and a large Word, and a large Comparison; I know not how the old Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* would take it, if he should hear on't;) and therefore (quoth the Judg) you must vindicate his Lordship's Reputation, and *give good Damages*, if you find the Words——

And they are sworn unto, by one that is a Clergy-man; he is (said the Judg) a single Witness (for what Sir *Thomas Exton* says, (he told them) they must not take to be any proof of this Declaration) but if they find that this single Witness swears true, *contrary to the other six* for the Defendant; (for, he said, he must say the Evidence is quite contrary one to the other, and cannot both be true;) then (if they find for the Plantiff) he told them they might have some respect to Sir *Thomas Exton's* Evidence in Aggravation of Damages: but said again, (very honestly) that Sir *Thomas* proved nothing as to the Declaration; but told them that Sir *Thomas Exton* is a Man of *unstained Reputation*; the Judg not reflecting in the least, upon the *known and constant* Extortions and Corruptions of *Doctor's-Commons*; nor, taking the least notice of Dr. *Exton's* disingenuity, in being a *publick Evidence in Aggravation*, for Words spoken upon *treaty of Submission*, and as *to a Friend*, and without any *exception or disgust*, (well liked of, by the Doctor,) at least, *unmanly to make his Table a Snare*, except a Man had spoke Treason; (but *this is the Candor of an Ecclesiastical-Lay-Elder*, or *Lay-Vicar-General*;) For that is his place, he is the Bishop of *London's* Vicar-General, the Bishop cannot help it, he has a Patent for it for his Life, granted by *Humphrey* late Bishop of *London:* Good doings! when our *Souls* must be Tutor'd by a *Lay-Vicar* that cannot preach, but has got *a Patent* to send us to the Devil, and (at his good Pleasure) back again; *rare doings!* This is the *Man of Reputation*,) who is *(the Judg goes on)* unblemish'd in his Repute: telling the Jury, that he must say, as to the Reputation of this single Evidence for the Plantiff (for indeed the Cause depends wholly upon

his

his ſingle Reputation) and that tho *Non-reſidence be an ill thing*, and that is prov'd upon him, and cannot be denied; yet a Man may be a good Witneſs, tho he do tranſgreſs a Statute; none of us (ſaid he) but do tranſgreſs a Statute ſome time or other. (Note by the way, this is not the ſame Direction given at Mr. *Rouſe*'s Trial, when for the Breach of a Statute (*of Uniformity*) the Diſſenters could not be admitted to be Jury-men, (the **Black Non-Conformiſt** is good for ſomething yet, for ſince the publiſhing of the **Black Non-conformiſt** thoſe new Laws are not repeated;) and if they are by the Breach of a Statute uncapable of giving a Verdict, ſurely they are much more incapacitated to give an Evidence. But he goes on — telling the Jury, Non-reſidence is not good, it is an ill thing, (indeed it is) but God forbid but a Man may be believed upon his Oath, tho he be Non-reſident. (*And no doubt on't, 'tis very true, and ſo may a Non-conformiſt alſo ſurely*, (God forbid elſe) *and with much more reaſon: For the one ſins* (if Non-conformity be ſuch a Sin) *out of Weakneſs*; *but this Non-reſident* (whom the Judg excus'd) *has ſinn'd three Quarters of a Year wilfully and wickedly*; *a vaſt difference!* (*How many Blemiſhes can Epiſcopal Favour draw a Curtain over, and hide!*) And indeed the Judg (if a Body may ſay ſo) mightily miſtook (through want of Memory, or worſe) in ſumming up the Evidence thus to the Jury: for the Defendant did *not examine* and force the Clergy-men to ſwear *Harris*'s Non-reſidence, as thereby uncapable of being a Witneſs, (as the Judg ſumm'd it) the Defendant was never guilty of ſuch Nonſence and Impertinence, (and therefore the Judg miſtook himſelf) but the Defendant made the Clergy-men (that brought to ſupport *Harris* his Credit) to ſwear his Non-reſidence, that with their *own Tongues* they might ſwear that *they themſelves were not Men of Credit*, nor fit to be believed, and therefore *more unfit* to prop another Man's Credit, that had ruin'd (*for ever*) their own, by ſwearing *contrary things*, and impoſſible to be true; namely, That they *never knew any ill thing by him*, and yet they were forced after that to ſwear him a *Non-reſident*, that (contrary to his Oath Canonical, and his Duty to God and his Flock,) had left them to a *Log-river*, that cannot read his *Accidence*, much leſs ſupply his own Cure, the ſaid Mr. *Sylls*. (The *Nonconformiſts* have not got *all the Mechanick Preachers*, the Church of *England* hath got ſome, *Log-rivers*, *Broken Tradeſ-men*, and *I know who.*) But liſten to the Judg, *how he goes on*, but takes no notice of what the Earl of *Lincoln* ſwore againſt *Harris*, no notice of his *forſwearing himſelf* for the Company of a *Wench*, no notice of his being a *Maudlin-Drunkard*, no notice of *Harris* his *Deſign to enſnare* the ſaid Earl out of the *Fee-ſimple* of the Manor of *Throckingham*, 300 *l. per annum*, by a Deed writ in Court-hand, which he thought the Earl could not read, when the Earl intended only to ſettle the Mannor of *Throckingham*; and for this piece of Knavery, the Earl ſwore, that he was credibly informed, that *Harris* was to have, if it ſucceeded, a *hundred Guinnies*. *Nemo repentè fit improbus*; No Man can be a great Rogue *per ſaltum*, ſuddenly; Villany, like Youth, muſt have time to grow, *gradatim*. But the Honeſt Judg took no notice of the Villany ſworn againſt this *Harris*, and thus particulariz'd by that Noble Earl, *that ſcarce a Jury in the World would hang a Dog upon ſuch Evidence.* But liſten to what the Judg ſaid, to this effect, telling the Jury that he left it to them. But on the other ſide, ſaid the Judg, the Defendant has made indeed a very large Defence, and has told true, that this Statute of 2 *Rich.* 2. upon which this Action of *Scandal. Magnat.* is brought, was made when Popiſh Prelates bore a great Sway; but *it is not repealed*, (remember that) it is in force, and is not yet repealed. And tho (as the Defendant hath alledged) Religion now is not *the ſame*, nor has the ſame Head,

nor the ſame Face conſequently ; yet the Statute is not repealed. The Defendant has produc'd ſix Witneſſes, to contradict the Biſhop's ſingle Witneſs: they do ſwear contrary one to another, *both their Teſtimonies cannot be true :* They ſwear, that ſome of them writ down the Words, upon Mr. *Harris* his coming to them to have them *ſubſcribe* his Paper, which they refuſed, ſaying, *ſoon after the Words were ſpoken*, that the Words were not ſo ſpoken by the Defendant, but *ſo and ſo*, as now they all *unanimouſly ſtill agree in* ; and if you believe them, you muſt *find for the Defendant.*

Thus have I given the Reader a *true Account*, and alſo an *ample* and full Account of this Trial (ſo much talk'd of) nor have I omitted any one material Thing, ſpoken by the Counſel, or the Judg, or given in Evidence, on either ſide, but without partiality have given a faithful Account.

But the Jury withdrawing, (and Dinner ready) the Crier *adjourn'd the Court* ; but before he had *fully cry'd out his Cry*, Hold, hold, cries Sir *George Jefferies*, and Sir *Francis Withens*, to the Crier ; and he obeyed : whilſt they whiſper'd to the Judg, and deſired him to ſtay a little longer, for the Jury would ſpeedily return *(they knew their Minds and Reſolutions belike)* with their Verdict, thinking and intending to ſnap the Defendant in Court, and have him committed to Priſon, if they knew how, without Bail, as the Statute enjoins in the Caſe, if ſcandalous Words be found (by the Verdict of Twelve Men) to be ſpoken of a *Prelate.* —— Make Room there —— Take heed, Gentlemen, take warning ; and if you will avoid hard Impriſonment, and 2000 *l.* and an unmerciful and cruel Jury, ſpeak not againſt the Prelate —— not a Word, no, tho it be God's Word ; and therefore make an *Index Expurgatorius*, and blot out of your Bibles, *Luk.* 22, 25, 26, 27. and 2 *Pet.* 5. 2, 3. and 1 *Tim.* 5. 21. 1 *Tim.* 3. 3, 6. *Acts* 20. 29. For theſe, and many more, condemn a *brawling, proud, young, covetous Action-driver*, and *Promoter*, (tho a Prelate, ſo much the worſe) condemn all Prelacy that inſults over, tyrannizes over, or lords over the Brethren, and *like greedy and grievous Wolves, entring in, not ſparing the Flock* ; as if the Flock of Chriſt was *made to be eat up*, and devoured, not *to be fed* ; and as if the *rich Biſhops* could not thank God, and be content with their rich Palaces and Endowments, but they muſt *enrich themſelves with the Tears, Cries, and Groans of the Widow and Orphans* ; A bleſſed Time !

But ſome ſay, That the Biſhop of *London* intends to build *Paul's* with this 2000 *l.* (when he gets it) as far as 2000 *l.* will go. —— I'le ſpeak more to that in the following Obſervations.

But firſt let us conclude the Trial. The *Jury*, after ſome Conſultation amongſt themſelves, *ſoon agreed* upon their Verdict, being *ſoón reſolv'd* upon the *Premiſes*, and the *Concluſion*, (not before-hand ſurely) but they made *no great Pauſe upon the Matter* ; the Caſe was a *clear Caſe* as any thing, not to be *queſtion'd*, and about a Trifle —— only —— 5000 *l.* Damages. *Who are you for ?* a ſilly Queſtion not to be nam'd ? *Who are you for ?*

For the Defendant, do you ſay ? (a likely matter) when there is a great Biſhop, and Privy-Councellor, and great with the King and Court ; *For the Defendant ?* not a Man (I dare ſay) was ſo ſimple.

What ! do you think wiſe Men do not know which ſide of their Bread the Butter lies on ?

And

And yet one of the Defendant's Counsel, (for he had retain'd Counsel, and fee'd them again at the Assizes, rather to avoid the Imputation of Penury, than of any Intent he had to make use of them) came to the Defendant whilst at Dinner, and whispering him in the Ear, assur'd him that the private Verdict was given in, and for the Defendant.

After him came another with the *same Errand*, whether deceived through *Weakness*, or designing to deceive the Defendant through *Wickedness*, I shall not determine.

This is certain, the Plot was to inveigle the Defendant into the belief of the Verdict, which the Defendant did so far believe, (for neither he, nor any unbiass'd Men could imagine any other Verdict than *for the Defendant*; the Declaration being but stammeringly, uncertainly, variously, and contrarily repeated by the *Episcopal Implement*, little *Harris*; himself prov'd infamous by a Noble Peer, (whose Oath not to credit, was the greater *Scandal. Magnat.* of the two) and *ex abundanti*, six substantial Witnesses contradicting that *infamous Engine of Wickedness.*) Besides, *the Declaration not prov'd in the least*, namely, that the Scandals were spoken before *divers the King's Subjects:* Here was but *one* Subject, and he *none of the best.* And accordingly the Defendant was treating with his Landlord at the *White-Horse*, how and with what suitable Accommodation to *treat the Jury*, (for that is the Custom belike); but the Jury were *wiser*, and expected a *better Treat*, (for a *quite-contrary Verdict*) by a greater Purse.

The Plot was to *cajole the Defendant* into a good Opinion of the Privy-Verdict, that so staying in Town, the Adversary might snap him with a Caption, ready cut and dried, to hale him to Jail. And if they had succeeded in that *After-Game*, it had been to them worth *ten such* Verdicts; for if they had got him into *Lobs-pound* for six Months, I do not know but the *Stone Doublet might have lasted him his Life-time.*

But they were not *more cunning* than he was crafty; and being inform'd by his faithful Friends (that could see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of them) and as *privy* as the *nasty Verdict* was, they *scented* it: And thereupon the Defendant, with five more of his Friends, took Horse, and rid for *London*, *where he now is*, giving their Wives the *Go-by*, to their great Grief, and will not appear till he list, in *good Time*, and when Time shall serve.

We'll catch him, We'll pound him, quoth (Sir *Sun*)—
My Friends—— it is not to be done.

For a Man that is in safe Harbour to put out to Sea (*'till the Storm be over*) argues Folly indeed; the Fool (*Solomon* says) goes to the *Correction of the Stocks*; or, puts his Neck into the Collar.

To abscond for Treason, Murder, Robbery, Fellony or Debt, would indeed be dishonourable to the Author of Naked Truth.

But, (blessed be God,) The *Man-Catchers* have laid nothing (*as yet*) to his Charge, but Words spoken against their *pretty-Courts and Prelates*, and these *wrested* (*too*) *from their true meaning*, (as shall be proved hereafter in the *Supplicavit-Business.*) If worthy Men, and Men of great Reputation and Renown may be credited so much as *Harris and the six Proctors.*

And these accuse the Defendant of nothing but some *rash Words*; (*take them at the worst*) they lay *no Crime* to his Charge, but such as is *common to Men*, especially to Men of the Defendant's Complexion.

For he is a Man subject (above many others) to *many Infirmities*, somewhat Cholorick by *Nature* and Constitution, (which tho he strives (*through Grace*) to quell, yet 'tis hard quite to extirpate Nature.) But if none but such (as never

never ſpoke a *raſh Word*, nor ever ſpoke *worſe Words* than is laid to the Defendant's Charge) ſhould caſt *the firſt Stone* at him, or put him in Jaile, 'tis hoped he might ſafely *walk the Streets again*, and go to his Grave in Peace.

In the *Interim he abſconds* neither for Debt, Treaſon nor Felony, (that's a great Mercy in theſe *ſhamming-Times*) but enjoys the Happineſs of walking *incognito* (a Happineſs that Princes ſeldom can arrive unto, and becauſe of their publick-Station are *(in vain)* ambitious of) and ſees and hears what's done in the World, ſees and obſerves—— ſees and takes Notes—ſees, *(as in a Balcony)* the buſtling *Cavalcade* in the Streets, and yet not annoyed with the *clamorous and ſweaty* Crowd; ſees and is not ſeen— There's the *Pleaſure* as well as the *Grandieur* of Retirement, a Grandieur that great Men may *envy*, but *uncapable* to obtain the Felicity, as well as the Safety, the Quiet and the Security; made the *more conformable* by Neceſſity and the *gentle hand* of God; (for ſome good end no doubt) a Retirement happily freed from the Noiſe and Buſineſs of the World, the bawlings, brawlings and yawlings, the buſtle and ruffle of the Barr and Pulpit, the throng and crowd of vexatious Turmoils and impertinent Viſits; (*a Happineſs not 'till now enjoyed,*) to be buried alive, to be *buried and yet live*, *in hopes* of a joyful ariſing; to be buried ſafe from the *poynant Malice* of Enemies, (for Envy ceaſes in the Grave, and they are malicious to purpoſe, that envy him this poor-play of —*Hide and Seek*— and *Bo-peep:*) and yet alive and *briſk ſtill* with ſome Friends, and with his beſt Friend on Earth——*His Loyal Conſort*; the happy Mother of ten luſty Children, and ſeven alive ſtill, bleſſed be God; Heirs enough for his Eſtate, and Eſtate enough for his Heirs, if the Biſhop do not make them *poor enough*— (God knows;) at leaſt—It is to be fear'd— *Nobleneſs of Nature is not every Body's Portion*; But God help, however; For the Defendant (if he be wiſe) will never beggar himſelf and his Family, to build *Cathedrals* for *Singing-Boys*— be as cunning as they can—And they *are ſubtle*—very ſubtle—— *Ay*— *ſo they are*—and ſo might others too, with *one quarter of the Power* they have in their Hands;

——— Fight on *Macduff*,
And *let him fall* that firſt ſays, *Hold!*— *enough.*

Before (it came to) *Extremity*, has not the Defendant ſtudied Peace and purſued it, *once*, *twice*, *thrice*——if poſſible—And *as much as in him lies*, (as you will hear anon) by all the methods and ways of Meekneſs and Submiſſion, as far as is conſiſtant with a Man of Honour?

And have they not been inexorable, and like the *Meridian-Shadows* (of Men running North-ward) which flys *the faſter*, the faſter they are purſued? Are they not *inexorable to any Terms*, but what is *worſe than Death*, and ill becomes a Gentleman or a Chriſtian?

Has the Defendant lived fifty Years in the World, and travell'd half the Globe of the Univerſe, with all the advantages of an ingenuous Education, in ſtudying Men and Books, and is he yet to ſeek to know ſuch Men? He knows what is in Man; knows what is in Men fluſh'd with Power and Intereſt, and fleſh'd with Succeſs and Revenge.

Let them be beaten with their own Rod, which with ſuch Induſtry, Joy, Intereſt, Friends, Power, Glory, and Combination they have ſo eagerly contriv'd:

——The Scabbard's thrown away ——Come on *Macduff*,
And *Coward he* that firſt ſays——*Hold!* —enough.

Honeſty

Honeſty is the beſt Policy, and ſo (*Machiavellians*) will find (*to their coſt*) in time; and *Chriſtianity* is the greateſt *Wiſdom*; and Perſecution, Tyranny, Oppreſſion, and Extortion the *greateſt Folly* in the World! But, *Oh ye Fools! when will ye be Wiſe?* ſaith *Solomon*, when will ye be good? *Never, never*, ſome Men will never be good (*but like a Spaniel*) 'till they be beaten to't, by (the Miſtreſs of Fools) woful Experience, *and too late.*

A little Honeſty and Chriſtianity is ſoon and eaſily attained unto; and will do *Wonders in Government*, and *with eaſe*; whereas, (*as a Lyar had need have a good Memory*, and yet is often put to his Trumps) a *Machiavellian*, with all his Quirks, and *Shams*, and *Suborning*s, and Tricks, is as very a Fool as Pope *Alexander* the *6th*, and his Son *Cæſar Borgias*, (to whom (the *Florentine*) *Machiavel*, was both Secretary and Tutor in that *Black-Art*, called (*Maachiavellian*) *Policy*) both of them coming to *an ill end* and a violent Death, falling into the very *Pit they digg'd* for others, and *poyſon'd* with the very *Druggs* they prepar'd for the *Italian-Princes*, by the *juſt Judgment* of the righteous God—— that ſits in Heaven, and *laughs* (the Atheiſt) *to Scorn*——yea —— the *Lord ſhall have them in Deriſion.*

And let ſome Men triumph, crow, and inſult, at the Victory they have got by a *little-Tool*, and eſpecially (that ſame *ſpecial-Jury*) and glory that they have ſilenc'd him (the Sin and Shame lye at their Door) *ſtopping his Mouth*, becauſe of *cheap-Marriages* without a Licenſe; and he ſhall be in his Church of *All-Saints* the next Lord's Day, (God willing) and ſo on, let them do their worſt.

No Man that falls by great Power,——can (*poſſibly*) fall *more gently*——nor *for leſs* Offences.

There's nothing ſworn againſt him, nor laid to his Charge, for which *any good Man*, or Man of Honour *has cauſe to bluſh*, and *be-ruby* his Cheeks.

The Biſhop *firſt* offends in ſending an *unwarrantable Sequeſtration*, (there's the *Origine*;) and *for this* occaſion, the Defendant *ſuffers* and pays 2000 *l.* there's the *Conſequence* of that Origine, or *Original Sin.*

As ſoon as the Judg had filled his Belly, he return'd to the Bench, and ſome thought to catch the Defendant, but the *Bird was flown.*

The Verdict was for the *Plantiff*, *Damage* 2000*l.* And ſo they ſaid all, being *agreed upon the Buſineſs*, and their Fore-man (Sir *Andrew Jenner*) their Learned Speaker, or *Spokes-man.*

Thus ended this Famous Trial, of which when I have made *ſome Obſervations*; (for the Torys have *not got all the Obſervator*'s on their ſide:) I will give you an account of that other *Eccleſiaſtical-Engine* to batter the Defendant, by Affidavits ſworn by ſix Eccleſiaſtical Lay-Perſons called *Proctors* of *Doctor's-Commons*: (Ay, *there, there* the Miſchiefs (againſt the *Naked-Truth*) are hatch'd; They *act for Life*, at leaſt, for *a dirty Livelyhood*, which ſeems to ſtand on *Tip-Toe*, tottering, and juſt *upon the goe.*) And therefore they would *Wire-draw* and *hook in Weſtminſter-Hall* (baſe Indignity!) to prop up their rotten and tottering Frame, by craving (*Forſooth!*) from thence Aid, in a Writ called *Supplicavit.*

But firſt, Let us *not over-paſs* this Signal Trial without ſome Remarks, or *Obſervations.*

OBSERVATIONS

Made (by an unkown Hand)

Upon the foregoing TRIAL.

FIrſt, we will *obſerve the Obſervations* that have been already made of this *noiſy Trial* by the *Tory Pamphleteers.*

The *Tory Obſervator* is *wiſer* than to trouble himſelf with diſquieting Mr. *Hickeringill*, or to abuſe himſelf by nicknaming others, whether out of reſpect or ſenſe of Honour, or out of fear of Mr. *Hickeringill's* ſmarter Pen, (that never ſcratches but when Defendant) we will not determine. But *Thompſon* and *Heraclitus*——

How now? *Thompſon* and *Heraclitus!* Will any Man of Honour *ſtoop ſo low* to take notice of ſuch *contemptible Wretches?* Wretches below all ſcorn! Wretches that would have no Name but for the *Ills* they do.

For they (like *Eroſtratus*) are ambitious of a Name, by committing unheard-of *Villanies*, tho they thereby *ruine themſelves, and an* (*once ſtately*) *Church.*

And (without offence be it ſpoken) it is a *Condeſcenſion (meritorious)* for any Man to *debaſe himſelf ſo much* as to take notice of ſuch deſpicable and forlorn *Bravo's*, (the Objects of every honourable and honeſt Man's *Contempt*) any otherwiſe, or with any other deſign than (thoſe *charitable Viſits* made to the Jail, when common Robbers and Murtherers are *condemn'd* to the Gallows) to enquire *(either)* after *Goods* (by them) *ſtollen*; or, by ſhewing them the Evil of their Ways, bring the *condemn'd Villains to Repentance*, before they be hang'd.

Which *Act of Charity*, Humility, and *bountiful* Condeſcenſion, I *(now)* piouſly take upon me, by *(thus) obſerving their Obſervations.* (Nay, the *Tories* ſhall not *have all the Obſervators* on their ſide, the *Whigs* ſhall have *ſome*; for (to tell you the *naked Truth on't*) the *politick* and *pious Tories* have bereft me of *better* Employment, and very *cunningly have given me leiſure* to (do little elſe but) *obſerve* their Motions. God reward them according to their Piety, and their Works, and let them fall into the *Pit* that with ſuch combined Intereſt (Cunning and Power) ſo induſtriouſly they have digg'd.

And firſt for *Thompſon*, ſo vile a *Moth*, that he is too much honour'd to be *cruſh'd* with the *blunt End of my Pen.* But I uſe him here, as he will be uſed when he comes (amongſt other (condemn'd) Murtherers and Aſſaſſinates of Mens Lives and Reputations) at *Tyburn*, (namely) —— to tie up and *halter the greateſt Rogue firſt.*

Fogh! I *have done with him* for ever; now (the very firſt time) I come near him, no *rotten Carcaſe* or *Jakes* comes nigh him for a *Scent*; He ſtinks above Ground —— moſt abominably and nauſeouſly, in the *Noſtrils of all* that have not loſt their Senſes. *His Rogueſhip being very ignorant*, and alſo ſuch a *bold, daring, impudent Man, for ſending ſome Heads of —— Lies —— in his Printed Papers —— contrary to Law*; whence it will appear, that he is *concerned in the Plot —— the horrid Plot againſt Mr.* Hickeringill's *righteous Name and Reputation,*

tation, —— belying him all the Kingdom over, as a Man *convict of Perjury*, and ſo *aſſaſſinates his Honour* and Reputation; the only *Anſwer* (yet) made (in defence of the Extortions and Oppreſſions ſo impudently continued to this day in Eccleſiaſtical Courts, in defiance of the Statutes of this Realm, and contrary) to the *Naked Truth*.

I am not able to endure the *Carrion* any longer, and therefore I leave him to the Juſtice of the Nation, and to Mr. *Hickeringill*'s ſwinging Action againſt him, and his pretty Conſort; and except he hide his hated Head for ever, he will be puniſh'd for that *dangerous* and damnable Lie and Slander againſt the righteous Name and Reputation of Mr. *Hickeringill*, in ſaying, he was *convict of Perjury*. Nay, they would convict Mr. *Hickeringill* of ſomewhat worſe than *Perjury*, (I fear) if they could get any Man-catchers, or *Teagues O Divelly*, into his Company: nay, there was one *Mortlack*, a Black-ſmith of *Colcheſter*, that asking a *Cunning-Lawyer's Advice*, what he ſhould ſwear againſt Mr. *Hickeringill?* Breath-ſeller replied, —— *Canſt thou not ſwear Treaſon againſt him?* Or, that he is a common Drunkard, or a common Whoremaſter, or a common Swearer? Treaſon? quoth *Mortlack*, yes I can; In what? (replied *Petty-fogger*) in Words or Deeds? *Mortlack* anſwer'd, *In Words, Treaſonable Words*. But *Crafty* replied, *How long ago?* How long is it ſince you can prove you were in his Company? and in what place? *Mortlack* anſwer'd, That he heard the Words ſpoken in the King's High-way, near *Dilbridge*, about four Months before that Time, (for he could not prove that ever he was in Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Company except that time, when there were alſo above twenty People more.

Whereupon quoth *Crafty*, Speak no more then of Treaſonable Words, for you will be hang'd for concealing Treaſon thus long; but what ſay you to the other? *Mortlack* anſwered, It is too apparent to all that know Mr. *Hickeringill*, that he is *no common Drunkard, nor common Whoremaſter*, but ——— (he took a great Oath upon it, ſaying,) I will ſwear that he is a *common Swearer*, and that never a Word comes out of his Mouth, but an Oath comes out.

And he *was as good as his Word*, and got two more to ſwear (*the ſame*) along with him, both of which have with Tears (ſince) and on their bended Knees, begg'd Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Pardon, (that's more than *Thompſon* hath done) and he frankly and generouſly did forgive them, and they live in *Colcheſter* to this day; but *Mortlack* is fled for it ever ſince.

For by the Craft of Sir *J. S.* before Sir *Mundiford Bramſton* (as Maſter in Chancery) the Villains ſwore to Articles, whereupon a *Supplicavit* (this *Doctors Common's Supplicavit* is not the firſt, nor the *firſt Supplicavit* deviſ'd againſt him by that Root of Bitterneſs and Revenge, Sir *J. S.*) was granted againſt him, and bound he was in Chancery, in 20 *l.* the Principal, and 10 *l.* the Manucaptors; and thus was he put to ſome *little Trouble and Charge*. And Mr. *Hickeringill* ſtands (to this day) in Chancery (upon Record) a *Common-Swearer*, &c. and yet he never ſwore ſo much as one raſh Oath in his Life. What will not Malice and Man-catchers ſwear?

But none that knows Mr. *Hickeringill* believes them, but knows they are perjur'd Villains, and (like this *Thompſon*, or Parſon *Thompſon* of *Colch*———— as like his Name-ſake *Nat* —— as one Devil to another) the *Scum of Mankind*, and ſo *black in the Mouth with continual Lies and Slanders*, (both of them) and *eſpecially againſt* Mr. *Hickeringill*, that no *Recording Ink* can paint their ſmutty Features *diſmal* or *black enough*, they are ſo *Helliſh* and *Imp like*, where I leave them, to diſcourſe with *Party-per-pale*, half Fool, half Knave; *Half-Fool*,

Fool, or *Jester*, — and *Half-Knave* in *Earnest*, *Heraclitus*; what Observation does he make of this famous Trial?

Busy *Heraclitus* Num. 59. treating of this Affair (this *Ishmael*'s Hand must be *against every Body*, is it not meet that every Man's Hand should be against *this Privy* and Masquerade-*Assassinate* of Men's Reputation? Saying, He (*Hick*—*Forsooth!*) wishes by this time he had made use of an abler Counsellor.

No doubt, Tricks and *Niceties in Law*, are best defeated by Men *accustom'd to such Querks* and Tricks, the *disguize* of Truth, and the *defeat* of many an honest Cause. These Quirks (the *Rabble* that use them) are useless in the *United Provinces*, where every Man *pleads his own Cause*; *of which* the same Sun that views the first Process, sees the End and Determination before it sleeps in the Ocean.

Whereas *we labour* with our nice Pleadings, Quirks and Tricks, Writs of Errors, Pleas, Rejoynders and Demurrers *eternally*.

A Man was Indicted—*quia furatus est Equum*, because he stole a Horse, (in *Holland* he had dy'd for it) but with us the Indictment was quash'd for lack of Form, there wanted (*Forsooth* the Word) *Feloniсè*; and therefore ill. 29. *Ass.* 45.

A Man was Indicted that he was *communis Latro*, a common Thief, and the Indictment was held vicious, because too general — never coming on to the particular Proof.

A Man Murder'd another, but the Indictment (by the Clerks oversight, or worse, was only *Interfecit*) and was quash'd for want of the Word *Murdravit*.

Thousands of Instances might be given of pretty Quirks and Niceties (that are now made such essential parts of the Law) that he is accounted *the Man of Law*, that is most nimble at them, to take a Cause with a— *Why not*; Tick-Tack; as if some design had been to make the *Law* (like *Sives* and *Cullenders*) *full of Holes for the nonce*.

But, some may say then—What shall become of the *Vermine*, the *Locusts and the Catterpillars*, that (like those Plagues of *Egypt*) eat up *every green thing in the Land*?

How now? *Is this good Behaviour?* Is *Sampson* bound? or bound with Withs of smal Cords, made on *purpose to be broken*? Explain your self, who do you mean by the Vermine, the Locusts and the Caterpillars, that eat up every green thing in the Land, and is the great plague-sore thereof? *Who do you mean*? Sir.

You, that are so blunt and such a *plain Dealer*, do you mean those *Throngs* about *Temple-Bar*, and *Chancery-Lane*? those *Crouds of Pen and Inkhorns*? that a Man can scarce stir there without being *justled or run down* by them or their Coaches? Speak out, who do you mean by? the *Vermine of the Land*, the Locusts, and the Caterpillars?

Why then, really, truly, and plainly, *I call those Locusts*, and Caterpillars, and Vermine, that *live on the Sweat* of other Men's Brows, and of the *sweet Labour and Industry* of the *painful Husbandman*, and Country-man, who (if they were not *Fools*) would agree their Quarrels over a good Fire, and a Pot of Ale, by the *Men of their Neighbourhood*, (for it must come to that *at last*, and *why not* as well *at first?*) before the *Estate be wasted*, time consum'd, with *Danceing Attendance to Vermine*.

But what shall the *Locusts and Caterpillars do?* Ask Mr. *Wilson*, who tells you in his Description of the new Plantation, called *Carolina*, that there is good Air, room enough for the *Locusts and Caterpillars*, those unprofitable Insects and Devourers. Room enough for the *He's and She's*, let them go there

and

and *work and Engender*; why *ſhould not Spiders ſpin?*

And yet (with *Heraclitus his good leave*) the Defendant did (if it were worth the mentioning) (in his pleading this Cauſe) *this Tick-tack* which might as well have been kept ſecret, but that *Heraclitus* will not be pleaſed without it:

For the Declaration is only *un' Prelat.* not *un' Magnat.* and though the Plantiff does declare as *Epiſcop-Lond. and un' Prelat*, yet (ſaid the Defendant,) it does not appear (*by the Declaration,*) that the Plantiff is *un' Magnat*, and therefore not within the Statute.

For the Defendant ſaid further, that he had conſulted *the Records of thoſe times*, whereby the meaning of the Words (*Biſhop and Prelate*) in thoſe days, is beſt cleared; and does not find that ever by Prelates or Biſhops is meant *Magnates*, or *le Grantz*, or *le Seignieurs*—— and therefore *Scandalum Prælatorum*, nor *Scandalum Epiſcoporum*, can poſſibly by that Statute be meant *Scandalum Magnatum.*

25. *Edw.* 3. The Proceedings and Judgment of Death againſt Sir *William de Thorp*, (Chief Juſtice) for *Bribery*, and brought into Parliament, which the King cauſed to be read *Overtment devent les grantz de Parlement* &c. openly before the Great Men—— *coram Magnatibus*, that could not be the Biſhops, Abbots, Priors, nor Prelates—— for they were (always withdrawn) in thoſe days, out of the Houſe of Lords—— in Judgments or Inqueſt *upon Life and Death*, as this was,—— For the *Chief Juſtice was hang'd for his Bribery*: (*right and good reaſon*, —— Cave, cave.)

42. *Edw.* 3. Sir *John de Lee*, Steward of the King's Houſe, was charged in Parliament for ſeveral Miſdemeanors —— *Et Apres manger vindrent les Prelats, Duc's, Counts, &c.* After Dinner came the Prelates, Dukes, Counts, *&c.* Here (being but a Miſdemeanor) the Prelates were preſent, it not being in a Queſtion of Life or Death.

50 *Edw.* 3. *Alice Perrers* was accuſed for Breach of an Ordinance, (ſo is the Record, but it was really a Statute, which in thoſe Days was called an Ordinance) *Fait venir devant' les Prelats, & les Seignieurs du Parlement*—— Which alſo was not in a Queſtion of Blood, and therefore the *Prelates* are nam'd, as well as the *Magnates*, or *les Seigneurs.*

Many Inſtances of this Nature may be given, wherein Prelates were never ſignified by the words, *Magnates*, *le Grants*, or *le Seignieurs*, or *Peers*: For they are tried (as all Men ought to be by *Magna Charta*) *per Pares*, by their Peers or Equals; and being tried by their Peers, (that is) *Commoners*, they therefore are *Commoners*, not Peers of the Realm, as the other *Magnates*, *le Seignieurs*, and *le Grantz* —— are.

And therefore tho the Biſhop of *London* be *Magnas*, as he is a Privy-Councellor, and a Great Officer of the Realm; yet the *Declaration not mentioning any ſuch thing*, the Defendant urg'd that it was deficient: but the Judg overrul'd him therein.

Yet 28. *Edw.* 3. *Roger* of *Wigmore*, Couſin and Heir of *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*, deſires that the Attainder made 4. *Edw.* 3. againſt the ſaid *Mortimer*, might be examin'd: *Et dont le dit Seignieur le Roy vous charge Counts, Barons, les Piers de ſon Royalme*, &c. The Lord the King charged the Counts, Barons, and Peers of his Realm, to examine the ſaid Attainder, and give righteous Judgment.

But if the Prelates were meant *by Counts, Barons* and *Peers*, then they alſo were to examine the Attainder by that Command of the King: But they had nothing to do with Attainders, it being againſt their own *Canon-Law*, and

Oath of Canonical Obedience, as they afterwards declared in another Caſe, to be ſeen in the *Rolls of Parliament.*

5. *Edw.* 3. In a Parliament called for *Breach of the Peace* of the Kingdom, *away went* the Prelates out of the Parliament, ſaying, What had they to do with ſuch Matters? *Et les dits Counts, Borones, & autres Grants, per eus meſmes*—— And the Counts, Barons, and other great Men, went by themſelves, *&c.* to conſult, *&c.*

So in the ſame Parliament, upon Judgment given againſt Sir *John Grey*, for laying his hand on his Sword in the King's Preſence, for which he was queſtion'd for his Life, (no Biſhops nor Prelates being there therefore) yet the Record ſays, —— *Le Roy charge touts le Countes, Barons, & autre Grantz* —— The King charges all the Counts, Barons, and other Great-Men, to conſult, *&c.* And then he muſt charge the Prelates too, if he charged all the Great Men, if the Prelates be *Magnates*, or *les Grantz*—— which could not be in a Queſtion of Blood.

'Tis true, the Biſhops are a *kind of Barons*, and ſo *were the Abbots and Priors*, by virtue of the Baronies beſtowed upon them by the *Charity* or *blind Devotion* (or for what other reaſon) by *William* the Conqueror, *&c.* who divided his Conqueſts all over *England* into *Knights-Fees*; and of ſeveral *Knights-Fees* (laid together) he made *Baronies*: And ſome of theſe *Baronies* the Lay-men got, but the Clergy (in the Scuffle and Scramble put in *(never fear it)* for a Share) and got proportionably, and more; ſome *Lord-Biſhops* got, and ſome *Lord-Abbots* got, and ſome *Priors.*

By virtue of which *Baronies* they had Votes and Places in the Houſe of Lords. But one Houſe being not able to hold ſo many Lords, the King divides his *Baronies* into *Majores & Minores*; the *Minors* he tript off, but the Biſhops, Abbots, and Priors held it faſt till *Hen.* 8. and then the *Lord-Abots* and *Priors* tripp'd off, (this was a *ſore Shock to the Prelacy*) and only the Biſhops (of all the Prelates in 2 R. 2.) hold it to this Day. And tho Parliaments (as at *Bury St. Edmonds*, and alſo as aforeſaid 2. *Edw.* 3.) have been held without the Prelates; and tho it is declared (before the Diſſolution of the Monaſteries, the *major Part* of the Prelates) in 7. *Hen.* 8. in *Keilway's* Reports, p. 184. Dr. *Standiſhes* Caſe. *Les Juſtices de ſoi ent que noſtre Seigneur le Roy poit aſſer bien tener ſon Parlement per luy, & ſes temporal Seignieurs, & per ſes Commons tout ſans les ſpirituals Seignieurs*: That our Lord the King *may well hold his Parliament* by Himſelf, and his Temporal Lords, and by his Commons, *without the Spiritual Lords*, &c. Yet (by virtue of their *Baronies*) they have Right to ſit in the Houſe of Peers, tho their *Brethren-Prelates (Abbots and Priors)* be outed, and the Privilege of Sitting in the Houſe of Lords does not now continue *(de facto)* to thoſe Gentlemen that now enjoy *thoſe Baronies which the Abbots had*, with all their Privileges and Immunities, *&c.*

Of which Privileges and *Immunities*, &c. this was one, *to ſit in the Houſe of Peers*, and granted and regranted, in the ſame manner the Abbots, *&c.* held *theſe Baronies.* But I do not know *de Jure*, how far this Immunity does extend, nor is it my Province to argue it, tho I am poſſeſſed of the Barony of the Priory of *Wickes* in *Eſſex*, to me and my Heirs, with all the Immunities, *&c.* and therefore one would think I might claim the Privilege of a Prelate, out of that old Statute, 2 *R.* 2. that hath cauſed all this Debate and Debait.

Nay, all Clergy-men (that are Rectors) are Prelates; ſo *Lyndwood*, a *Doctors-Commons Official*, in his *Provincials. Con. Otho. ſacer Ordo. verb. illiteratos. Quæ Ignorantia multò magis deteſtanda eſſet in Epiſcopo, ſeu majori Prelato.* If there was a *major Prelate*, then there was a *minor Prelate*; *little Men* are *Men*, tho

tho *little.* — A hundred Inſtances I could give, that all Clergy-men that are Rectors are Prelates.

Now if the ſpeaking againſt any Prelate who is not *Magnas*, (nor ſo mentioned in the Declaration, (as here it is not mentioned that the Plantiff is *Magnas*) and if in the Language and Dialect of thoſe Times, the Word *Biſhops* does not imply *Magnates*, or *les Grants*,) then ſurely *all Prelates*, and all that have the Fee-ſimple of thoſe Lands and *Baronies*, granted to the King, and his Heirs and Aſſigns, by Act of Parliament, and given and regranted to others, together with all the Immunities and Privileges that the *Abbots had and enjoyed by virtue of thoſe Lands and Baronies*, &c. ought to have the Benefit of this Statute of *Scandal. Magnat. quâ Prelat.* Why they ſhould not enjoy the *Privilege of Prelates* in that Act of 2 *R.* 2. of *Scandal. Magnat.* and all other Privileges that ever the Abbots enjoyed by virtue of their Lands and Baronies, being meer *Temporals*, (not Goſpel nor *Spiritual Priviledges*) I cannot imagine, if the Biſhops do enjoy theſe Benefits — *quâ Prelati*, or *quâ Barones*. Howſoever the other Privilegd, of *ſitting in the Houſe of Lords*, may be loſt, for the long *Intervall* or Vacation of not being call'd thither (*time out of mind of Man*) by the *King's Writ*, be loſt, or — for what other Reaſon, it is not needful here to diſcuſs.

For, if the Biſhops ſit not in the Houſe of Lords purely *ex Gratia Regis*, but *quâ Barones*, by reaſon of their Baronies, then *è fortiori*, much more may thoſe Gentlemen that have the Abbot's Baronies, and other Prelate's Baronies, claim the old Privileges belonging to their Baronies, and for which and other Immunities they have an Act of Parliament to them and their Heirs: Since Biſhops have not *ſo firm a Tenure* of their Baronies, and the Privileges, Temporalities, and Immunities thereunto belonging, becauſe they hold them ex *Gratiâ Regis*, and for Contempt may lawfully be forfeited, and ſeized into the King's Hands: But the Baronies of Us that hold them in *Fee-ſimple*, and by Act of Parliament, (with the Immunities and Privileges anciently belonging to the *Abbot-Prelates*, and *Prior-Prelates*) cannot for ſuch Contempt, *ad libitum Regis*, be ſo forfeited or ſeized.

Nay, ſince many *Rectors* in *England* have *Baronies* annex'd to their Rectories, and their *Parſonage-Houſe* is the *Manor-Houſe*, where Court Barons are kept to this day, and the Tenants *do their Homage and Fealty*, and they are really and truly *Prelates*, I ſee no Reaſon in Law or Equity, but they may have the Benefit of this Statute of 2 *Rich.* 2. of *Scandal. Magnat.* if it pertain to *Prelates*, *quâ Prelati*. And then every little Rector may bring his Action upon this Statute, *Qui tam*, &c. for Contempt of his Clergy-ſhip, and Prelate-ſhip; and then (*Hey day!*) we ſhall have a little Pope in every Pariſh, and a ſpiritual *Hogen Mogen* in every Rectory. — *Hey! then up go we*; and then *Thompſon* and *Heraclitus* look to't, we'll pay you off for your Nick-names, you had better have been *tongue-ty'd.*

And none can give a Reaſon, why this Defendant ſhould not alſo have the Privilege of a Prelate, which his Predeceſſors had, (the Abbots of *Wicks*) when this Statute was made, whoſe Succeſſor is this Defendant in the Barony, and to him and his Heirs for ever.

Nay, really, *Thompſon* and *Heraclitus*, I believe the Defendant is in earneſt, ſince ſo much Money as 2000*l.* may be *coined out of old Statutes*; there are *London* Juries, and *Middleſex* Juries, as well as *Eſſex* Juries — Look to't.

'Tis readily granted, that there is a difference betwixt the Biſhop and the Defendant, as to Riches, *&c.* But what then? As a *Prelate*, a poor Prelate has as *much right* to his Priviledges as the Rich, and *more need of it* a great deal:

deal: It is *hard to pull off Hairs from the bald* Crown; or, to *rob the Spittle*; but there is no charity, nor reason, to take the *few Hairs* from the *bald Crown* to make a *Wigg on*, for him that has a good Head *of Hair of his own*, and needs no *Wigg*, nor such *superfluous Additaments*.

I grant, indeed, Bishops are *Prelats and Barons too*: So is the Defendant a *little one*; and more than so, the Defendant's Barony cannot be seized into the King's Hands, as the Bishop's may, for Contempt; therefore I called the Bishops, *a sort or kind of Barons*.

Not such Barons as the Temporal Lords, who cannot forfeit them to the King, nor the King cannot seize them for Contempt, as aforesaid; therefore there is a vast difference betwixt a Baron who is a *Peer of the Realm*, and a *Spiritual Baron*; the one is *Magnas natus*, born a Peer, and sits in the House of Lords, as his Birth-right and Inheritance; the other is *Creatus*, and sits *ex Gratiâ Regis*, and may, upon the King's Displeasure, or Contempt, lose his Seat near the Wool-Packs, and his Baronies and Temporalities forfeited into the King's Hands.

But, what non-sence is it for *Heraclitus* to prate, Numb. 59. *Jest.* says, They (the Whiggs) clamour and say, the Dammages are exceesive: (*Honestly said for a Fool or Jester*) Why so? (*says Earnest, or Sober-sides*) I think, and so must every Man that thinks at all, (*in one Doctor's Opinion he might have said*) 'tis a very cheap penny-worth to that which the honest Man (*Honest Man! quoth he! and a Proctor's Boy? good sence, and Tory-like*) had, that pull'd off *Hick's* (*what? plain Hick — still? no dread of the* 2. Rich. 2? *Will Men never take warning, till they be maul'd* 2000 l. *thick? Sure, the Fellow thinks the Defendant cannot get as good a Jury in* London, *or* Middlesex, *as was lately in* Essex. *Hicks*—) Hat; except the Privileges of the Saintship be as great as those of the Peerage.

Peerage! The *wise Fellow* thinks, that Bishops are Peers, and thinks there's no difference betwixt *Words* (that are but *wind*) and *Blows*, or Assault and *Batteries*, and Challengings to fight.

The Bishop is *great*, *Who denies it?* But 'tis not so long ago since the Defendant being then (*as now*, (for he *is no Changling*) Rector of *All-Saints*; and *Cornet Compton* quartering in *Colchester*, I doubt the Defendant being an old Captain, by Commission from two Kings, of *Sweden* and *Portugal*, by Sea and by Land, would *not have thought himself obliged*, in good Manners, to give him the Wall; except he had, as Sir *George did*, first told of his Pedigree; then (indeed) *then*, I grant.

But not *a word of this* should have been said, but that they come so with their Comparisons, when the Defendant had told them, (in the first words of the Naked Truth, Second Part) that he *honoured* Bishops, but did not *Idolize them*; could say—my *Lord*, but—not—my *God*. But these *Hireling Pamphletiers* do so *deify* them, that they are netled, when Men do *not fall down* and worship the——

The Distance is great! — *None envies his Lordships greatness*; the Distance is great, the *King made it so great as it is*, and can as easily make the Distance less when he list.

But enough of this Folly, (for such I acknowledg it) but---only that the Wise Man bids us answer *a Fool according* to his folly, (that is) *beat the Fool at his own Weapon*.

45. *Edw.* 3. The two Houses join, *Counts*, *Barons & Communes*, and represent to the King, how the Government of the Kingdom had been a *long time* in the Hands of the Clergy, (do you see? *an old Complaint*; they *were*

(Papists

(Papists indeed, but) *true born Englishmen*, and could not tell how to *buckle* to a Mitre or *Lawn-sleeves*; or that *Westminster-Hall* should *truckle* to *Doctor's-Commons*, (a great Indignity, and a shameful!) *Parent grant Mischiefs & Dammages sont avenoz*, &c. for the great Mischiefs and Damages that came thereby, *&c.* says *the Parliament-Rolls*.

But notwithstanding all this, —— *the Prelates baffled* both King, Lords, and Commons, having their *Spiritual Weapons eek't out* with two Temporal Writs, ——namely, —— *de Heretico comburendo*, —— the other *de Excommunicato capiendo*: —— The former (*with much adoe*) is damn'd to Perdition, for the flames it made in *Smithfield*, and all the Kingdom over: the other, *de Excommunicato capiendo*, —— is yet *in force*, and fills the Jayls dayly with Men Excommunicated; many about Mony-matters, and Fees, Illegal-Fees, and Oppressions, Extortions, as not paying the Knave a Groat, *&c.*

For when the Popish Prelates *could not burn* any that stood in their way for a Heretick, yet, *as obstinate* and contemptuous, they sent him to the Divel, and then he and the Chancellours, and the King's-bench, and the Sheriffs, got the poor Soul buryed alive in a Jayl, *till he dyed, or submitted*, and swore *future Obedience* to *Holy-Church*.

Seven Years after this of 25. *Edw.* 3. the Prelates (having *got the whipping hand*) claw'd it away, and *to stop Men's Mouths* from muttering, got this Statute, 2. *Ric.* 2. 5.

Nay, (they are as cunning to preserve their Prelacy, as——) for the Holy Scripture, Christ and his Apostles having declar'd an *Abhorrence* of Spiritual Pride, and Ecclesiastical Tyranny and Oppression, (calling them *greedy Dogs*, that can never have enough, and *Wolves in Sheep's cloathing*, not sparing the Flock, but *tearing, rending and devouring it*) It concern'd them to *fly to Force and Temporal Power* for aid of their abominable Hierarchy; and the Magistrate, (in those days) what *for Fear*, and what *for Folly*, what *for Preferment*, or to *keep Preferment* (since there was no other way) gave his Assistance to the Beast and the false Prophet, (*caw me and I'le caw thee:*) Rev. 13. 15, 16, 17. *And he had power to give Life unto the Image of the Beast, that the Image of the Beast, should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the Image of the Beast, should be killed. And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bound, to receive a Mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: And that no Man might buy or sell, save he that had the Mark, or the Name of the Beast, or the number of his Name.*

See the Declaration of the Middlesex Justices.

Yet, in 20. *Ric.* 2. Eighteen Years after this Statute,— the *House of Commons forgot not* that they were *Englishmen still*, —— and remonstrated to the King, *complaining*, —— *that he kept so many Bishops* about him in his Court, and *advanced them and their Partakers*. The King did *not* (or the Bishops would not suffer him to) *heed his Subjects* herein, —— (as aforesaid.)

And (*Poor King*) it prov'd his ruine: for after he had lost the hearts of his People, it was not a few Lawn Sleeves, and flattering Sycophants, and Parasitical debaucht Courtiers that *could guard him* from the unjust Arms of *Hen.* 4. who had got the Peoples Hearts, only because the lawful King had lost them, by adhering to an Effeminate debaucht Crew.

Observe the *Machiavillian-skill* of the Ingineer's, what *Masters of Art* these Ecclesiasticks (*Divine and Lay conjumbled*) have *commenc'd* in Politicks, and all not worth to them *one Louse*, after they have beat their Heads together, (for a piece of cunning let them alone!) when Advocats and Counsellors, Civilians or no Civilians, Lawyers and Divines, Clergy and Lay, *ana*, The Proctors and Atturneys, the Pulpit and the Bar, (*Breath-sellers all*), are in

Conjunction againſt a poor Whig, to bring him to ruine, to trample on his conquer'd Corps, to inſult over his Grave, to drink and cry — *Huzzah!* the Enemy is fled, we are Conquerors, and ſhall yet (*in ſpight of Fate and the naked Truth*) live and rule the Roaſt, oppreſs and extort, make Havock of of Souls, Bodies and Eſtates, hang up or Jayl their Bodies, damn their Souls, beggar their Families, ſwallow and grow Fat with their Eſtates; (*not ſo greedily there, have a care of choaking,*) come let us carowze and drench our ſelves, revell and be drunk with the *Tears of the Widow and Orphans*; *Huzzah!* — *Huzzah*—! incomparable Epicures!

Nay, I am told, from a very good Hand, that the good Biſhop of *London*, in great piety and devotion, intends to dedicate (this 2000 *l.*) to St. *Paul*, for a *Deodand*; and build up *Paul's Ruins* here in *London* with the Defendant's 2000 *l.* (*as far as* 2000 *l. will go*) Oh! moſt Exemplary and *Epiſcopal Zeal!* worthy his great Soul and noble Extract, and fit to be chronicled to all Poſterity. This Heroick Charity ſhall be writ upon his Tomb, where he ſhall lie in *Paul's* (when 'tis built) nay, he ſhall *lie* (as great Men uſe to lie) *in State*, and his Exequies adorn'd with the magnificence of this *grand Exploit*, celebrated in Heroick Verſe, anſwerable *to it and his own Grandieur:* I am juſt now (*before my Fancy cool*) writing his *Epitaph*, to be ready for him; we are all mortal.

But yet, the greateſt glory of this Atchievement, does belong to *Inch-board Harris*, that *ſmall Heroe* muſt come in to the *Meeter* and Merits, the one half of the 2000 *l.* he earn'd it dear, and ſwore hard for it, he has more right to it than any Man alive, except the *Jury-Men*; for the *Judg* (upon the whole Matter, with ſome grains of Allowance to humane Frailty and Temptation) was *there* or *thereabouts*, at leaſt, he was the beſt of them; a Judg ſwears to have no reſpect of Perſons in Judgment, (Oh hard! hard!)

And therefore, I ſay, though the *Glory* of the Action, and the *Honour* of the *Foyl*, ſhall be given to the *precious Jury-Men* alone, (for *they only* did the Buſineſs, and the moſt that the Counſel ſaid to the Matter, except Railing and Ribaldry, againſt the Defendant, was not very *pertinent to the Declaration*) for want of Matter in it, no doubt: yet the *whole profit* of the *Verdict* does really and truly belong to *Harris*; he gag'd his poor Soul for it, let him have it; I ſay, 'tis more than *Judas* got; he has *my Vote* for it, and that ſignifies more thereunto than all the Votes of all the Men in the World beſides; for if I ſay—no—He *never gets a Penny* of it, nor all the *Prelates* in Chriſtendom on this ſide the *Alpes*.

Therefore do not blaſpheme St. *Peter* nor St. *Paul*, by thinking to wheedle them into the Contract; for they were *moneyleſs* when *alive*, and have leſs need of 2000 *l.* now they are dead.

God tells us he hates *Robbery* for a *Burnt-Offering*; and if *Paul's* will not be built, or go on but ſlowly, *God knows*, (there's my 35 *s.* buried (already) I wiſh I had it in my Pocket again, for this Trick, the Fool and his Mony ſhould not be ſo ſoon parted to help to build a *Cathedral*, whoſe *Walls* muſt be *cemented* with the *briny Tears* of the Widow and Orphans; and the noiſe of the Singing-Men and Singing-Boys *drowned with the Groans*, Cries and Howlings of *Men diſtreſſed and jailed by a Biſhop*;

——— For his great Honour
Another *B*———

(This ſhould not have been here inſerted, for it is part of an Epitaph belike.)

But

But I'le *divert* my Reader, and *recreate* my *heavy* Fancy, from meditating on the *doleful Cruelties*, and *tragical Adventures* of *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*. (Oh! wo! wo! and alas! that ever *a Biſhop and his Clerks* ſhould be ſo ſtony-hearted): I'le chear you though, (and *my ſelf* too, and *no more than needs*, in this Confinement and Retirement) with muſing on thoſe *miſchievous Rocks* (near the *Iſle* of *Silly*, at the *Lands-end* of *England*, ſo fatal to Mariners, and called (I am in *earneſt indeed*) by Sea-men, time out of mind of Man to the contrary) The *Biſhop and his Clerks*.

In a Dialogue betwixt

BO-PEEP and *TORY*.

Bo-peep. THoſe *fatal Rocks* (in Sea) that ſtand
Near th'Iſle of *Silly*, nigh the Land,
(By Marriners ſo ſhun'd and blam'd)
The Biſhop and his Clerks are nam'd.
But, prethee (*Tory*) tell me why
They were ſo call'd (*for Rythme*) truly?
Tory. It was ſome *Whigg* firſt call'd them ſo,
Meer *Scandalum Magnat.* I trow.
Bo. A Whigg, (doſt ſay?) that is not ſo,
Whiggs were *not born* ſo long ago.
To. *Not Chriſtned* (by that Name) you mean.
Bo. Ever ſince *Abel* Whiggs have been,
I muſt confeſs; By *Tory-Cain*
Poor *Abel* perſecuted was and ſlain.
No *Tory* can this Truth confute,
For *Tory-Cain* did Perſecute,
For *Difference in Religion* too,
Plagu'd the *Diſſenter*; (Is't ſo now?)
For *Whiggiſh Abel* was ſo ſtout,
He would not cringe, nor face about
To Eaſt nor Weſt, nor yet comply
With th' *Act of Uniformity*
Which *Cain* had made; but did implore
His Makers Mercy, and adore
The *beſt way that he could*, and ſo
As God did beſt approve on't too;
Not walking in the Way of *Cain*.
But, his Religion was his Bane,
For Naked-Truth *Abel* was ſlain.
But to the Queſtion keep and tell,
Why *that Name* ſuits thoſe Rocks ſo well?
To. *Biſhop and's Clerks*; Call you Rocks ſo?
(*Harris!* come here, and ſwear once mo'e!)
Would you make Biſhops *ſtony-hearted?*
And have *ſhook hands with Grace* and parted?
Or, make them as of Old? when as
Bonner a Friend to Jaylors was?

* *Bonifac.* A. Ca. Conc. Lambeth. 45. *H.* 3. 1260. Conc. Lamb. Sim. Iſlepe. Ar. Can. 26. Ed. 3. 1351.

When Biſhops by Canonical Oath
Were bound, (it is the naked-Troth)
By * Canon-Law to keep a Jayl,
Or two, or ſometimes three for fail.
Bo. *Hard Hap!* When *Clerks* are made of ſtone,
And yet a Name *Divine* dares own.
Who e're (*alas!*) does come them nigh,
Or, touch upon theſe Rocks, they die:
Behold *yond' Wreck* (ſwims there) I ſay,
A ſtately Ship it was this day,
With Flags and Streamers in her trim,
(*How pleaſant 'twas to ſee her ſwim!*)
How loftily ſhe loum'd! no ſight
E're pleas'd the Eye with more delight.
To gaze on her ſome ceas'd to eat,
With joy forgetting Work and Meat.
A *bluff-tall-Ship* ſhe was indeed,
But *her beſt* Quality was *Speed:*
No *Algerines* (ſwift though they be)
So *nimbly cut* the Waves as ſhe:
No Friggats e're crus't in the Sea,
But ſhe could bring them to her Lee
At the long-run, both Great and Small
She could with eaſe *weather them all:*
No Man of War did ever *ſhame*
The Naked-Truth: (*that* was her *Name*):
But now ſhe's ſplit, and ſunk to boot:
(*That th' Biſhop and his Clerks ſhould do't!*)
First, they *torment* us till we *groan!*
Then *Jayle* us (next) becauſe we *moan.*
Have they not *rockie* Hearts of *Stone?*
To. Why do theſe *Rocks* ſo *covert* lie?
Drown'd in their Seas, hid from the Eye,
Men *loſt*, e're they theſe Rocks eſpy?
Bo. Poor *Widows-ſighs* does them ſurround,
And *Orphans Tears*, 'till they are drown'd.

Oh! but ſay ſome Prelates, and high-flown Churchmen, are not ſo ſtony-hearted, nor ſuch *Tantivies*, riding Poſt to the Devil, and driving Men to Heaven or Hell, *with Switch and Spur*, as you think for; But *Order is a good thing*; and ſince the Naked-Truth, and ſuch Books, taxes them ſo ſmartly, as if they were *good for little* but to *be 'mended* and reformed, The Eccleſiaſtical Fabrick may tumble down, (God bleſs us!)

Robert Groſthead, Biſhop of *Lincoln*, tax't the ſhameful Abominations of the Court of *Rome*, in his Letters to the Pope, that it hindered him from being Canoniz'd and Sainted, though he deſerv'd a *Red Letter* better than any Papiſt in the *Kalendar*; he was, if it be not (*contradictio in adjecto*) an *honeſt Papiſt*; andif the *Biſhop and his Clerks* (of *Rome*) had not been *ſtony-hearted* and impenetrable, beyond all amendment and poliſhing, neither *Luther*, *Calvin*, nor the Proteſtant Name had ever been heard of to this day.

By

By *Groſthead's* Counſel *Rome* had ſtood,
Had ſhe not vow'd ne're to be good.

Rob. Groſthead, the Author of a great deal of *Naked-Truth*, flouriſh'd (in ſpite of the Pope) *Anno* 1250; and defines — *Hereſy* (to be) *an Opinion taken and choſen of a Man's own Brain, contrary to Holy Scripture, openly maintained, and ſtifly defended.*

This is a *true, good,* and *honeſt Deſcription of Hereſy*; and if ſo, for God's ſake tell me true: If *Prelacy* be *contrary to Scripture*, contrary to the holy Commands of Chriſt and his Apoſtles, in plain *(not doubtful)* Words; and if Men *ſtifly* maintain it, and *openly* defend it, (with Actions, Statutes, Suſpenſions, Silencings, Curſes, Anathema's, Excommunications and Jails) for God's ſake who is the Heretick now?

Tell not me of Statutes, they are void *ipſo facto* as ſoon as made, if they be contrary to the Statutes of God and Chriſt, ſaith the Lord *Coke*, the Oracle of the Law, who (tho a *Lawyer)* was not aſham'd to be a Chriſtian.

Away with Hypocriſy and Cheat! *It ſhall*, it ſhall tumble down, and fall on the Heads, and cruſh all that ſhoulder it up, and endeavour to ſupport it: *It ſhall*, I *ſay*; I cannot tell you when, but it ſhall *in due Time*; they on whom this Stone ſhall fall, it ſhall grind them to Pouder. Stay till the *Iniquity of the* Amorites *be full*, and till they have drunk *Brimmers* full of the Tears of Widows and Orphans, *Huzzah!* till they have fill'd the Jails full of *Howlings*, Wo and Lamentation, then down *Dagon*, down to Hell, for ever *down* —

It is an infallible Truth, That not only what is contrary to God, and the Sence and Meaning of his holy Goſpel, ſhall *come to naught*; but alſo what is contrary to the Sence and Meaning, and Deſires of the *greateſt Part of the Nation*, muſt tumble down, eſpecially when it has no Foundation of Truth or Honeſty, but ſtands upon frail and rotten Crotches: the next Puff, or *great Wind*, — (ſtand clear) for *down it goes*; or the *next Calm*, when the Maſter-Builders have Time and Leiſure to view it, and find its Danger, and its Malignity, down it goes —

The *Houſe of Lords* repreſent themſelves, but the Houſe of Commons are the *Repreſentatives of all the People* in *England*: What therefore the Generality of the People affect, that, I ſay, *in time ſhall become a Law.* The Honourable Houſe of Commons have not only ſtruck at this Statute, 2 *R.* 2. which the Prelates make ſuch Work with; but the Repeal thereof paſt the Houſe with general Approbation, and was committed, and ſent up to the Lords for their Concurrence therein, it *ſtopp'd there.*—So much for this time.

The Words — called *Scandal. Magnat.* — which muſt coſt this Defendant 2000 *l.* are not *actionable*, taken in *ſenſu conjuncto*, (as learned Lawyers ſay) nor can the *Innuendo* in the third Count lie, becauſe he that drew the Declaration forgot to mention the *Colloquium*; for if it had (but) been in, no doubt but *Harris* would have ſwore it through and through: what an Overſight was this? Therefore ſay ſome to the Defendant, Bring a *Writ of Error* next Term, and quaſh it, and there's an *End of an outragious Verdict*, of a deſperatee Jury. Or elſe motion for a new Trial, becauſe the Declaration is, That the Words were ſpoken before divers of the King's Subjects, and but one little Subject appeared.

A Writ of Error! Where to be argued? In the *Exchequer Chamber*, before all the Judges.

This is a *cunning Way*, more Grist to the Mill; as good be in the Clutches of an *unmerciful Prelate*, as *unmerciful Breath-sellers*.

Mr. *Chamberlin*, Mr. *Hollis*, Sir *John Elliot*, &c. that were Jailed for refusing to pay Customs and Ship-Money, in *Charles* the First's Time, because *there was no Law for the same*, (a clear Case); they took this Course, and the Judges (ten of twelve) gave the Cause against them: they lost their Fees, and their Cause, and this Defendant gets nothing but Wit.

Exchequer Chamber! He knows a Way worth two on't; he'll keep himself and his Estate out of all their Clutches, keep in Harbor till the Storm blow over, let it bluster. And to *Jail the Defendant*, looks like an *Inhumanity* like that of some *Creditors*, that in Cruelty *arrest the dead Corps*, — a *Barbarity* of no great Credit to a *Bishop*, (that, if he do not *propagate*, at least should not by *Jails* and *Shams hinder* the Propagation of the *Gospel*) especially not (*how bogg soever any Man is*) at this time of Day.

Money, a great deal of Money will *Gadbury* get, and more than ever the Bishop will get by this Affair; for,

Flectere qui nequeant Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The Horary Questions will be, Where the Defendant's Estate is? where his Lands? where his Goods? where his Moneys? (if any Body could tell; for I believe the Defendant himself can scarcely tell that) and lastly, Where he himself is? whether within a *Mile of an Oak*, or just under the *Bishop's Nose?*

And when *all* comes to *all*, the Inquisitors will but throw *good Money after bad*; for the Devil will *cheat them*, as he did Madam *Cellier*, both of the Money and the Sham-plot. And after all — the *Ass-trologer* knows no more (by all his Intelligence with *Mercury* and the *Moon*) where the Defendant is, than I do; perhaps not so well: nor ever shall, till the Time come when *Truth* is valued more than *Hypocrisy*; when Innocence is a sufficient Guard against Power; when *Gospel* is preferr'd before an obsolete worm-eaten *Law*, made in the Days of Popish Prelacy; then (*and not till then*) shall the Defendant appear to their Shame.

And in the *Interim*, make them know how deep and smartly a single Pen can wound, when whetted and made sharp with Truth, and edg'd by Despair, through the inveterate Malice (but *silly Policy*) of unreasonable and wicked Men: *Christo commonstratore non didicerunt*, They never learnt this Policy of their Saviour.

This Method is like the Policy of the *late Suborners*, that would have *wheedled* the Man into Perjury, by telling him of *two Sorts of Advancement*; if one would not, the other should; if Preferment, and Money, and Gold would not make him swear Treason against —— then he should be advanced to the Gallows, and *Boo*— should swear Treason against him.

Wicked *Haman*, (that devillish *Privy-Councellor* to the King *Ahasuerus*) had experience of both these Advancements; first, to be a Favourite; and secondly and lastly, to the Gallows prepared for *Mordecai*.

This brings to my mind a *true Story*, and commonly known: There was a *great Man*, but he was an *Atheist*, but (in pretence) a *Papist*; and being sick on his Death-Bed, he called for two Pictures, that he had provided against such a last Extremity, and hung *one on the one side of his Bed*, and the *other on the other side*.

One was a Picture of *God* Almighty, (you may know he was a *Papist* by that) the other was the Picture of the Devil, (you may know he was an *Atheist* by that;) in the first Picture — this Motto, — *Si tu non vis*, (*If thou wilt not*); but in the Devil's Picture, on the other side his Bed, this Motto— *Iste rogitat*, (*Here's one will.*)

Even

Even ſo, Beloved, like theſe two Motto's, there is belike, as the Suborners ſay, *two Sorts of Advancement*; one by *fair* means, the other by *foul*: As if *Cicero* himſelf, (whoſe Eloquence is meer *Canting*, and a *ſet*, little *pedagogical* way of *chanting* Words, (by the ſilly) admir'd for Oratory above *Rhombus* himſelf) ſhould ſay, If *Money* and *fair Words* will not make you a perjur'd Villain, and a *Teague O Divelly*, then the *Gallows take thee*, and the *foul Fiend*.

O the *Hypocriſy* of ſome Mens Religion! What have we to do with a Devil in the likeneſs of *Samuel?* the white Devil is the moſt devilliſh, the religious Devil; no Man croſſes himſelf, nor bleſſes himſelf from him, nor from the foul Fiend; when the *Suborner* prays like a *Saint*, and when this *Son of Perdition*, and *Devil incarnate*, appears to the World in the *likeneſs of a Prophet*, and yet has *no God but his Belly*, no Lechery like Revenge, no *Food* like Man's Blood, no Recreation like Iſſuing out *Excom. cap*—— and filling the Jails, the *Royal Seat* of his Soul being in his *Belly* and Midriff, the *Throne* of the *Belly-God*.

Let no Man envy the Gentleman his Employment; for if I had a Dog that was ſuch a *biting*, *miſchievous Curr*, and *Worry-Sheep*, I would *hang him*. Look him in the Mouth, do but ſee there, I told you *his Chaps were bloody*, he has not lick'd his Lips *ſince he told a Lie*; for his Religion is *meer Cheat*, as the King ſays; *His Voice is* Jacob's *Voice*, but his Hands, *his Hands* (the bloody Hands of this *Nimrod*) look you, Gentlemen, his *Hands* are the Hands of *Eſau*. Seal thoſe *Cap*—— there; are you ſure they are all ſent to the Devil? Yes, *Ecce Signum!* Then paſs them—— fill the Jails *full* —— *full*—— 'tis done, one cries—— the *Devil take them* ——; the other cries—— Take them Jailor!—— A glorious Work! Sure the Fool ſays in his Heart, *There is no God*: No, the Devil of Hell is not ſo devilliſh an Atheiſt: 'Tis the old Fool, that wiſhes (and lives as if) there were no God.

Naturaliſts tell us of Roots called the *Mandrakes*, in proportion and parts like a *Man and Woman*, (for like the Palm-Tree, there is difference of Sexes, *Male* and *Female* of them, and theſe Mandraks are never found in the Earth *alone*, but *Male and Female together lie*, (that's more than ſome Men do with their Wives) *bedded together in the Ground*, from whence it cannot be eradicated and *pluck'd up* by any *living Creature*, but it proves the *Death* of that Creature that does it: Therefore they provide a Dog, *good for nothing elſe*, as moſt fit for that Office and Employment, firſt digging about the Mandrakes to facilitate the Feat, and up come the Mandrakes with a *Groan*, and down falls the Dog *dead*; dead, ſtark dead; nay, no matter, 'tis *but a Dog*.

Compare we true Devotion (in the conſciencious diſcharge of the Duties of Chriſtianity) and Religion to be this *Mandrake*, at which the perſecuting *Nero's*, *Dioclesian's*, *Julian's*, &c. the Popiſh Inquiſition, the Prelatical High-Commiſſion, with their *Anathema's*, and their *Capias*, and their Conſtables, and Jailors, and Executioners, have long been plucking, tugging, and ſweating, and enacting, to eradicate it, that *Rome* might be made inſtead thereof, to plant their own Inventions, conformable and uniformable; to ſecure their Lordly ſpiritual Pride, Tyranny, Covetouſneſs, and Oppreſſion, and Eccleſiaſtical Policies and Subtilties, by *Capias's* and Curſes, Acts and Writs againſt inoffenſive People: Let them alone with their Employment, their Bayliffs and Bum's, their Officers and Apparitors, their Commiſſioners and Executioners, Hangmen and Jailors, and the reſt of the Black Regiment; let them alone, it will be the *Death of the Dogs*: And ——

How now?—— what am I going to write? No near—— (as the Seamen phraſe it) ——

Starboard

Starboard your Helm, and keep your Loof— no near —
Steddy your Helm, — keep her thus — ſteddy — there.

I muſt not ſay at preſent what I was going to ſay, and therefore I'le take off my Pen, and amuſe my ſelf with a *Welſh-Man* a while, one Mr. *Sol. Shaw*, a Man Mr. *Hickeringill* never ſaw nor heard of before, who from *Monmouth* in *Wales*, (no worſe Place I aſſure you) ſent Mr. *Hickeringill* this following Letter and Lines, in a Cover directed to Mr. *R. Janeway*, in *Queens-Head-Alley*, *London*; which for the Honour of Sir *George Jefferies*, (her own Country) I will make bold to print, (if it be but to ſhew, that more *Welſh-men* than Sir *George* have been in Love with Mr. *Hickeringill*.) But (beſides) in my Judgment the Reader, conſidering all Circumſtances, will think them worthy this laſting *Memorandum*.

For Mr. Richard Janeway, *in Queens-Head-Alley in* Pater-Noſter-Row, *London.*

SIR,

'THe great diſtance between me and *London*, with a long diſcontinuance 'from the City, my Acquaintance being now worn out, and having no 'Correſpondent, hath cauſed me to direct this unto you, being the Printer of 'the Naked Truth; and though I am a Stanger, I hope you will not take it 'amiſs; if you think it worth your pains, you may give it to Mr. *Hickeringil* 'in print; and when I come to *London*, I will return you Thanks.

Candlemaſs-day,
Feb. 2. 168½.

Your Friend,

SOL. SHAWE.

Monmouth, Candlemaſs-day, *Feb.* 2. 168½.

Reverend Sir,

'I Have ſent you, in the next Page, ſome Gratulatory Lines upon the 'reading of your Naked Truth, &c. I find your Books, in theſe parts, 'to be like Univerſal Pills; they have various Operations, and work upon all 'Bodies Politick one way or other, by Sweating, Vomiting, Purging, Urin, *&c.* 'but generally the People take them as Cordials, and digeſt them with a great 'deal of comfort; for we are true *Britains* in the Weſt, and are glad to 'hear there is one wiſe Man in the Eaſt; we hope there are more. We are 'ſo yoaked with Conſiſtory Collars, that our Necks are worn bare, and our 'Withers gauled; and if we offer to winch, or draw back, we are preſently 'pinch'd, and ſuch Goads run into our Sides, that we are forced to go as they 'pleaſe, for they muſt needs go that the Devil drives: And tho' we have but 'ſhort Paſture on our barren Mountains, and lean Livings in *Wales*, that we 'can but juſt keep Life and Soul together, yet our fat Task-maſter does ſo ex-'act, that we can ſcarce keep Skin and Bones together; we are ſo poor, we 'cannot creep; we are ſo drained in our Purſes, that we are no way able to 'wage War with the Beaſt. Our trembling Vicars, Levite-like, conform to all, 'and *Iſſachar*-like, bear any Burdens that are laid upon their Backs, and know

'not

'not how to help themſelves. And our poor Church-Wardens ſtand Cap in 'Hand to the Worſhipful Mr. Arch-Deacon, the Reverend Doctor and 'Commiſſary, and the Sir Reverence the Regiſter; and are glad they can get 'off, and be diſpatched, by paying of their Mony, (which is a Pariſh Charge, 'that grudg to give them allowance for their Time: And if the Church-War-'den offer to ſpeak, the Arch-Deacon nods, and the Commiſſary frowns, and 'the Regiſter mouths and rails, and calls them *Saucy*, threatning them to march 'from Court to Court, and wait attendance upon his Ar—that they are ſo 'tired in Body and Spirit, that they have no heart to their Drudgery; they 'had rather be of any Office, (Scavengers to empty Dung) than to be Church-'Wardens; for they are forced to ſwear and forſwear themſelves, whether 'they will or no, for it is impoſſible for them to keep their Oaths; if they 'offer to ſpeak, their Mouths are ſtop'd with a Canon Bullet, a Book of *Ar-'ticles* is given them, to preſent their peaceable Neighbours by. The Margin 'doth quote ſeveral Canons which they cannot read, neither do they know 'when or where they were made: Nay, they tell them of unwritten Tradi-'tions, of Cuſtoms, and Ancient Uſages; and frighten them with high 'Words, and ſnap them up, ſaying, *Take the Book, here is the Guide you muſt 'go by, and Preſent, or elſe you are forſworn.* And when they make Returns, 'which is writ by one or other of their Proctors, for which they give a *Shil-'ling*, and ſubſcribe, *Omnia bene*; they will not believe them, but tell them, '*The Court is informed otherwiſe*; and put puſling Queſtions to entangle them, 'and will not take in their Preſentments, till they have put in the Names of 'ſome of their beſt Pariſhioners, (but they muſt not be *Quakers*); and thus 'the whole Pariſh is ſet in a flame by theſe Incendiaries; and poor ignorant 'Creatures, they cannot help it: If there be any droniſh or debauched 'Clergy-man that they complain of, they cannot be heard; and they under-'ſtand that ſome have been proved Prophane in Life, and common ſpeaking, 'and Heretical and Popiſh in their publick Preaching; that the High Arches 'do only check them, and continue them in their Livings; to the encourage-'ment of Debauchery, and the hazard of the precious Souls of their Hearers: 'But if there be but one pious and painful Preacher, the whole inquiry is af-'ter him; What doth that Man do? is he conformable in every Point to the 'King's Eccleſiaſtical Laws? and if there be the leſt *iota* or Ceremony omit-'ted at any time, he is preſently ſuſpended, *ab Officio & Beneficio*; and thus 'the Shepherd is ſmitten, and the Flock ſcattered. Sir, I have held you too 'long, I have been in the Company of the Clergy, where your Books have 'been mentioned; and ſome modeſt Men have ſpoken, that *there were many 'things too true:* But the High Hectors have run them down, and railed againſt 'your Book and you, ſaying, *They know not but you may be a Jeſuit*, (which 'they never ſaid while you drudged for them): They ſay, *That a Pillory is 'more fit for you than a Pulpit, and a Rope than a Cope:* They ſay, *E're long 'your Mouth will be ſtopped, they will cut your Gill, and then Hicker where you 'will. They have Silver and Gold Spurs, yours are but Natural, and they will 'laſh you; they will pick out your Eyes, and crow over you; they will not leave a 'Feather on your Back, or a Quill to make you a Pen to ſcribble with; they will 'cut your Comb, and your Stones too, and make a Gelding of you, that you may 'only ſerve as a Door-keeper for their Nuns*, &c. But I ſhall detain you no 'longer, but ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir, Yours to honour and ſerve,

SOL. SHAWE.

Sir, Your Friends long to hear when the Term will be over, and how it fares with you.

So much for the Proſe, next follows the Britiſh Muſe, bred on Pernaſſus, *the* Penmenmaur.

THy Naked-Truth (brave *Hickeringil*) out-ſhines
The glittering Silver, and the golden Shrines
Of great *Diana*; all her Vanities
Are clearly ſeen by Naked Verities.
This makes *Demetrius*, and his crafty Crew,
With Purſevants ſo hotly to purſue:
For now their Trade is likely to go down,
They cry *Diana* round about the Town.
The *Church*, the *Church* is come into diſgrace:
An uproar now is rais'd in every place.
Confuſion is ſo great, they'r in a ſmother;
Some cry out one thing, ſome cry out another.
The greateſt part know not the reaſon, why
They'r met together to make Hue and Cry.
O for a Town Clerk th' Rabble to allay,
And ſend th' Aſſembly peaceably away;
For Naked-Truth robs not the Church, but ſhe
Diſcovers only her Deformity,
Reſtoring her to Primitive Beauty.
And when a lawful Convention of State,
Shall meet together, to take thy Relate
Into their ſerious Conſult, 'twill be found
There's nothing writ, but on a Scripture-ground.
They'l ſee, that Canon is not Statute Law,
But only like a blazing Wiſp of Straw,
To ſcare the Simple to Conformity,
Againſt their Conſcience, Law and Liberty.
It's only hiſſing Wild-fire that doth ſinge,
To make Fools unto Ceremonies cringe.
And by this means they will find a juſt cauſe,
To regulate ſuch Arbitrary Laws:
For King and Parliament have not confirmed
Their Canon Laws, therefore they may be mended.
Except unto the Romiſh Church they fly,
T'uphold confuſed Babel-Hierarchy.
And this thy Naked-Truth doth ſhew as much,
Except they are reſolved to be ſuch.
What tho' thy Naked-Truth by ſome be blamed?
Yet Naked-Truth will never be aſhamed.
And what tho' thou (like *Paul*) wert formerly,
In Commiſſion by Scribe and Phariſee,
To drudg for them, oppreſſing ſome with Fines,
That would not bow and ſtoop to their Deſigns!
Yet if thou now converted art, 'tis well;
Thour't in the way to Heaven, they to Hell.
And what tho' many of the Saints do fear
Thou do'ſt diſſemble; becauſe they do hear

How

How thou did'ſt perſecute the Saints, and hale
Their Perſons innocent unto the Jayl!
What tho' at preſent they be ſhy of thee?
Yet thou proceeding in thy Zeal to be
A Convert true, it will rejoice their Hearts,
That God hath raiſed thee to take their parts.
And what tho' Prieſts do wait by Writ of *Cape?* Another *Merlin.*
Yet by ſome Basket thou ſhalt have eſcape.
Their Ruffins ſworn to take thy Life away,
By Providence ſhall miſs their hoped Prey.
Tho' ſome may queſtion, thinking that thou art,
No true Diſciple from thy very Heart;
Yet when it ſhall be known what thou haſt writ,
And preached too, thou wilt be quite acquit.
When by thy **Naked Truth** the Church hath eaſe,
It will the Brethren in all places pleaſe.
But let me tell thee, Mr. *Hickeringill*,
Tho' many Grave Divines approve thy Pill,
Prelats and proud Prieſts ſay, thou haſt no skill.
The Gout, the Strangury, and ſuch Diſeaſe,
May, by a Velvet Couch, receive ſome eaſe,
And Golden Chariots rocking them doth pleaſe.
A Body full of Humours, all can tell,
Diſguſts that Phyſick that will them expell;
Becauſe it makes them keek, and vomit up,
Their ſweeteſt Morſels, like a bitter Cup.
Sick Phyſick they don't like (tho' that muſt cure);
This they reſolved are not to endure.
Thou purgeſt Head, the Reins, and Liver too,
Fluxeth the Body, and makes ſuch ado,
That all their Rottenneſs will be diſcovered:
They like not this thy way to be recovered;
But will keep rather their Diſtemper ſtill,
Than Purge and Vomit thus to make them ill.
Diſeaſes foul, Phyſicians will conceal,
And groſs Diſtempers they will not reveal:
The Credit is the Patient's; Gain's their own;
This thou regardeſt not, but makes all known;
Tho' they tormented are, and full of pain,
Yet they have Riches, Profits, Honour, Gain;
And they are courted too, have great Retinues
To wait on them, and they have great Revenues:
Now this they love, and will not change their ſtate,
For all thy Pamphlet-printing, and thy prate.
They ſay, a Mungrel-Mountebank thou art,
That mounts the Stage, but hath no real Art.
Thou runs from Town to Town to ſhow thy Feats,
And vend thy mouldy Drugs, which are but Cheats.
Thou railſt againſt the Croſs, but doſt purloin,
Picking Men's Pockets both of Croſs and Coin.
Thou haſt no Licence to be thy Defender,
Therefore againſt the Law thou art offender.

If this be true, there's ground enough, I trow,
By *Scandalum Magnatum* to o're-throw,
And bring thee down upon thy bended Knees,
To ask Forgiveneſs, and to pay thy Fees.
Therefore the Scribes do lay for thee their Snares,
And do conſult to take thee unawares.
The Officers of *Doctors Commons* meet
Together often, and their Heads do beat
What courſe to take; The Learned Chancellors,
Crafty Civillians, foul-mouth'd Regiſters,
Arch-Deacons, Surrogates are in a Huff,
The Proctors and Appariters do ſnuff:
Our Wealth is gone, if we let this alone,
We muſt with th' Iriſh, cry, *Ohone*, *Ohone*.
They all combine, and never will give out,
Until they have giv'n *Hickeringill* the rout.
Their Cobweb-Canons, and their Lime-twig-Laws,
Thou valueſt no more than rotten Straws.
Thou feareſt not their hollow Pot-gun noiſe,
Being good for nothing but to fright the Boys.
They therefore now appeal, and crave the aid
Of Statute-Laws, to help them in their Trade.
Look to thy ſelf, they are reſolv'd (now in)
To loſe the Saddle, or the Horſe to win:
They ſtrive to make *Pilat* and *Herod* Friends,
And then the Conſiſtory have their Ends.
Now Velvet Saddl's offer'd, with Gold Fringe,
Richly adorn'd with ſplendid Trappeling;
And when the Saddle's on their Back, they'l get
A Snaffel in their Mouths with Iron Bit,
Except God give them Grace, and better Wit.
For when they'r mounted, they will ſpur them on,
Another *Merlin.* Unto their own, and thy deſtruction.
It is by this means they ſupport their hope,
To get thy Neck into a Hempen Rope.
(The Croſs thou likeſt not, and will not have)
A Gibbet's good enough for ſuch a Slave.
If they can get the Learned Lawyers in
To take their part, as they now do begin.
This was the way they dealt with Chriſt (him kil'd)
And poor St. *Paul* his Back with ſtripes was fill'd.
But it is hoped (that will be forbidden);
For honeſt Lawyers will not be Prieſt-ridden:
For they will ſhow no Mercy, ſwitch and ride,
Till they have got unto the Romiſh ſide.
Lawyers themſelves at laſt will yoaked be,
Becoming Traitors to their Liberty:
For if the Statute do their Canons draw,
They'll keep the King's Liege-Subjects in ſuch aw,
By raiſing up a Spaniſh Inquiſition,
Bringing all down to ruin and perdition.

They'll ſet the Mitre up above the Crown,
And bring all Law, and all Religion down.
O the Confuſion that will follow then!
But I forbear, and will hold in my Pen;
And ſo conclude with *England*'s Letany,
Defend us, Lord, from *French* and Popery,
And God ſend thee a ſafe Delivery.

SOL. SHAW.

We are commanded to — *love the Truth and Peace*, well put *together*; for Truth ſeldom meets Peace without, tho it always makes Peace within. Truth ſeldom gets in this World external Peace, but never miſſes internal and eternal Peace.

The Word of Truth, Truth it ſelf, our bleſſed Saviour, and his Apoſtles, never failed of inward Peace of Conſcience, and Joy in the Holy-Ghoſt, never fail'd neither of external Ruffles, and War from without; and therefore he ſaid, *He came not to ſend* Peace *on Earth, but a Sword.*

It always was ſo from the beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, that War ſhould be betwixt the Seed of the Woman, and the Seed of the Serpent.

But there can be *no Peace* (ſaith my God) *to the Wicked*; neither Peace external, internal, nor eternal.

For Truth is the *Eſſence of Peace*, the Life and Soul of Peace; it ceaſes to be Peace, when Truth is abſent, and is *meer War*, Confuſion, and Conſpiracy.

How I have ſtudied the Way of Truth, let good Men judg; and how I have ſtudied the Way of Peace, this following Letter to *Henry* Biſhop of *London* will evince. And not further to diſpleaſe Sir *George Jefferies*, (for I hate this vain Jangling about Words, and Titles, and Genealogies) as it happens, (the Welſh Knight will now be pleaſed, for) the laſt Letter ſent from this Defendant to the Biſhop was as ſmooth, *docile*, *courtly*, and *Alamode*, as the beſt *Courtier of them all* can write. And that the Defendant (*abſit invidia verbis*) has been as great a Traveller as St. *Taphee*, or as that great *Welſh-man* and Kill-Cow Hero, (Capt. *Jones* himſelf) that ſaid, he had a Priviledg or Patent whereby he could lie by Authority, (wonderful Preferment!) the *Welſh-man* was proud on't tho.

The Letter *verbatim*, thus: *Viz.*

To the Reverend Father in God, Henry *Lord Biſhop of* London, *at* London-*Houſe*, *in* Alderſgate-Street.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

THis is the *ſecond humble* Addreſs that I have made to your Lordſhip, that all *Differences*, as well as the Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, brought againſt me by your Lordſhip, may be amicably compoſed, before the utmoſt Extremity be tried. If I had ſpoke the Words, *modo & formâ*, as they are laid in your Declaration, I know not whether upon any Submiſſion your Lordſhip would find Mercy enough to remit them. But, my Lord, if you will vouchſafe me a Hearing, with (or without) your own Witneſs, or Witneſſes, I doubt not, but he or they will evidence my Innocence, that I never

ſpoke the Words *as they are laid*, but without any Interruption or Intermiſſion, in a continued Diſcourſe, I did explain, and explain, and expreſs what *horrid Plot* it was, which I ſaid your Lordſhip had a hand in, *viz. againſt my righteous Name and Reputation in the Barretry.*

And that thoſe ungrateful Words of — *Impudent*, and *Ignorant*, (which are odious, if conſidered abſtractly) had reference only to a Diſcourſe we had of a printed Paper your Lordſhip recommended to the Clergy of *Eſſex* in your laſt Viſitation, (and amongſt other things) the Obſervation of the Canons of 40, by Name diſallowed by 13. *Car.* 2. 12.

Which Statute if your Lordſhip knew not, I ſaid, you were *ignorant thereof*; or if you knew it, it was *impudent* to confront the ſaid Act of King and Parliament, oppoſing your Sence againſt theirs. All which, my Lord, are not *ſcandalous*, taken *together*, not againſt the Statute, if true; but the *laſt Words* were very raſhly and irreverently ſpoken, and I am ſo far from juſtifying the *Irreverence* and *Indecency* of the Expreſſions, (what Provocation ſoever I might have) that I will give your Lordſhip what *Satisfaction* your Lordſhip ſhall *reaſonably require*, with all Humility and Contrition. And I am the rather hopeful of the good Succeſs of this my *humble Submiſſion*, becauſe (I hope) your Lordſhip intended nothing elſe in bringing the Action, but only to bring me to *Acknowledgment of the Irreverence* of the Expreſſions, and not with a *deſign to enrich your ſelf* by any Money of mine, or *undoing me and my Family*. Yet, my Lord, I doubt not but to make it appear (if you will admit me) to your Lordſhip) that the Action againſt me is *ill laid*, and that you will certainly be *non-ſuited*, tho it be no Policy to tell your Lordſhip *how* and *wherein* at this time of Day: However, it will approve me *ingenuous towards your Lordſhip*, and that I do as induſtriouſly avoid a *Conqueſt*, as well as all *Conteſt* with your Lordſhip, and that this Submiſſion proceeds from nobler Principles than *Fear* can ſuggeſt. But I have had ſo ill Succeſs in all my former Applications to your Lordſhip, that I have but *little Faith or Hope* in the Succeſs of this; however nothing on *my part* ſhall be wanting to an *Accommodation*.

And ſince Almighty God (*in Mercy*) does not ſend a *Thunderbolt* for every *raſh Oath*, or *every irreverent Word* againſt his *holy Name*; your Lordſhip, I *faintly hope*, will, after his Example, find Mercy and Grace *enough* to remit,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's humble Servant,

EDM. HICKERINGIL.

Now let the Reader judg, whether any *ſoft Conceſſion* or Submiſſions can *mollify this ſort of* Men: Flints will break upon a Feather-Bed; but the *Biſhop and his Clerks* (near the Iſle of *Scilly*) are *harder than Flint*, harder than the Adamant, or the nether Milſtone.

What Advantage did Sir *Francis Pemberton*, the Lord Chief Juſtice, take at the Defendant's ingenuous Conceſſions (which were more than needed) in the Caſe?

For there are not any Words laid in the Declaration, (if never ſo true, and well-prov'd) that are actionable, or within that Statute, but are juſtifiable *as they were ſpoken*. And upon a Writ of Error, it will appear, (for the Oath of the Judges is, to have *no reſpect of Perſons* in Judgment) That the Words

Words in all the three ſeveral Counts are not actionable, nor ſcandalous; and if ſo, then all this Noiſe is like the Shearing of Hogs, a *great Cry, and a little Wooll.*

To ſay, *His Lordſhip is very ignorant*; 'tis too true, and if he be *wiſe*, he will *confeſs* it, as (aforeſaid) St. *Paul* did, and ſo *Socrates*, and all the *wiſe Men* (before or ſince.) *Agur* or *Solomon*, one of them, ſays, *I am more brutiſh than any Man, I have not the Underſtanding of a Man.* That Danger is over; the other is eaſy.

For to ſay *in ſenſu conjuncto*, nay, *in ſenſu diviſo*, That his Lordſhip is a *bold Man:* A Souldier ſhould be ſo, much more when he is a *Souldier of Chriſt*, much more when he mounts ſo high *as to be a Prelate*, he had need be *bold or daring*, becauſe of the many Oppoſitions he muſt expect to encounter; The Apoſtle bids us — ſtand to our Arms — and *put on the whole Armor of God*, and *ſtand*, and when we have done all *to ſtand.*

Ariſtotle and all the Philoſophers make *Fortitude* to be one of the four Cardinal Vertues; (I never heard it was ſcandalous before to ſay a Man is *bold and daring*; if it had on the contrary been ſaid) his *Lordſhip is fearful*, a *Coward*, and then; Then, *then* indeed the *Scandal. magnat.* would be *greatly ſcandalous*, and within the Statute; and the Action would well lie; but not to ſay, *His Lordſhip is a bold daring Man*; though you add a *bold, daring, impudent Man*, *for ſending* ſome Heads of Divinity in a printed Paper contrary to Law.

Is it not Impudence to live in the Practice and Office Epiſcopal, acting contrary to thoſe Methods, Rules, and Rubricks commanded in the Statutes by King and Parliament, and contrary to the Common-Prayer Book, and Act of Uniformity? *Yes*, you muſt ſay — for a Biſhop cannot plead *Ignorance*, nor Frailty, for then his Lordſhip would (indeed be *very ignorant.*

The Defendant is the Man that will prove, (if any Body have the Face to deny it, and when Time ſhall ſerve) that there is a Biſhop within a Mile of an Oak, that has liv'd in the Practice and *Office Epiſcopal*, acting contrary to thoſe Methods, Rules, and Rubricks, commanded in the Statute by King and Parliament, and Common-Prayer Book, and Act of Uniformity.

As for Inſtance: He that *confirms all Comers*, Hand over Head, without Exception, without Examination, without Certificate, without knowing that they are *Baptiz'd* or *Catechis'd*; is not this abominable, bold, daring, and impudent?

No *great* Man (if he be a Subject) is *too great* for the Law, not *too great* to be corrected, reform'd, and better taught; not too great for King and Parliament, and their Statutes: It is Treaſon to deny this Truth. *What?* ſhall *Confirmation*, (of which the Papiſts make a *Sacrament*, and Proteſtants make an *Ordinance* and *Statute-Law*,) be ſlubber'd over againſt the very Deſign of it? be ſlubber'd over, by confirming ſuch as have neither *Sureties* there, nor any *Witneſs*, nor any God-Father or God-Mother, nor any Miniſter, to *teſtify* that ever they were baptized? O abominable! What is bold, daring, and impudent, if this be not? The Canon Law ſays, *Epiſcopus non poteſt ſtatuere contra Jura.* Lyndwood *in Con. Oth. quid ad ven. v. corrigend.*

Then 2*dly*; For the Bowings, Noddings to the Eaſt, to the Altar, to the Wax-Candles: Is it not bold and daring, *&c.* to ſet up or countenance Ceremonies, againſt the King's Laws, and Acts of Uniformity, that were never of God's making, nor of the King and Parliament's making? Is not this bold, daring, and abominably impudent?

Then

Then *3dly*; To recommend in a printed Paper, Canons for the Clergy to observe, (the 65, 66, and 3, of the Canons of Forty,) when there never was any such in the World. And as for these *Lambeth* Canons, that (to make all the Republicks in the World our Enemies) falsely assert, that Monarchy is *Jure divino*, by the prime Law of Nature, and at large confuted in **Naked Truth**, *2d Part*. It was Impudence in the Clergy to make that first-of-the-*Lambeth*-Canons at first, and *greater Ignorance*; (that a whole Convocation should be no *wiser*, and yet so *bold*, *daring*, and *impudent*, as to impose upon the Clergy and Lay-People such *Untruths* and *Falshoods*, as are in that first Article of the Constitutions of Forty) but strangely *bold*, *daring*, and *impudent*, for any Man at this day to justify, vindicate, recommend, or *defend them*.

Episcopus non potest petere à subditis, nisi probaverit ea sibi debere per Canones. Con. Otho. *domus. etiam* Lyndwood *Provinc.*

The *Naked Truth*, *2d Part*, has confuted the Vanity and Ignorance of the *Convocation* in that first Article of their *Lambeth-Canons*, or Constitutions of *Forty*, against all Contradiction, and beyond the Skill of all the Bishops and Clergy of *England* to answer, at least hitherto; they have *slept quietly upon't*, and shall a single Bishop, and one of the *youngest Sort too*, revive them, and yet cannot justify the *very first of them*, which is not the *worst of them neither*, as is fully and particularly, and at large proved by the Defendant in his former Works, and condemn'd by the *great Wisdom* of the Nation in an *Ordinance*.

Hosea 4. 6. *Because thou hast rejected Knowledg, I also will reject thee, that thou shalt be no Priest to me.* Hos. 4. 7,8,9,10,11. *Quæ Ignorantia multò magis detestanda esset in Episcopo, seu majori Prelato.* Lynd. *Con. Otho. Sacer Ord. verb. illiteratos.*

This 'tis for Men to stand on the *utmost Pinacle* of the Temple, and oversee and command all others, when a *lower Seat of the Church* would be as well or more easily supplied by them.

What Mischief to the Church (in all Ages) has it brought? To make *Boy-Cardinals*, and *Boy-Bishops*, and Novices, *great* before they be *good*, and to command wiser Men than themselves.— Like *Fresh-water*, and *Courtier-Captains* of Ships, and yet know not *Larboard* from *Starboard*, or how to *right the Helm*, nay, perhaps can neither *box* nor (so much as) *say their Compass*; and yet these must be Pilots and Governors: 'tis the Ruin of the Fleet.

Or to *set up or prop* a Church of Christ with the *unsuitable* and *rotten* Props of Cruelty and Force; as if *Christianity* destroyed (what it came to amend) *Humanity*; or that to be a *Christian Governor*, is to be an *inhumane Devil*, good for nothing but to run up and down, *seeking whom he may devour*, and worse than *Turks*, *Jews*, *Heathens*, and *Infidels*.

It is this *Ecclesiastical Policy*, that has ruin'd the most *resplendent Empire* of the Christian World, (*Spain*) not so terrible in her *inexhaustible* Treasures, and *Indie*-Mines, as *formerly* in her *Warlike Hands*; yet,

How contemptible now? how depopulated? how despicable to all their Neighbours, that were so formidable (*so lately*) to *England*, and the Christian World? How did King *James* court them? and King *Charles* the First humble himself, in hopes of an Alliance with *Spain*? What cringing Letters (upon this Hope) were writ to his Holiness? what Complements (for I hope they were not in earnest) to Pope *Gregory* the *15th*, (that Wretch)? ——

Historic. Collect. Vol. 1. p. 82.

Sanctissime Pater, Beatitudinis vestræ Literas, &c. Nunquam tanto quo ferimur studio, nunquam tam arcto & tam indissolubili vinculo, ulli mortalium conjungi cuperemus, cujus odio Religionem prosequeremur, &c. Ut, sicut omnes unam individuam Trinitatem, & unum Christum crucifixum confitemur, in unam Fidem coalesca-

coaleſcamus: Quod ut aſſequamur, labores omnes atq; vigilias, Regnorum etiam atq; Vitæ pericula parvi pendimus, &c.

Bleſs us! what Promiſes are here of Propenſity to *Rome*, even to the Hazard of *Life*, *Kingdoms*, and *All*, in devotion to his *Bleſſedneſs*, (ſo he is ſtiled) who will not ſtir a Step from his *Infallibility*; one would think, that to have *met him half way*, had been Devotion *enough* in all Conſcience, Reaſon, Scripture, Law, or Equity; and for ſuch mighty and wiſe Kings and Princes *(too you'll ſay)* as were King *James*, and King *Charles* the Firſt, in ſo (I hope) *never to be again imitated Condeſcenſion* and Submiſſion. It makes my Heart ake to think on't, or read the Letters publiſhed at length by the indefatigable Mr. *Ruſhworth*, (as before quoted) and all the Pope's Demands ſigned by the King and Prince, *p.* 73. of his Hiſtorical Collect. Part 1.

And all this for what? For the *Spaniſh Match*. And now *Spain* is glad to woo, inſtead of *being wooed*; glad to court and addreſs, inſtead of receiving Addreſſes; glad with *Gifts*, *Penſions*, (even to the emptying of their Inexhauſtible Treaſure) *beggar themſelves*, and keep themſelves poor and pennyleſs, to keep Cart on Wheels; nay, and all will ſcarce do neither.

And why? and why?

They are *depopulated by the Inquiſition, the Severity and Perſecution* according to Law tho. And their Trade is decayed, by reaſon of their foppiſh and numerous Holy-Days, or Play-days; Families are needy and ſtarved, becauſe not ſuffered to work upon the Six Days, whereon God ſays, thou ſhalt labour.— That, were it not that the *Indian* Mines did ſupply them with *mercenary Souldiers*, (poor Refuge to truſt unto, God knows) *they had given up the Ghoſt long ago.* And now — do not they gape for Help, or ſome poor Comfort, (like Men *drawing on*, or) at the *laſt Gaſp.*

Nay, I my ſelf know, *(ſcarce any Man better)* that if there were War betwixt *England* and *Spain*, (which few Men deſire) in this Conjuncture) *Jamaica*, and the Wind-ward *Iſlands* alone, are ten Men to one of all the natural *Spaniards* in the *Indies*; and without the help of *England*, either in Men or Ships, Money, or Ammunition, could ——— *I know what* — But — I'le reſerve it to another Seaſon. I know on what Score — the brave *Raleigh* was ſacrificed to *Gundamore*'s Revenge, the *Spaniſh* Embaſſador.

Yet ſome Politicians (the Scholars and Diſciples of *Nat. Thomſon*, *L'Eſtrange*, and *Heraclitus*,) think that the beſt Way to keep a Kingdom quiet, is to *depopulate*, jail them, beggar them, ſham-plot them, — ſend them to the Devil, and the Jail; ſpoil all Trade, — diſcourage all Adventures to Sea — as if Men were *Dogs*, — and *good for nothing but to be hang'd.* And yet the wiſe Man found it true, *That Oppreſſion makes a wiſe Man mad*; and with all his *Wiſdom*, and his *Politicks*, he found (too late) that he was *mated* and *bearded by* his own Servant, and he none of the beſt neither — *Jeroboam*, who taking advantage of the People's Diſcontent and Murmurings, *(wanting only a Head)* to relieve themſelves, ſoon won eleven of the twelve Tribes from the Fool, that would liſten to no Advice, no Addreſs, but that of the *young Courtiers*, — ſaying, — *My Father made your Yoke heavy, but I will add to your Yoke — : my Father chaſtiſed you with Whips, but I will chaſtiſe you with Scorpions. — My little Finger ſhall be thicker than my Father's Loins.*

Cunning Fool! and *ſubtil Politician!* nay, the Text ſays,—1 *King.* 12. 15. that *the Cauſe* (why the King hearkned not unto the People) *was from the Lord*——for his *Ruin*——

No wonder then the People grew *ſtark mad* (Cruelty and *Oppreſſion* had made them *ſo mad*; and yet we do not read that *Rehoboam* nor *Solomon* oppreſt the People, but that *they had a Law on their ſide to vouch* the Whips and the Scorpions too; (*Remember* Emſon *and* Dudley!)

No wonder (then) the People *run into Rebellion to this day*, V. 19. and run ſtark mad, and *after a fooliſh Religion too*, but they that were made *deſperate by bad uſage and cruelty* (it might be better with them, it could not be worſe, *they could but loſe their Lives, or their Livings*, Lands, Goods, and *Liberty* (*more dear than Life*) and therefore they *publickly beat up their Drums* to a Point of War—and makes the Trumpets—*ſound*—To *Horſe*—To *Horſe*—Ver. 16. So when all *Iſrael* ſaw that the King hearkned not unto them; the People anſwered the King, (*to his Head, and to his Face, moſt irreverently*) ſaying—What Portion have we in *David?* Neither have we Inheritance in the Son of *Jeſſe*: To your Tents, O *Iſrael*; Now *ſee to thy Houſe—David.* 1 *King.* 12. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. This 'tis, to take *no warning*, no Counſel, no Advice, but of a ſort; of *young*, *unexperienc'd*, *huffing*, *vapouring*, ſanguinary, *bluſtering*, *bold daring* Coxcombs, and very *ignorant*; the poor fooliſh King found it ſo (*to his coſt*) *good Man.*

And what Miſchiefs have come to the Church, to the Nations, to Chriſtianity and Chriſtendom, by theſe raſh ſanguinary ways? (*for every thing is moſt certainly beſt preſerv'd, by the ſame Means and Methods by which it was made*; nor was the Peace of Chriſtianity, nor its Propagation, *by Might, nor by Power*, but *by my Spirit*, ſaith the Lord of Hoſts). The World ſhall have a *large and particular Account* thereof, (if Mr. *Hickeringill* live) and can come at *Pen, Ink, and Paper*; of which his Enemies (with all their Policies and Subtilties) have *not had power* enough, *as yet*, to deprive him.—

But will, no doubt, *drive* on (in *the ſame* Road) *Jehu-like*—ſtand and ſee———what an *old Houſe* ſome Men have a mind to bring over *their own Heads*—let them alone—you *cannot adviſe them more miſchievouſly* to themſelves, than to bid them *follow their own Advice*, and *conſult* only with their own *malice*, *hatred*, and *revenge*, cruelty and *miſchief*—Let them alone——— and *give them ſcope enough*—go on.

Mr. *Hickeringill* will alſo *publickly make appear*, (if God ſpare him Life, Health, and Liberty) particularly and at large, *how baneful it has been to the Church*, to make Church-men and *Spiritual Perſons*, vaſtly rich, and vaſtly *powerful in Temporals*, (ſo incongruous and *incompatible with the Apoſtles*, the Goſpel, nay, *Chriſt himſelf*, whoſe Kingdom *is not of this World*) and who never encouraged (*as ſome do*) but diſcouraged a *worldly, proud, pragmatical Tribe*, overtopping *Clergie* and *Lay*, as much as their *Cathedrals overtop* our Houſes: Though they have *endeavoured to ſhut him out* of the Pulpit a while, by the help of an old Statute and a Jury, they have not power to ſhut the *Doors of the Preſs*, (God be thanked). *Luther* and *Calvin's* Reformation of the Idolatries and Superſtitions of *Rome*, could never have ſpread (*far and wide*) if *Printing* had not been invented: A *few Manuſcripts* might have been handled about, to ſome few particular Perſons, and learned Men: But the Tyranny Prelatical, and Oppreſſions of *Rome*, in *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *France*, *Sweden*, *Germany*, *Denmark*, *Holland*, &c. could never (without a Miracle) have been defeated. But by the *Printing-Preſs*, well employ'd, by able and Learned Pens, (*not ſcurrilous News-mongers*).

The three aforeſaid Crimes, are only perſonal and ſingular; but there are other abominable Crimes, of which the reſt are guilty; or, the *moſt of them*:

Is

Is not this too *Scandalum Magnatum?* Of which many Inſtances may be given; ſome for Example:

Namely, Their Connivance, *confident and bold permiſſion* of all their under-Officers in their *Eccleſiaſtical Courts*, (if not their *incouragement, aſſiſtance*, and by their Power and Intereſt, a *bold countenance*) of the daily, conſtant, *publick, and impudent Extortions* and Oppreſſions of the King's Subjects, againſt *the Statutes* of this Realm, (that limit the juſt Fees) in *Citations, Probate of Wills*, Adminiſtrations, *&c.* nay, againſt their own *Canon-Law*, (Concil. *London.* 3. *Edw.* 3. *Anno Dom.* 1328.) and againſt their *own Table of Fees:* Wretched, univerſal, and abominable Impudence! no Name can be bad enough for this wilful and daring Attempt, and Contempt: What? in God's Name, are any Prelats *greater than the Laws*, or too *big to be ſubject* to the King's Laws, or *too great* to be *good?* God forbid. No wonder the whole Tribe unite their Power againſt the Man, who has *courage to charge* thoſe things *home upon them*, and whom they *(therefore)* hate, becauſe he is, *(and few Men more)* acquainted with their Myſteries of Iniquity, and knows how to charge them home: No wonder therefore they ſo much *dread him*, and do ſo *unite their Common-Forces*, and Joint-Intereſt, to ruin him, or *Jayl him*, and ſo *tie up* his *Hands*, as well as *ſtop his Mouth*, by their Eccleſiaſtical-Canon-Shot, of *Suſpenſions, Silencings*, Excommunications, *Curſes*, and the like Spiritual-*Artillery*; they act *for Life*, (as Men that are *drawing on*). The Silver-Smiths cried out——Great is *Diana of the Epheſians:* And yet to tell you true, this chaſt *Diana*, whoſe Image *(as the Prieſts ſaid)* came down from *Jupiter*; and the *Fools and Bigots believed it*, (Tooth and Nail); and the *crafty Prieſts*, and the *Shrine-makers*, and Silver-Smiths, *(falſe Loons!)* they knew that their great Wealth *depended upon the belief on't:* no wonder then that they cry, and *whoop*, and *hallow*, (and the Fools and *Bigots eccho'd to the cry* which the Shrine-makers made)———*Great is Diana of the Epheſians*; and yet to tell you the *Naked-Truth on't*, this chaſt *Diana* was a *Common-Huntreſs* and *Common-Strumpet* and Baggage, and as *arrand a Whore* as any in *Rome*.

Where is there a Clergy-man, now-a-days, that will ſay, as of old, *Nolo Epiſcopari*———I will not Biſhop it, (if I might) or would *gueld himſelf* (as ſome have done) to make themſelves *uncapable of Lawn-ſleeves?*

No, rather *run and ride*, with Friends and Relations, Mony and Flattery, *Cringing and Foppery*, to this Miſs, to that *Miſs*, Mony and Complyance againſt their Conſciences, by *hook and by crook*, have at it; though good Men find how *hard it is for a Rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*, much *more difficult* for a *Rich Man* to be a *good Church-man*.

For they that *will be Rich*, (1 Tim. 6. 9.) *fall into Temptation, and a Snare*, and into *many fooliſh and hurtful Luſts*, which *drown Men (yet they venture)* into Deſtruction and Perdition; For the *love of Mony is the Root of all Evil, which while ſome coveted after, they have been ſeduced from the Faith, and pierced themſelves through with many ſorrows.*

20. *Rich.* 2. The *Commons* complain to the King, that the King kept ſo many Biſhops about him in his Court, *&c.* and *advanced them and their Followers.* (An old complaint).

When the Devil tempted our Bleſſed Saviour, ſhewed him the Kingdoms of the World, and the Glory of them; *Mat.* 4. 8, 9, 10. Then Jeſus ſaid unto him——*Avoid*——*Satan.*

But how many of our Apoſtolical Men, (that *vaunt themſelves* Succeſſors of the Apoſtles) do ſay, (as the Apoſtles did, *Acts* 6. 2, 4.) *It is not meet,*

that we ſhould leave the Word of God and ſerve Tables? But we will give our ſelves *continually to Prayer, and to the miniſtry of* the Word.

Ay, Ay, that's a *good* Work, the *beſt* Work, and *work enough*, and the *moſt proper Work for* Apoſtolical Men. We never read that any Apoſtle turn'd *Action-Driver*, or *Promoter*, ſurrounded with the black Regiment of Aparitors, Proctors, Hangmen, and Jaylors.

Again, what *bold daring impudence is it* for them to keep Courts, and not in the Name and Style of the King, contrary to 2. *Edw.* 1. if it be in force?

A Statute thought ſo *neceſſary* for the Reformation, and ſo agreeable to the *King's Supremacy*, in the wiſdom of our Anceſtors, that one would wonder any good Subject ſhould ſcruple at its obſervance, much leſs live in contempt of it.

It is a Statute lawfully made, and never repealed.

I know what *Coke* ſays of it, and wherefore he *durſt ſay no more*, during the Tyranny of the *High-Commiſſion*; which *High-Commiſſion* alone, *kept off* all puniſhment from the Tranſgreſſors thereof: an *extrajudicial Judgment* was (*once*) given againſt it.

But *where is the Judg* will *declare againſt its force*, and ſay in *Weſtminſter-Hall* that it is repealed?

I grant, in Queen *Mary*'s Reign, all the Statutes againſt the Pope's Supremacy are repealed, and her Repeal, is repealed by Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James*.

But the Pope's Supremacy continues in *France*, and yet Proceſs Eccleſiaſtical might (if the French King pleas'd) run in his own Name, and yet the Pope and he continue very good Friends, and the Pope's Supremacy continue: therefore the repealing the Statutes made againſt the Pope's Supremacy, is no repeal of this Statute; there goes more than general words to repeal a Law, and ſuch a Law.

If this Statute be repealed, *Why does not the Judges ſo declare it?* If it be in force, no Name is bad enough, nor any *Puniſhment on this ſide Death*, for the wilful and ſtubborn Tranſgreſſors thereof: and 'tis my wonder, that no Men in *England* will put it home, to have it argued, that it may not continue a Snare to the King's Subjects; for if that Statute had not promis'd fair, and moſt Learned Counſellors at Law of the ſame Opinion, the Conteſt with Eccleſiaſtical Courts had never been continued againſt them, for any thing, but only becauſe of their vile Extortions and Oppreſſions, in *high contempt of the Law of God and Man*, braving *his Majeſty's Laws*, his Statutes, *their own Canon* Laws, *their own Table* of Fees, againſt *Juſtice*, Conſcience, and *Equity*; What is *Impudence if this be not?* The King may ſeize their Temporalities for Contempt—no wonder they *friſk*, being ſo *netled*; *How they ſtrive for Life?*

And for the words in the laſt Count, more need not be ſaid, than that it *is ridiculous to inſiſt upon them*; and therefore Sir *Fran. Withins* ſaid, They would take a Verdict only for the *words in the firſt Count*: For inſtead of *damnable Plot* (meaning) the *Popiſh* Plot; their own little *ſingle Witneſs*, *Harris*, ſwore againſt them, namely, *Horrid Plot againſt my Righteous Name and Perſon*: though that word *Perſon* was *falſe too*, for inſtead of *Perſon*, it was *Reputation*, and ſo did all *the Witneſſes agree*; never was *ſuch a Cauſe carried*, on the Teſtimony of ſo *infamous a Man*, a Man of *ſo bad Memory*, that could not tell *his Tale right twice together*, nor twice *the ſame way*; and therefore though he had not been proved infamous, (by that Noble *Earl*) yet he *ought*

not

not to have been believed, against the Testimony of so many substantial Witnesses (that if they *were not crazy*) must needs have *better Memories than he*.

Lastly, He swore *for himself*, and in revenge, and to get the *Defendant's Benefice*.

And yet the *precious Jury* would not only believe him against *so many*, but would not only find the words, that are *not actionable in themselves*; as has been prov'd at large, and beyond all contradiction.

For Men, thus to *ruin a Man*, and beggar him, to *enrich a Rich Man* that has *enough* already, (*one would think*) or, at least, as *much as he deserves*, is so *like the Parable*, in 2 *Sam.* 12. 1, 2, 3, 4. of the *Ewe-Lamb*; (the poor Man's *whole Substance lost* at a clap) that the Jury may thank God that they escape King *David's Threat*: For *David's* Anger, (*Ver.* 5.) was *greatly kindled against the Man*; and he said to *Nathan*, As the Lord liveth, the *Man that hath done this thing shall surely die*. And he shall restore the *Lamb four-fold*, (*Mark that, four times* 2000 *pounds*; How much is that? 8000 *l.*) *because he did this thing*; *and because he had no pitty*.

To dishonour God, by a rash Oath, taking his Name in vain, is, *but* (by our Law) *twelve pence for the temporal* Punishment.

And to defame a Prelat, (*that* in comparison of God *is but Worms-meat*) shall the temporal Punishment be no less than Imprisonment, or 2000 *l.* in Mony? Oh monstrous! *The Mercies of the Wicked are Cruelty*.

But cruel Men should remember (in time they may have *cause* to remember) the wretched End of *Empson* and *Dudley*, those grand Pick-pockets, that from the *Breach* of old Statutes, and Penalties, did ruine Families.

Sir *Richard Baker*, p. 247. tells us, that their *principal Working was upon Penal Statutes*, (to use his Words,) they consider'd not whether the Law was obsolete, or in use; and had ever a Rabble of *Promoters*, (a brave *Employ for a Person of Honour*) and *leading Jurors*, (mark that too) at their *Command*. They liv'd, and they liv'd to be *hang'd* for their Pains, after three long Years, (for so long God suffered them to drink the Tears of Widows and Orphans, namely, from *Anno Dom.* 1406, till 1409.) And the *Promoters*, (mark that too) *Canby*, *Page*, *Smith*, *Derby*, *Wight*, *Simson*, and *Stockton*, ('tis fit *their loathed Names should be chronicled to all Posterity, and so shall others too that drive the same Trade*) condemn'd to the *Pillory*, and then to ride through the City with *Papers on their Heads*, and their Faces *towards the Horses-tails*. All seven died strangely in seven Days after, (in *Newgate*) for very shame.

There's an End, a *wretched End* of a Pack of Wretches, *pack'd Jurors*, and *Promoters*. The Righteous God will hear the Groans and Cries of the Widows and Orphans, by unreasonable and wicked Men ruin'd and undone, and will pay off the stony-hearted Caitiffs (that have lost all Bowels of Humanity and Compassion) with a Vengeance.

That Atheists may know that *there is a God that judgeth in the Earth*, and pays men in their own Coin. This *Adonibezek* (too late) acknowledg'd, when his Thumbs and great Toes were cut off, (the very same Cruelty which he had inflicted upon others.) And thus the Merciless, that (without remorse) delight in the Ruin of a Man and his House, palliating Revenge with an Hypocritical *Deodand*, to ruin a Man and his Heritage, when *God has rewarded them in their own kind*, each of them over their own Ruines, shall say, with *Adonibezek*, Judg. 1. 7. *As I have done, so God hath requited me*.

For Truth hath ſaid it, *They ſhall find Judgment without Mercy, who have ſhewed no Mercy.*

Tho this muſt be ſaid in the *behalf* of that Jury, (that tho it was reported in *London* (before the Trial) what the Iſſue has prov'd, yet it is alſo ſaid,) that the Jury in ſo great a Fine, (as 2000 *l.*) intended nothing therein of Prejudice to the Defendaut, but to bring him to a Submiſſion, in vindication of the Biſhop's Credit, which (how true it is is) Time will diſcover.

But in truth the *Biſhop*'s Reputation had been ſufficiently and *better vindicated*, if they had given credit to ſix ſubſtantial Witneſſes, who acquitted the Defendant, that the Words in the Declaration were not ſpoken as they are laid, rather than to that *little Body*, who was prov'd upon Oath to be *ſo infamous a Perſon*, by that Noble Earl; and by his own Vouchers prov'd to have ſo little regard to his Duty, which he ows to God, to his own Soul, and to his Pariſhioners, and to his Oath of Reſidence in his ſaid *Perpetual-Vicarage*, as to leave them utterly, and forſake them, taking *another Cure* and Flock, and leaviug his own to the Care of one that was lately a ſilly *Log-river*, and knows not well how to diſcharge his own Cure, nor to read his *Accidence*. And all this, when not only all the ſaid Witneſſes for the Defendant did ſwear negatively, that they did *not hear* ſuch Words, but poſitively ſwore that they heard the whole Diſcourſe, and writ down the Words immediatly upon *Harris* his falſe Recital of them, and his bringing them in Writing to the Witneſſes for them to ſubſcribe, which with abhorrence and aſtoniſhment they refuſed, (the Defendant being gone out of the Room before, and knowing nothing thereof, and alſo gone out of Town) and the Witneſſes of *their own Accord* writing down the true Words, which they ſwore to, (and ſeveral more of the Company might have been brought to teſtify the ſame); for tho there wanted no Endeavour by all means (poſſible) to gain *but one Witneſs* to back *Harris* his Evidence, —— yet *found they none* —— At laſt came one ſingle *falſe Witneſs*, who will (as 'tis ſaid) be *Indicted thereupon for Perjury* for his Pains, and Witneſſes, ſubſtantial Witneſſes to prove it upon him, let him claw it off as well as he can, or his *Friends to help him.* No Man is too great for the Law; ſuch *Fellows muſt be made Examples of*, that ſwear *thorow-ſtitch*, and become falſe Witneſſes, to get *Naboth*'s Vineyard from him; when it can be done no other way, muſt it be done by a *ſingle Son of Belial?* *Naboth* had yet the Honour to fall by *two Sons of Belial*; Hard Caſe! Muſt the Defendant be ruin'd by *one alone*, and *ſuch an one*, and one ſo infamous? Nay, there was not only *two* againſt *Naboth*, but alſo there was not *ſix poſitive Witneſſes* for him, as there was for this Defendant, to ſwear poſitively that they were in Company all the Time, and heard all the Words, which were *not ſo*, but *ſo*, and *ſo.* And laſtly, were this *little-Blade* of Fortune *rectus in Curiâ*, nor had any Deſign upon the Defendant's Vineyard, and never ſo honeſt, yet it is againſt poſitive Scripture, and God's holy Word, for the Jury to bring in a Verdict (thereupon) againſt the Defendant, (as the Defendant well told them) becauſe *againſt an Elder an Accuſation ought not to be received, but at the Mouth of two or three Witneſſes:* And neither Common-Law, Statute-Law, Civil-Law, Canon-Law, no, nor the Biſhop (of *Rome*) himſelf can give the Jury a *Diſpenſation* againſt God's holy Word; and that they will *find one Day for ſo wilful a Sin*, and ſo fairly forewarn'd thereof by the Defendant. —— God forgive them! It is ill for Men (that are but Worms-meat) to *ſin wilfully*, and in defiance of the *Holy Will and Word* of their Creator.

In

In the *Interim*, — tho the *Sabeans* and *Caldeans* ruin'd *Job*, yet they were but Inſtruments (the Defendant ſees the *Finger of God* therein, and ſays with *Job*,) *The Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.*

The World ſhall find in this World God's righteous Juſtice, (*that's my Faith*) and in this Caſe particularly, wherein God's Truth is concerned *againſt* the *Cruelties*, *Oppreſſions*, and *apparent*, *bold*, and *impudent Extortions*, and illegal Fees of the *Eccleſiaſtical Fellows*, ſo unanſwerably revealed by the Defendant, in *relief of the Kings Subjects*, who are in behalf of their *Souls*, (plagu'd with their *Anathema*'s and Excommunications) in behalf of their *Bodies*, (hurried afterward to Jails) in behalf of their *Purſes*, Liberties, and Eſtates, ſo mangled by this Neſt (at *Doctors-Commons*, and all the Kingdom over) by *Birds of the ſame Feather*, that no wonder they *flock together to ruine the Man* that will be the *Ruine of their wicked Trade*; and all the Powers on Earth will not long uphold them, to live thus as they do, in publick and daily defiance of the King's Laws, in Oppreſſions, illegal Fees, and Extortions, in open contempt of the many Statutes made againſt them, and now in force, if any be in force; ſurely they are as much in force, as that of 2 *Rich.* 2. about *Scandal. Magnat.* made when the Prelates (*Popiſh Prelates*) were rampant, alas! alas! too rampant; both Laymen and Clergy-men (little Clergy-men) were more afraid of them than of Serpents, Toads, Tygers, or Wolves; and well they might, for thoſe venemous Creatures, and ravenous Brutes, were leſs dangerous, leſs miſchievous, and leſs fierce and cruel, than thoſe Prelates, when they got a Man at *advantage*.

Do you mark me? I ſay, *thoſe* Prelates, — *do not catch*, mind the *Colloquium* (before-going) of *Popiſh Prelates*, (we are ſpeaking of) Popiſh Prelates, that were more *miſchievous*, more *inexorable*, and hard-hearted, than Snakes, Tygers, Bears, Dogs, or Wolves, or any other perſecuting *Worry-Sheep*, or cruel *Blood-hounds*.

And yet thoſe (*mind what I ſay*) Popiſh Prelates, with all their Suſpenſions, *Curſes*, *Anathema's*, and *Excommunications*, and ſuch kind of *Thunder*, were eſteemed by wiſe Men, even in theſe Days (*ſaving your Preſence*, — Sir-reverence) a *meer-Crack-fart*. Pope *Paul* the Third excommunicated our King *Henry* the Eighth, with ſuch a Pope's Bull, that (the Hiſtorian ſays) the *like* was *never known* before nor ſince. No wonder he bellow'd and roar'd ſo, (for take a *greedy* Eccleſiaſtick by the *Pocket*, and hinder his Cheat and Extortions, (as *Hen.* 8. did) and you make him roar and bellow like mad, as if you had got his *Hearts-Blood*, and all the Joy and Heaven ſome ſeem to aim at if we may judg the Trees by their Fruit) no wonder they drew their ſpiritual Weapons, and fling about *Curſes*, *Anathema*'s, Silencings, Suſpenſions, and *grow blacker* with *haunting* ſo many *Jaylors*, *Jayles*, *Bum's*, *Promoters*, *Hang-men*, as did Pope *Paul* the Third.

And notwithſtanding all this thundering *Eccleſiaſtical* Blaſt, and *foiſty Crepitus*, the Emperor *Charles* the 5*th*, and *Francis* the *Firſt*, the French King, (two of the greateſt Chriſtian Princes then in the World, or that ever were in the World,) and many more Popiſh (nay, *Italian*) Princes and Republicks (whilſt *Hen.* 8. ſtood excommunicated by the Pope) did confirm their Leagues, and entred upon new Treaties and Confederations with him.

But I hear that *ſome-body* (I'le name *no-body*) is mightily concern'd, ſaying, that the Defendant's own Witneſſes proved the greateſt *Scandalum Magnatum* againſt him, in Words that all of them unanimouſly ſwore, namely, — That the Defendant ſaid at the ſame Pariſh-Meeting, (only *they are not*, *nor could not well*

well be laid in the Declaration) namely, —— That the Biſhop of *London* is not *infallible*, and the Pope is not *infallible*. But for that, or any thing elſe ſworn by the Defendant's Witneſſes concerning any ſuch ſcandalous Words, the Defendant told the Plantiff's Counſel, that *if they were aggriev'd*, they had their liberty to bring another Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, if they *had not enough of this*: And perhaps they will think they have enough of ſuch Promotions in time, when they have leiſure (without being *drunk with Paſſion*, and a little *over-ſeen in Malice*, and will take time) to caſt up their Accounts; and when they examine what they are out of Purſe, and what they have loſt in the Opinion of the World, and are come to themſelves, will repent, —— too late repent ——

And if they had *repented of their Extortions*, Pride, Avarice, and Oppreſſions, all Men know that it had been *better* for them; but now the more they *ſtir*, the more they *ſtink*.

And if any ſhould be angry at theſe Words, the *Biſhop of* London *is not infallible*, and the *Pope is not infallible*, and bring a new Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, or Scandal againſt Prelates, let them know,

The Defendant will not plead (as now) *Non-cul*—— but juſtify it by infallible Inſtances.

To *omit many on this ſide the Water*, and all the great Abominations of *Rome*, I'le inſtance in one Particular, wherein all the Papiſts ſhall take *my part* (here's a Wonder and a Miracle! a true one) againſt the *Pope* himſelf, namely, Pope *Innocentius*, (in his Epiſtles) aſſerting (as alſo did St. *Auſtin*) that the Lord's Supper was equally neceſſary for Children's Salvation, and to be received as much and as neceſſarily as Baptiſm it ſelf.

Therefore Popes have *erred*, (in the opinion of the Pope and the Papiſts at this day) and St. *Auſtin* hath erred herein; or elſe the *Papiſts* and Church of *England* err in holding the contrary, jointly againſt St. *Auſtin* in the Point.

And if it were not that this Trial gives me occaſion to obſerve to the Reader theſe uſeful *Hints*, and lucky *Hits*, I ſhould (as the Reader well may) be by this time quite weary of it: And alſo it is reſolv'd they ſhall have their *Belly-full* of Mr. *Hickeringill*, till they be glutted, and confeſs, for all their *gaping* ſo greedily with open Mouth, and Teeth, and Fangs, to *devour him, and ſwallow him up quick*, in time they'le ſhut their Mouth, and acknowledg, that they have *enough of him in all Conſcience*.

Nor will he leave them, nor go (as he hears they deſign) beyond Sea, a little Governor in *Carolina*, &c. No, he has more Work firſt to do in his Native Soil; they ſhall not be ſo rid of him, nor yet get one Farthing of the 2000 *l*, except they can catch it, and they muſt be very cunning if they can; perhaps they may (as they have hitherto) throw a great deal of *Care* and Pains, *Trouble and Vexation*, and *good Money* after bad.

Malice is like its *Father*, namely, Tho it go up and down, ſeeking whom it may devour, yet (like the *Devil* alſo) it is *never weary of Miſchief*, as long as there is any Glimpſe of *Hopes to compaſs it*, and *accompliſh it*: though a worſe Hell upon Earth, nor greater Torment can befall them, than to go on, (as they are willing and eager enough without bidding, and to) proceed —— *Halloo!*

Thus

Thus have I done at preſent with this mighty *Scandalum Magnatum*, and the Defendent's Adverſaries have done too, and gone as far as they can; that is, to make him *retire*, and give him leiſure to *obſerve their Motions*, and deſcant upon them; that's the *worſt*, and they have *done their worſt*. But out of the *Eater* ſhall come forth *Meat*, and out of the *Strong*, *ſweetneſs*.

And really I do not think that Mr. *Hickeringill* has ſo much as a diſpleaſing Thought, or *riſing of Heart*, againſt this Providence of God: for it is God's doings, in the ſecret methods of his Divine Wiſdom; and he beſt knows, by the *ſeeming-croſs-motions*, (as in the Wheels of a Watch or Clock) how to carry on the Maker's Deſign, which puzzles none but the ignorant and ſhort-ſighted. *David*—ſpeaks experimentally; I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not ſeen the Righteous forſaken, nor his Seed begging Bread.

Who would have thought that *Joſeph*'s Impriſonment ſhould be the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to advance himſelf, and preſerve the Life of the People of God?

Who would have thought, when *Job* was on the Dunghil, that his latter End ſhould *doubly* tranſcend his Beginning? therefore let us ſay and pray—Thy *Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven*. Naked came I out of my Mothers Womb, and naked ſhall I return thither: The *Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away*, (and yet the cruel *Sabæans*, and the ravenous *Chaldeans*, were the Tools and Inſtruments of the Rapine) bleſſed be the Name of the Lord. In all this *Job* ſinned not, nor charged God *fooliſhly*. *Job* 1. 21, 22. Job 1. 21, 22.

Nay, in a greater Tryal of his patience than this, (namely, the upbraiding and *Curtain Lecture of his Scolding* and diſcontented Wife) he *kept his Ground*, and retain'd his Integrity, and the reſignation of his own Will, to the Will of his Creator; for in all this did not *Job* ſin with his Lips. *Job* 2. 9, 10. Job 2. 9, 10.

No Man can blame the Defendant (notwithſtanding) that he did ſo luſtily and copiouſly defend himſelf, in ſhewing, to the utmoſt, the *vanity of that futile Contrivance* againſt him, from ſuch *ſlender words*, and ſo *ſlenderly*, all grounded upon an old Statute made upon Popiſh Prelacy, *were rampant*, and were willing to ſhelter themſelves by force of Statute-Law, (which they *could* and *did make*, when and as they liſt) to fence againſt the juſt reproof of all good Men, ready to open at them, if their Mouths had not thus been ſtop'd; yet the *Houſe of Commons* (notwithſtanding) *were not afraid* afterwards, 20. *R.* 2. to complain againſt them, in the *Name of the Commons of England*, and to perſwade the King not to diſoblige his People, for the ſake of a few Court-Prelats. But do you think that that *unthinking King would hear them?* And did not he *loſe their Hearts* thereby? And did they not all join with an *Uſurper againſt him*, that had no Title to the Crown, nor a *thouſand Men* (at firſt) when he landed. Pſal. 33. 16.

One ſays well, *Lege Hiſtoriam, ne fias Hiſtoria:* Let us obſerve the Hiſtory of Times paſt, leſt our inconſiderate Actions fill the Chronicles of Times to come. Let us remember *Rehoboam*, and *Richard*---2*d*.

I dare ſay, the Defendant does *not ſo much as in a wiſh regret* what's paſt, for all things ſhall work *together for good*, &c. 'Tis only *ſhort-ſightedneſs*, and *want of Faith in God*, that makes Men *flag* and deſpond: Nay, no *good thing will he with-hold* from them that *(deſire to)* walk uprightly.

And *what unrighteouſneſs* has the malice of the Adverſary been able to prove againſt Mr. *Hickeringill*; and yet there are Man-catchers enough that have

perverted his words, which were but due and juſt Reproofs againſt a wicked, fooliſh, and perverſe Generation.

Pſal.37.4,6. The Defendant has cauſe *(if any other have more cauſe)* to ſay, with Holy *David*, Pſal. 37. 4, 6. My Soul is among Lions; and I lie even among them that are ſet on fire; and the Sons of Men that are ſet on fire, whoſe Teeth are Spears and Arrows, and their Tongue a ſharp Sword: They have pre-

Pſal.37.3. pared a Net for my ſteps, my Soul is bowed down: They have digged a Pit before me, in the midſt whereof they are fallen themſelves. God ſhall ſend from Heaven, and ſave me from the reproach of him that would ſwallow me up. He travaileth with Iniquity, and hath conceived Miſchief, and brought falſhood. Hide me ſecretly, in thy Pavilion, from the ſtrife of Tongues, until this Tyranny be overpaſt.

Pſ.36.2,5. My Enemies *(in the Hebrew Man-catchers)* would daily ſwallow me up, for they be many that fight againſt me, oh! thou moſt High. Every day they wreſt my words, all their thoughts are againſt me for evil, yet have I not re-

Pſal.56.5,6. frained to declare thy Truth to the great Congregation: and therefore they gather themſelves together, they hide themſelves; they mark my ſteps, when

Pſal.22.12, they wait for my Soul. *Pſal.* 22. 12, 13, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22. Many Bulls have

13, 16, 19, compaſſed me; ſtrong Bulls of *Baſhan* have beſet me round. They gaped up-

20,21,22. on me with their Mouths; yea, the very abjects gathered themſelves againſt me, making mouths at me, and ceaſed not. For Dogs have compaſſed me; the Aſſembly of the Wicked have incloſed me. Deliver my Soul from the Sword; my Darling from the power of the Dog. Save me from the Lion's Mouth; *And then*, I will declare thy Name unto my Brethren: In the midſt of the Congregation I will praiſe thee.

Pſal.56.7,8, *Pſal.* 56. 7, 8, 9, 3, 10, 11. Shall they eſcape by Iniquity? In thine Anger

9,3,10,11. caſt down the People, oh God. Thou telleſt my wandrings, put thou my Tears into thy Bottle: Are they not in thy Book? When I cry unto thee, then ſhall mine Enemies turn back: This I know, for God is for me. What time I am afraid, I will truſt in thee. In God will I praiſe his Word; in the Lord will I praiſe his Word. In God have I put my truſt, I will not fear

Pſal.57.1. what Man can do unto me. *Pſal.* 57. 1. In the ſhadow of thy Wings will I make my Refuge, until theſe Calamities be overpaſt.

Pſal.58.6,7, *Pſal.* 58. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Break their Teeth, O God, in their Mouths, *&c.*

8,9,10,11. The Righteous ſhall rejoice when he ſeeth the Vengeance; He ſhall waſh his Feet in the Blood of the Wicked; ſo that a Man ſhall ſay, verily there is a Reward for the Righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the Earth.

Pſal. 94. *But of all the whole Book of Pſalms, there is not one Pſalm better ſuits his Condition, or adminiſters more Comfort, than every Verſe of* Pſal. 94. It was when *David* hid himſelf, and play'd Bo-peep, 1 *Sam.* 23. 14, 15. in the Wilderneſs of *Ziph*, in a Wood. He fled not from *Goliah*, when *hand to hand*, but he would not contend with the Power of the King; and yet he did ſtudy Self-preſervation *(Who can blame him?)* againſt combin'd malice.

And *wherefore* were *David*'s Enemies ſo malicious? not for any *fault of mine*, (he ſaith, *Pſal.* 59. 2, 3.) for, loe, they lie in wait for my Soul, the Mighty are gathered together againſt me, *not for my Tranſgreſſion, nor for my Sin, O Lord!* for they compaſſed him about with words of Hatred, and fought againſt him, *Pſal.* 109. 3. *without a cauſe.*

Yet, though they compaſſed him about, yea, they compaſſed him about, *(yet, he had Faith to ſay,* Pſal. 118. 11, 12. that though they compaſſed him about

about like *Bees*, (*ſtinging*, *ſtingy*, and in *Swarms*) yet (*in Faith*) he ſaid, in *the Name of the Lord I will deſtroy them.*

Ay, but when? might ſome ſay to *David*——*When? can you tell us that?* for to a carnal Eye there was little probability of it.

Nay, in the very next Onſet, *Pſal.* 118. 13. *Thou haſt* (*ſaith he*) *thruſt ſore at me that I might fall*, but the Lord helped me.

That whole 118 *Pſalm*, is ſpoken of Chriſt and his Kingdom, under the Type of *David*, *and his Sufferings*——typified, and his *Reſurrection* and *Aſcenſion*, by *David's Victory* at length; then God *had delivered* him from the *hands of all his Enemies*, (*it was long firſt*) (*he was glad to fly for it firſt*) and from the Hand of *Saul.*

But at length, *Verſ.* 22. of that 118 *Pſalm*, the *Stone which the Builders refuſed*, (typified of Chriſt, and *verified alſo* in *David*) the *ſame is become the Head of the Corner:* This *is the Lord's doing*, *and it is marvellous in our Eyes.*

In Mr. *Hickeringill's* Retirement, his *Muſe* (the *Heavenly and only* Companion of his Solitude) compos'd *this Pſalm* (an Infallible Antidote (*if ſanctified*) againſt all Diſcontent, (the *common Plague of Mankind*) Sorrows, and Fears; And which for that purpoſe he ſent (ſince his Fiery-Tryal) to his *moſt dearly beloved Wife*, to *Confirm her*, (not to *Biſhop her*) but to *ſtrengthen her againſt the Biſhop's* Promotions and Suits; which for the Publick-Good, or Common-Weal, I here publiſh, *viz.*

THat which diſquiets moſt *Poor Mortals* here,
Is not the Pains they *feel*, but what they *fear*:
And what we fear; *Either*---it will not come;
Or elſe---ſooner may come our *fatal Doom*,
And free us, lodging us in our *Long-Home*,
Where neither *Biſhops nor his Clerks* will come
To *wrack us* any more. Then do not whine,
The preſent *Good* or *Ill* (alone) is thine;
But---what's i'th' depth of future Times---can'ſt tell?
Thou Fool! for thou *the Morrow* know'ſt not well;
Nor where thou ſhal't *to morrow* be; nor tell
Whether on *Earth*, (thou'lt be) in *Heaven*, or *Hell.*
Let Fools and Knaves then *for the Morrow* pine,
And fear *they know not what*, nor can divine:
And let *the morrow* for its ſelf take care:
Sufficient *for the day* its Evils are.

But enough of this, (at preſent, at leaſt) let us in the next place conſider the Doughty *Articles*, (ſworn by ſix Doctor's-Commons Reverend Fellows, called Proctors; on which was bottom'd, and founded, a *Supplicavit*) namely;

ARTICLES
OF THE
Good Behaviour,

Exhibited in the Court of our Lord the King, before the King, at *Weſtminſter*, againſt *Edmond Hickeringill*, Rector of *All-Saints* in *Colcheſter* in the County of *Eſſex*, Clerk, for ſeveral Miſdemeanours by him committed.

Imprimis. THat *in Trinity Term laſt, Articles were Exhibited againſt the ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill, *in the Arches Court of* Canterbury, *for Clandeſtine Marriages, at the promotion of* Henry *Lord Biſhop of* London, *of which high Crimes he ſtill ſtandeth accuſed; and the ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill, *did ſeveral Court days make his Appearance in the ſaid Court, and behaved himſelf irreverently, and did affront the Judg of the ſaid Court, and more particularly* 20*th of* Jan. Anno viceſſimo tertio *of this King, did again make his Appearance in the ſaid Court then held in the common Hall of Doctors-Commons* London, *by Sir* Richard Lloyd *Knight, Doctor of Laws, then ſitting judicially in the ſaid Court, with many perſons along with him, or following him to the number of thirty, or twenty Perſons as they do verily believe.* Tho. Tillot, Tho Smith, Jur. ad predict primum Articulum Tho. Tyllet. & Tho. Smith in cur. die predict. Hillar. Anno xxxiii^o coram eodem Rege.

2. Item. *That the ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill *did on the ſaid twentieth of* January, *then and there behave himſelf in the Court of Arches then ſitting, as aforeſaid, very indecently and inſolently to the Court, keeping his Hat on, tho by the Judg of the ſame Court ſeveral times moniſhed to the contrary; and then the Officer of the ſaid Court by the Judg his Command taking off his Hat, he put it on again in a contemptuous manner.* Tho. Tyllot. Tho. Smith, Cha. Tuckyr, Jur. ad predict. ſecundum Articulum Tho. Tyllet, Tho. Smith & Carolus Tuckyr, in cur. die & Anno ſupradict.

3. Item, *The ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill, *then very ſawcily and impudently declaring to the Judg of the ſaid Court of Arches, That if the Arch-biſhop himſelf was there he would not ſtand uncovered:* Jo. Miller, Tho. Stoker, Char. Turkry, Jur. id predict. tertium Articulum Johannes Miller, Tho. Stokes & Carolus Tucker in cur. die & Anno ſupradict.

4. Item,

4. Item, *That the ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill *in the open Court there, among other opprobious and abuſive Language then uſed by him to the Court, ſaid it was no Court by Law, and that they had no power to call him before them; and that perhaps the Court of Arches might do him a Miſchief, but that they never had done any good, or he uſed words to that Effect:* Tho. Stoker, John Coker, Jur. ad predict. quartum Articulum, Tho. Stokes & Johannes Coker, in cur. die & Anno ſupradict.

5. Item, *That the ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill *did then in a moſt opprobrious manner, tell the Judg of the ſaid Court, that Toads had Poiſon in them, but had an Antidote alſo; that Vipers had Poiſon in them, but their Fleſh was an extraordinary Medicine, or to that effect; and that every the vileſt or worſt of God's Creatures had ſomething of good in it, ſaving, that Court, which he then ſaid never did any good, nor ever would, or to that effect; and that the Perſons, or many of them that came into the ſaid Court of Arches with the ſaid* Edmund Hickeringill, *laughed aloud at what the ſaid* Hickeringill *ſaid, and followed him out of the ſaid Court with great Noiſe, and laughed to the great Diſturbance of the ſaid Court:* Tho. Smith, John Coker, Jur. ad predict, quintum Articulum, Tho. Smith, & Johannes Coker, in cur. die & Anno ſupradict.

In Banco Regis Weſtminſter, *Dominus Rex verſus* Edmund Hickeringill *Clericum.*

Jeremy Ives Cheeſmonger and Citizen of *London*, *Joſeph Aſhhurſt* Draper and Citizen of *London*, and *Samuel Wells* Mercer and Citizen of *London*, do depoſe as followeth, *viz.* That on the twentieth day of *January*, in the three and thirtieth Year of this King, theſe Deponents were perſonally preſent in the Court (commonly) called the Arches, held in Doctors-Commons *London*, when Mr. *Edmund Hickeringill*, Rector of the Rectory of *All-Saints* in *Colcheſter*, made his Appearance there; and heard the whole Diſcourſe, and ſaw the Actions and Demeanours that paſſed betwixt Sir *Richard Lloyd* Official there, and the ſaid Mr. *Hickeringill* during his ſtay there; and that the ſaid Sir *Richard* commanded the ſaid Mr. *Hickeringill* to put off his Hat, which he refuſed to do; whereupon the ſaid Sir *Richard* commanded an Officer to take off Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Hat; which he delayed to do, ſaying, he was afraid that Mr. *Hickeringill* would have an Action againſt him for ſo doing; but the ſaid Sir *Richard* again and again encouraging him, at length he pull'd off Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Hat two or three times, the ſaid Mr. *Hickeringill* putting it on ſo often as his Hat was return'd to him, mildly telling the ſaid Sir *Richard* at the ſame time, that it was not Pride, Inſolence, nor any deſign to affront them, that made him then to be covered, but a ſence of his Duty, except they would own their Court to be the King's Court, and that they ſate there by the King's Authority and Commiſſion, and conſequently would make out their Citations, Acts, and Proceſſes in the Name and Stile of the King according to the Statute; and that then (but not till then) no Man ſhould pay them more Reverence and Reſpect than He: but the ſaid Official

not asserting their Court to be the King's Court, and as aforesaid to be kept in the King's Name and Stile; and by his Authority, Mr. *Hickeringill* would not be uncovered, saying, That it was against the Oath of Canonical Obedience, against the Oath of Supremacy, against the Canons and the Statutes, to own any Court Ecclesiastical, but what sate by the King's Authority and Commission, and acted in the Name and Stile of the King: And if that Court of Arches was only the Arch-bishop's Court, He the said Mr. *Hickeringill* durst not, nor would he be uncovered before the Arch-bishop himself if he were present; because it is contrary to their own Canon-Law and the Oath of Canonical Obedience, for a Presbyter to stand bare-headed in presence of any Bishop: or, he used words to the like effect; Saying, that if they could argue his Hat off his Head by Statute-Law, Canon-Law, Civil-Law, or Common-Law, it should be at their Service, and he would stand bare-headed before them; or, he used words to the like effect. And the said Mr. *Hickeringill* during his whole stay there, used no other Actions, nor Speeches that might give just Offence; unless the said Sir *Richard* took Offence, when he at the same time said, That every Creature that God made was good, and had some good in it; that a Pearl was sometimes found in the Head of a Toad, and the Toads Flesh is an Antidote against its own Venom; And the best Cordial and Venice-Treacle is made of the Flesh of the most poysonful, and *Italian* Vipers. But (said Mr. *Hickeringill*) the Mischiefs, Extortions, and Oppressions of the King's Subjects are apparent and many, and great, and daily committed by you in defiance of the Statutes: But show but one Good you do, or have done in the memory of Man, or that any Chronicle, or History mentions to be done by any Ecclesiastical Court, and then I may acknowledg your Ecclesiastical Fabrick to be of God's making; or he used words to the like effect.

Jur' octav. die Febr. *Anno R. R. Caroli secundi*, &c. *tricessimo quarto coram.*

Fer. Ives.

Jos. Ashhurst.

Samuel Wells.

W. DOLBEN.

LET

LET all *unbyaſs'd men*, and honeſt Citizens (who know theſe Gentlemen, know *their Quality*, their *good Reputation*) whether it be more probable that they, who have no livelihood at ſtake, (by ſuch Affidavits to win, or loſe, or wreck their malice and ſpleen) men of Conſcience and Honour ſhould atteſt the Truth, of *matter of Fact*, the truth whereof above Twenty more ſubſtantial Citizens can (*and are ready*) if needful to atteſt: Or, *Six Proctors of Doctors Commons*, whoſe conſtant uſe, or rather, abuſe, is to cheat and oppreſs, by injuries and Extortions in illegal Fees, and contrary to Law.

And whether they are not likely to have *impudence enough to wreſt* a mans words to a contrary ſence, and the *worſt ſence*, when they *have Impudence enough* to commit daily ſuch ſaid Extortions and Oppreſſions in illegal Fees in defiance of the Statutes of this Realm.

Nay, how little they regard the Statute of 5 and *6 Edward the 6.* and *16th.* made againſt *buying of Places and Offices*, ſhall in good time be made more apparent.

Yet, nothing would ſerve Sir *Francis Pemberton* Chief Juſtice, and Mr. Juſtice *Jones*, &c. But Mr. *Hickeringhil* muſt find Bayl, or go to Jayl; nor would they ſuffer *any Affidavit* to be read in Mr. *Hickeringhill's Behalf*, the Chief Juſtice *abſolutely refuſing it*, and ſaying, *I will hear nothing in your defence, but —— find Bayl or I'll commit you*; or words ſpoke *to the like effect*.

Sir *Francis Pemberton* had never bin the Succeſſor of *Scroggs*, if he had not given good teſtimony and aſſurance that he is a *Wiſe Man*, and one that *knows his cue*: But as wiſe as he is, it would have been no blemiſh to his great Wiſdom to have *heard Affidavits and Pleas* in Mr. *Hickeringhil's Defence*, eſpecially, nothing being atteſted againſt him of *ſuch pernicious* conſequence, and that by *Proctors too*, whoſe *malice to the Defendant*, and inveteracy *was ſo notorious* to every man; it might *at leaſt create a Jealouſie* that the Articles on which the *Supplicavit* was founded, might poſſibly be ſworn unto out of heat, malice, hatred, rage or revenge; nay, moſt *notoriouſly probably it might be ſo*, That 'tis a wonder the *Judges* (to whom God has given *two Ears*, and who are ſworn (in the *Oath of a Judge*) to have no *reſpect of perſons* in Judgment, (Oh dreadful Oath! and that which made Judge *Hales* tremble when he thought thereof, though he had leſs cauſe than others, ſo to be afraid, for he made Conſcience of his Oath, and neither the whiſpers of Courtiers nor the Kings private Letters would he regard in a Cauſe of Juſtice) 'tis a wonder, I ſay, that ſince one *ſingle word* (added or left out) *might alter the ſence* and meaning of Mens words, they would ſuffer no teſtimony to be heard *in behalf of the Defendant*. But *againſt him* as many as you pleaſe.

And it is the *harder* meaſure, becauſe it is uſual to delay the ſending out the Writ of *Supplicavit* (ſo ſeldom granted at all) againſt any man, eſpecially a Man of Eſtate; till firſt he be ſummon'd to *ſhew cauſe* (if he can) why ſuch a Writ *ſhould not be* granted, and moſt eſpecially not accuſtomed to be ſo haſtily granted againſt a Divine, and alſo a man of known and viſible Eſtate, from which there was no fear he ſhould fly for the penalty of 100 Pound, and all for words too that are *not worth a Louſe*, if they had been ſpoken as the Proctors ſwore them.

But, if *they were ſpoken to the ſame effect, that the other* Gentlemen and Citizens have atteſted upon Oath, and the ſame that ſeveral Citizens and Gentlemen (then and there preſent) *can alſo atteſt*, then the words are not *ſo much as ſawcy*, but may ſafely be ſpoken in (and to) any lawful Court in

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Westminster-Hall, upon occasion. *Much more*, in and to a *Court*, which, whether it be a lawful Court is out of Question, if the Statute 2. *Edward 6.* be in force, (which no Judge yet ever did take upon him in *Westminster-Hall* to declare to be *Repealed*, for Judges are but to declare the Law, not, to make Laws, nor repeal them, that is the work of a *Higher Power.*) And if that Statute be Repealed, 'tis strange, that Sir *Francis Pemberton* should so ugre that Statute (as aforesaid) to Sir *William Scroggs*, so lately upon the Bench, and *he* then *at the Bar*, during the Sessions of the last Parliament at *Westminster*, Sir *Francis* saying,——*That he fore bore to urge it warmly, because he suppos'd that his Lordship was not prepared at that time to give that Statute an answer:* or words to the like effect.

Which if he did say, openly at the Kings-Bench Bar, or words to the like effect, then it is beyond all Contradiction, that Sir *Francis Pemberton* (whilst at the Bar) did question the legality of their Courts Ecclesiastical as now managed as well, as much, nay more, and more dangerously to them then Mr. *Hickeringill* did.

And if it be question'd, whether he did urge the said Statute, 2 *Edw.6.* 1. (as aforesaid) for his Client Mr. *Weild* of *Much-Waltham*, the said Mr. *Weild*, and also divers others are ready to attest the Truth thereof; if any body dare deny so publick a Truth.

And let any *indifferent*, impartial. and unbiast men judge, whether it be not hard measure to be sent to Jayl (or which is as bad, find Bail) and all about the decision of a point of *Law*, so disputable and questionable, that *Lawyers* of known and great worth and Learning (without exception) as any other, has urged that Statute so lately in *Westminster-hall*, and confessed, that he thought the Chief Justice was not then prepared to give it an Answer; I wonder what Answer Sir *Francis Pemberton* will give it *now* He is Chief-Justice; it may very probably, nay ought before him to come in question, when so many of the Kings Subjects are *excommunicated* in those Ecclesiastical Courts, and Forty Days after its publication, sent to Jayle,

For if that Statute be in *force*, the Ecclesiastical Fellows are guilty of a *Premunire*, nay worse, nor can scarcely any name or punishment be great enough for them; or bad enough.

But, since the said Chief Justice said he would hear no Plea's in the Defendants Defence, nor suffer any *Affidavits* to be read or heard in his *Defence*—God Help

To Divert the Reader, I'le here *make bold with a Friend*; and reprint the last Verses of the late *New Satyr (call'd the Mushroom)* in the Post-script thereof, namely—

To

To *ſerve a turn* (of State) a *Renegade*,
(*T*hat has his *Conſcience, God and King* betrayd)
Sometimes a baſe *Interpreter* is made,
Though he an *Atheiſt* be in Maſquerade;
And in *rich robes* (through villany) *array'd*:
Yet, this *Apoſtacy who dare* upbraid?
The *Villian ſtruts* it, and ſeems *not afraid*:
Suborners tho' are ſhown in *Cavilcade*;
To publiſh-wrath may liable be made:
Oh! *then the Villain will* for all be *payd*;
Then where's your *gay-Apoſtate Renegade.*

I have heard of a certain Prince (not in *Utopia*, but in *Europe*) that ſaid, *So long as I can make Biſhops and Judges, whom I liſt, I'le have what Religion and what Law, I liſt.*

If, He had alſo ſaid, and what Juries, I liſt, nay, *Eſſex-Furies*, if I liſt, He had nickt the buſineſs; and inſtead of ſaying our Goods, our Eſtates, our Lives, our Wives, our Children, our Lands and Liberties are our own, it would be queſtionable, whether we might ſay, our Souls are our own, but (worſe than the Tantivee-Preacher, For He only ſaid) *Cæſar ſhall have your Goods, your Bodies, your Lands, your Children and your Wives*, &c. *Cæſar ſhall have all, All is Cæſars*, on the outſide of your Souls,—But they belong to God, God ſhall have your Souls—And if he would make his word good, we would clap up the bargain, immediately, and upon that Condition, that He will make it good, That God ſhall have our Souls, —Let *Cæſar* take our Wives, our Lands, our Children, our Bodies, nay, our Lives; (and the ſooner the better) we ſhall not grutch the Exchange.

But Hard, *very Hard* is Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Caſe, with theſe Eccleſiaſtical Fellows, who are either very *ignorant*, or very *impudent* thus *boldly and daringly* to confront the Kings Laws, and ſhall fare better in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, then the man that reproves them, yet how induſtriouſly has our wiſe *Anceſtors* fenc't againſt theſe *Plagues* (of Mankind) *Promoters? Turbidum hominum Genus*, as *Coke* calls them, *Inſtit. l. cap.* 88.

18. *Eliz-*

18. *Eliz.* 5.—— 28. *Eliz.* 5. *Fac.* 14. *In which laſt* about 30 *old* obſolete *Statutes* (*Snares* with which *Promoters catcht men*) were at *once* repealed; and yet ſays *Coke*, notwithſtanding all theſe Statutes againſt *Promoters*—— Four miſchiefs ſtill remain'd, I could have told him one more— that makes *Five miſchiefs*: but 21. *Fac.* 28. did *ſome good* againſt this ſort of *Cattle*, who under *the reverend Mantle* of Law and Juſtice inſtituted for protection of the Innocent, and the good of the Commonwealth (tis *Cokes own words*, *Inſt. l.* 3. *c.* 88.) did vex and depauperize the Subject (*will men never take warning?*) and commonly the poorer ſort, for *malice* (*mark that*) or *private ends*, and never *for love of Juſtice*.

Shall Honeſty and *Ingenuity always be out of faſhion*, and *under the Hatches*, and vile *tims-ſerving Slaves* (againſt their own Conſciences Slaves) *always keep above Deck?*

Where do we live? that *pimping*, *bawdy*, *ſcurrilous Poetaſters* ſhall *impunè* Libel the *Honourable Peers and Patriots* of the Kingdom, and the *moſt glorious City in the Univerſe?* And as that bold, daring and *impudent Hackney-Muſe* (in his late Satyr) like a Judge arraigns, cndemns and deprives them of their Priviledges and Immunities (*to his utmoſt*) granted and confirmed by ſo many Kings and Parliaments, through *feign'd ſuggeſtions* of his own—— For thus he *Rhymes*——

Cuſtomes to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter *to defraud their King:*
All hands unite of every Farving Sect,
They cheat the Country firſt, and then infect.
They for Gods cauſe, their Monarchs dare dethrone.
Our Sacriligious Sects their Guides outgo,
And Kings and Kingly Power would overthrow.

What's this but to be a *Make-bate?* what's this but to hang men up *in effigie*, for fancies of his own making?

What? muſt we ſtill down of our knees and beg Pardon, and another *Act of Indempnity* from every *Raſcally Pamphleteer*, and *beggarly Hirelings*, that would fain make our wounds *bleed afreſh*, would gladly *trouble the waters* that are *quiet*, in hopes of *good fiſhing*, to make up their *Hungry mouths*, and *greedy maws?*

Any thing, any *method* to make the World believe that the *Citys Charter* is already forfeited, or, deſerves ſo to be: And then—— money—— more Money—— and *put it where?* in a Bottomleſs Bagg that will *hold none*; you may as well *fill a Sive* with water—— as make *debaucht* Torys *rich*, whoſe *luſts would* beggar, *exhauſt* and conſume the *Indies*.

Is Libels *the way* then? nay, to Libel the *moſt Loyal*, beſt diſciplin'd, *beſt govern'd*, beſt built, moſt *glorious*, moſt ſober, moſt *potent*, moſt rich, and *moſt populous City of the World?*

And

And this——by every *Sneaking, Raſcally, dull, and Inſipid* Rhithmer and Pamphleteer; the World is at a *fine-paſs*, when inſtead of bringing *Buckets to allay*, and quence every *vile Incendiary*, throws *weekly fire-balls* to kindle *(if poſſible)* our hearts into *a flame?* And inſtead of curing our diſtempers and wounds, or of endeavours to heal our breaches, muſt *men be countenanced* to make them *rancor* more? *Is that the way?*

As if they ſtudied (like ſome *Arithmaticians*) by the *Rule of falſe Poſitions*, to gain a *concluſion they moſt wiſh for*, and moſt eſpecially ayme at; namely, Subſtraction and Diviſion; But, he that ſits in the Heavens has hitherto *taught them to ſcorn*, and hath diſcovered *their ſham*'s, and *has had* their fallcies in deriſion.

The *Hire of theſe Pampleteers* may prove (one day) to be (as *Tory Hilanders* call their *Booty*) *Black-meal* (mock not) when the *Moſſe-trooping trade breaks them or their necks.*

Search Hiſtories, conſult the Paſt-times, and then *tell me*, if there can be *worſe fools in Nature* then ſome that call themſelves *Polititians?*

How have they been *baffled*, diſappointed and *beloved with their own Politick*, Wyles, *Shams*, and *Gimcracks?* or could have deviſed a *ſhorter cut*, or a neerer way to *ſtop* their own *Wind-pipes*, and ruine themſelves and their poſteries? *Except* they ſhould have *made a nooſe* of their own *Bedcords*; and yet *(like Rogues that are branded)* might ſafely ſwear that they had got the *Law in their own hands*: (more ſhame for the branded *Rogues, to Glory in that* that is *their ſhame*, as well as *Bane*.

But, theſe are ſad and *melancholy Contemplations*, and therefore to recreate the Reader, I'le relate a fooliſh ſtory, or *a ſtory of a fool* a Country-*Bumpkin*, who having been at *London*, at his return *home* his *Inquiſitive* neighbours ask't him *what news* at *London?*

News? (Quoth *Hob*) I know none but that they ſay Sir *Francis Pemberton* is made Lord *chief Juſtice Scroggs*:

Scroggs? with a *murmin*, cryes the neighbours, thou talks *like a fool*: (or whether he was *Party per pale*, as much *Knave as Fool*, ſome queſtioned)

If he had ſaid——Sir *Francis Pemberton had been made Lord chief-Juſtice Hales*——the wonder had been the greater; and the non-ſenſe *not more unwelcome*; *Scroggs?* (quoth a) a likely buſineſs; *Scroggs?* and *be naught* (to him) This 'tis to want good breeding: *Scroggs and be hang'd* (to him) for a ſilly villian? *Scroggs* (quoth a) *that was diſcarded* or *diſcharged* honourably: *Scroggs* that was queſtioned *for as much as his life was worth* in Parliament? *Scroggs?* (quoth a) a *Raſcally* knave or fool (i'le warrant him) to talk ſuch non-ſenſe; does not the fool deſerve to have a writ of *Supplicavit* ſent after him to *bind him* to the good behaviour?

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Formerly, they gave him *hard-names*, ſuch as Knave, *Raſcal, convicted of*

18. *Eliz.* 5.—— 28. *Eliz.* 5. *Fac.* 14. *In which laſt* about 30 *old* obſolete *Statutes* (*Snares* with which *Promoters catcht men*) were at *once* repealed; and yet ſays *Coke*, notwithſtanding all theſe Statutes againſt *Promoters*—— Four miſchiefs ſtill remain'd, I could have told him one more— that makes *Five miſchiefs*: but 21. *Fac.* 28. did *ſome good* againſt this ſort of *Cattle*, who under *the reverend Mantle* of Law and Juſtice inſtituted for protection of the Innocent, and the good of the Commonwealth (tis *Cokes own words*, *Inſt. l.* 3. *c.* 88.) did vex and depauperize the Subject (*will men never take warning?*) and commonly the poorer ſort, for *malice* (*mark that*) or *private ends*, and never *for love of Juſtice*.

Shall Honeſty and *Ingenuity always be out of faſhion*, and *under the Hatches*, and vile *tims-ſerving Slaves* (againſt their own Conſciences Slaves) *always keep above Deck?*

Where do we live? that *pimping*, *bawdy*, *ſcurrilous Poetaſters* ſhall *impunè* Libel the *Honourable Peers and Patriots* of the Kingdom, and the *moſt glorious City in the Univerſe?* And as that bold, daring and *impudent Hackney-Muſe* (in his late Satyr) like a Judge arraigns, cnndemns and deprives them of their Priviledges and Immunities (*to his utmoſt*) granted and confirmed by ſo many Kings and Parliaments, through *feign'd ſuggeſtions* of his own—— For thus he *Rhymes*——

Cuſtomes to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter *to defraud their King:*
All hands unite of every Farving Sect,
They cheat the Country firſt, and then infect.
They for Gods cauſe, their Monarchs dare dethrone.
Our Sacriligious Sects their Guides outgo,
And Kings and Kingly Power would overthrow.

What's this but to be a *Make-bate?* what's this but to hang men up *in effigie*, for fancies of his own making?

What? muſt we ſtill down of our knees and beg Pardon, and another *Act of Indempnity* from every *Raſcally Pamphleteer*, and *beggarly Hirelings*, that would fain make our wounds *bleed afreſh*, would gladly *trouble the waters* that are *quiet*, in hopes of *good fiſhing*, to make up their *Hungry mouths*, and *greedy maws?*

Any thing, any *method* to make the World believe that the *Citys Charter* is already forfeited, or, deſerves ſo to be: And then—— money—— more Money—— and *put it where?* in a Bottomleſs Bagg that will *hold none*; you may as well *fill a Sive* with water—— as make *debaucht* Torys *rich*, whoſe *luſts would* beggar, *exhauſt* and conſume the *Indies*.

Is Libels *the way* then? nay, to Libel the *moſt Loyal*, beſt diſciplin'd, *beſt govern'd*, beſt built, moſt *glorious*, moſt ſober, moſt *potent*, moſt rich, and *moſt populous City of the World?*

And

And this——by every *Sneaking, Raſcally, dull, and Inſipid* Rhithmer and Pamphleteer; the World is at a *fine-paſs*, when inſtead of bringing *Buckets to allay*, and quence every *vile Incendiary*, throws *weekly fire-balls* to kindle *(if poſſible)* our hearts into *a flame?* And inſtead of curing our diſtempers and wounds, or of endeavours to heal our breaches, muſt *men be countenanced* to make them *rancor* more? *Is that the way?*

As if they ſtudied (like ſome *Arithmaticians*) by the *Rule of falſe Poſitions*, to gain a *concluſion they moſt wiſh for*, and moſt eſpecially ayme at; namely, Subſtraction and Diviſion; But, he that ſits in the Heavens has hitherto *laught them to ſcorn*, and hath diſcovered *their ſham*'s, and *has had* their fallcies in deriſion.

The *Hire of theſe Pampleteers* may prove (one day) to be (as *Tory Hilanders* call their *Booty*) *Black-meal* (mock not) when the *Moſſe-trooping trade breaks them or their necks.*

Search Hiſtories, conſult the Paſt-times, and then *tell me*, if there can be *worſe fools in Nature* then ſome that call themſelves *Polititians?*

How have they been *baffl'd*, diſappointed and *beloved with their own Politick*, Wyles, *Shams*, and *Gimcracks?* or could have deviſed a *ſhorter cut*, or a neerer way to *ſtop* their own *Wind-pipes*, and ruine themſelves and their poſteries? *Except* they ſhould have *made a nooſe* of their own *Bedcords*; and yet *(like Rogues that are branded)* might ſafely ſwear that they had got the *Law in their own hands*: (more ſhame for the branded *Rogues*, *to Glory in that* that is *their ſhame*, as well as *Bane*.

But, theſe are ſad and *melancholy Contemplations*, and therefore to recreate the Reader, I'le relate a fooliſh ſtory, or *a ſtory of a fool* a Country-*Bumpkin*, who having been at *London*, at his return *home* his *Inquiſitive* neighbours ask't him *what news* at *London?*

News? (Quoth *Hob*) I know none but that they ſay Sir *Francis Pemberton* is made Lord *chief Juſtice Scroggs*:

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Formerly, they gave him *hard-names*, ſuch as Knave, *Raſcal, convicted of*

Perjury, The *Great Scribler of the Nation* (mock not) And now *in all haſt* They make *an Aſs of him*; this is Language moſt *ſuitable* to ſuch Mens *Genius* and *way* of Writings, (which ſlanders in time they may repent;) But as for his being an *Aſs*, Is it not *too true?*

For *who but an Aſs* would write or ſpeak ſo *much plain and naked truth* in a diſſembling, Hypocritical and *lying Age?*

Who but an Aſs would diſcover the extortions and *oppreſitions* wherewith the *Eccleſiaſtical Fellows load* the Kings Subjects, and *in hope to eaſe their* ſhoulders, be burthen'd 'till *his back crack* with *actions upon actions*, Promotions, Informations, Supplicavit's, Declarations, Articles, Verdicts, Libels, Suſpenſions, Excommunications, *Power* and Intereſt?

Nor would the *late Eſſex-Fury* have ſo unmercifully *heaped* ſuch a *heavy load* upon him, but *they took him for an Aſs*; 2000 l. why, if a Miniſter *live the days of Methuſalem* it is not to be Collected in *Eaſter-Offerings*. 1000 l. is a *Horſe-Load* they ſay; if ſo, then 2000 l. *is too much in all conſcience* to put upon an *Aſſes back*.

Oh! But *it is charitably deſigned for the building of Pauls*: if it be; yet the work of building *Cathedrals of Stone* upon the ruines of Temples of Bone, or living-Temples, or (as was ſaid before) to *rob Peter to pay Paul*; can never be pleaſing to Almighty God.

And thus the *Hypocritical Phariſees*, for fear their hard-hearted neſs ſhould be condemn'd by all, for ſuffering their Parents to ſtarve, They made an *Anathema* of the Goods they ſhould have had for ſuch Relief, calling it *Corban*, Dedicating it to the *Church*, and the pious *Deodand* devouerd their *charity*.

Thus making Charity *(without which all Religion is a Cheat* and a Bawble*)* to give place to a *fooliſh* and Hypocritical, as well as *impious Devotion*.

For my part I wiſh Mr. *Hickeringil was not ſo overburthen'd*, and *made an Aſs of*; becauſe of ſuch *back-burthens* of afflictions the Apoſtle *Paul* confeſſes —— *We are Fools for Chriſt's ſake*, and Truth's ſake.

And then however, ſince *Stultorum plena ſunt omnia*, ſince Folly is ſo Endemical a Diſeaſe and Univerſal, in my Judgment *It is as good to be a Fool for Chriſt's ſake* and for Truths ſake, *as to be* (like the weekly News-monger, and raylling Pamphleteer) *a fool for the Devils* ſake, or for the lyes ſake; beſides the comfort of a good conſcience, and a *ſound mind attends innocence* in the *Streights-mouth*——

For a great Soul (*like Heaven*) is Seated high,
And like Olympick-Top *doth quiet* lye
The Middle-Region-ſtorms *come not* her nigh;
So ne're to Heaven *ſhe ſeems to* mate *the* Skye,
And with Top-gallant *brave the* Galaxye.

God Almighty always by ſome providence either takes *off the Load*, or (which is all one) *ſtrengthens the* back of all that truſt in him;

Yet this does not at all excuſe the malice, the injuſtice, & *the cruelty of men*.

Which brings to my mind a *moſt excellent* Copy of Verſes made by the ingenuous Mr. *John Butler* of *Crouchet-Friars London*, and by him preſented to Mr. *Hickeringil* on the occaſion of his ſufferings, but Dedicated.

To

To the *Maſter, Wardens,* and *Aſſiſtants* of the *Trinity-houſe,* upon that ſtately uſeful *Light-houſe* built upon *St. Agnes,* to diſcover *thoſe dangerous Rocks* called *the Biſhop and his Clerks.*

A Fiſherman whoſe nets were torn
By ſtormy Tempeſts, and by *Sherks,*
At laſt near to the Rocks were born
Called the *Biſhop and his Clerks.*

But who thoſe names did give, and why ?
Are Problems *none reſolved have* ;
But this is ſure, what Ships do try
Their ſtrength againſt them, *find a Grave.*

Witneſs *Bows rent,* Sides torn, *Backs broak*
Of many Ships that prov'd a *Wrack,*
Though made of *Iron, and of Oak,*
Did by theſe Rocks *aſunder crack.*

Are *Neptunes Clerks,* and *Biſhops* ſuch
No mercy from them can be found,
As whoſoever doth *but touch*
Upon them, ſinks unto the ground ?

Or were the *Flamens* in the time
Of *Pagan-worſhip ſo renownd*
For Cruelties ? Was it *their* crime,
And *only theirs* ? And *not ſince found* ?

Or did the *Biſhops* who did *come*
In place, when theſe were dead, and gone,
Retain their Cruelty (to doom
Men *unto ruine,*) that not one.

Who *touch't upon them* could evade
Their anger, fury, and *their rage,*
As if to *ſink men* were their *trade*
Which they did uſe *from age to age,*

Or did ſome *Satyrs* who had ſinn'd
And by *the Biſhops* ſentenc't were
In Linnen white up to be pinnd,
To give theſe Names together ſwear ?

Or did the *Gondeliers* who ſee
Romes Biſhop with inſulting feet
Tread on *great Fredricks neck*, that he
In *Venice City* ſhame might meet ?

For which *th' Old Doge* doth *every year*
With *Madam Adriattique*, make
A Marriage. And they tell you there,
That *for her Lord* ſhe doth him take.

Or was it they that did behold
Henry the fourth, to ſeek the *Grace*,
On his bare feet in Winter cold
Of *that proud Pope* who hid his face

In *Miſs Matildas-Lap*, till ſhe
Did *rub his Ears*, and him awake,
That ſo *poor Henry* being free,
He other meaſures then might take ?

Or was't *Tom Becket* in a huff,
With his moſt right and lawful King,
From *whoſe poſteriors* came a *puff*,
That him *upon his Knees* did bring

After he *ſainted was for Treaſon* ;
Yet then the King *unto his ſhrine*
Did barefoot go, againſt all reaſon,
And ſcourged was *by filthy Swine*.

The Monks which in that Cloyſter dwelt
Such great diſgrace in days of *Yore*,
The *greateſt Princes oft have felt*.
By Prelates; *may they never more*.

I t may be *this*, or *that*, or *t'other*
Gave *the firſt riſe* unto the name,
And cruelties they could *not ſmother*,
Did afterward *confirm* the ſame.

But *that theſe Rocks no longer* may
Be unto Seamen *cauſe of danger*,
This Light-houſe now will ſhew the way
Which may ſecure any ſtranger.

It was *your Wiſdom and your Care*,
This rare *contrivance* to invent,
No Pains, *no Charges* you did ſpare
Our *Dangers* that you might *prevent*.

Old *Strombolo* that burns, to light
Seamen unto *Meſſinas Phare*,
With *Agnes flames* that ſhine ſo bright,
For *uſefulneſs* cannot compare.

That *future Ages* will *record*,
Who did *this Stately Fabrick* raiſe;
And to *your glory* tell abroad
This deed to *your immortal* Praiſe.

Come *fellow Seamen* 'tis the night
We uſe *cleant linnen* to put on,
He'rs to our Wives; it is a right
Them *once a week* to think upon,

The Biſhops and his Clerks no more
Shall Shipwrack bring as in *late years*,
And as they *us'd to do* of Yore,
Now the *light-houſe of Naked-truth appeares*.

Men love darkneſs rather then light, becauſe their Deeds were evil.

For every one that doeth evil *hateth the light*, neither cometh he to *the light* leſt his *Deeds* ſhould be *diſcovered*: But he that *doth truth* cometh to *the light*, that his deeds may be made *manifeſt* that they are *wrought in God*, Jo. 3. 19,20,21.

By their fruits you ſhall know them; if they be *miſchievous*, and bring forth *nothing but ſharp pricks*, then they are *Briers*, and *Thiſles*, and *Thorns*, and *nigh unto a curſe*, whoſe end is to be burned.----------They loved curſing and *Anathema*'s ſo let it come unto them, ſaith *Holy David*.

Any *ſober-man* would think that a *Reaſonable man* might *well enough be contented* (if he were not *very Ignorant and very Impudent*) to enjoy quietly, the Pleaſures, the *Riches*, the Honours, the *Grandieur* and the *Pomp* that now (attends *Biſhops*) of ſo *cheap* (too) and *eaſy acqueſt* or purchaſe; and Stately and Prince-like, as may be temporal and *wicked lay-Princes of the Gen-*

tiles——nay, as many the Princes and Peers of the Nation (who by *Inheritance* come by the ſame) and Rights to which by *Gods Providence*, Nature, and *Birth* they are *born unto*; nay, in their *City houſes* for eaſe, *their Country houſes* for delight, far *Tranſcending the moſt Peers* of the Realm; one would think (I ſay) ſuch Biſhops, *after ſo full a Meal*, might *ſay Grace*. and bleſs God for *his goodneſs* to them, and *never diſturb* themſelves, nor the *Neighbourhood*, with being *Promoters*, Inventers, *Action-drivers*, exacters of *Penalties* and utmoſt *Rigour* of old Statutes, for *which crimes Empſon* and *Dudley* were hanged.

What an odd ſight it is to ſee *Lawn-ſleeves*, ſurrounded with *Proctors* and Jaylors, and *Apparitors*, and *Promoters*, and Serjants and Bayliffs, *Affidavit men*, and hung about with *Articles*, Writs, Labels, and Libels, Declarations, *Informations*, Indictments: and then Proctors and a *little Black-Coat* at his elbow (*hungry for a living*) and ready to ſwear *through-ſtich*, when his *own Intereſt*, and the favour of a *Biſhop* is in the caſe?

What wanton *pride* as well as *cruelty and hard heartedneſs* to delight in *Viſitations*, *Vexations*, when he might well enough content himſelf (*one would think*) with his exceeding *many flocks and herds* (which the Piety and Charity of our devout Anceſtors, and the cunning and avarice of others, has *Monopoliz'd* to them, leaving the *poor* (now) *quite out of their* (old and primitive) *ſhare* thereof and *good right unto*;) *without the wanton* Boulimy and greedy *Appetite* after his Neighbours *little Ewe-lamb*, and all *the ſubſtance* and ſubſiſtence of a man and his houſe, no though he ſhould pretend to dedicate his *Neighbours little Ewe-Lamb* to God, as a Sacrifice, or an *Anathema*, or a *Corban*, by grand Hypocriſy; as if God Almighty did not hate *Robbery* much more *Cruelty* (under *colour*, and by the *help of Summum jus*, *or the rigour* of Law) for a *Burnt offring*? And if *no leſs will ſerve* the Biſhop of *London*'s charity, then to give 2000*l.* towards the building of *Pauls*, it is *more honour* to take it out of his own *numerous flocks and herds* (which once the poor had *as much* Title unto, as the *Rich Prelate*, *before Avarice* and Pride came in faſhion-Eccleſiaſtical) And not go to *rob the Spittle* for a deodand and by force or rigour of Law.

I have known a *Gentleman*, that had one *odd humour* and you will ſay, it was a very *ill humour*; that after dinner *when his Belly was*, full of good Victuals, and Wine, and ſtrong drink; the *Fop* grew ſo *wanton*, and the *Ape was ſo miſchievouſly gameſy*, and with good chear *half drunk*, or ſo *half-Tipſey*, that he *ſo far forgot* himſelf, that *inſtead of ſaying Grace*, he would be *pinching* and nipping thoſe that *ſat nigh*, or within *his reach*, eſpecially (if he had *any old Pique* againſt them) he would *nip and pinch*, 'till he made all *black and blew*, or left *the Print of his Nayles* in their fleſh; *Ecce Signum*.

I'le *conclude this eſſay*, with an *Epitome* of the *moſt conſiderable* Parts and paſſages in this *long Book*) that has *ſwelled* beyond the *Primitive intention*) and will *beſt ſerve* thoſe (that will *not find leiſure* to read the *whole*) in this *following-letter*, long yet *moſt compendious*, moſt *Emphatical*, moſt *Humble*, and moſt *Submiſſive* letter, writ by Mr. *Hickeringil himſelf*, verbatim, *Thus*;

To

To the Right Reverend *HENRY* Lord Bishop of *LONDON*, at *London-House*.

My Lord,

SO *little success* has attended *all my former* Addresses *that* I am *almost hopeless* of this; but understanding that your Lordship *expected my application*, no deficieney should be on my part.

Though I must confess, that had it not been for this worthy Gentleman Mr. *Firman*, (the Bearer hereof) I was not readily perswaded to write to you.

Because you carry my Letters to your Lawyers for them to *pick 'vantages*, and accordingly two of my Letters to your Lordship *most disingenuously* were read against me at the *Tryal*, But the Judg told them they were no proof of your Declaration, yet Sir *Francis Withins* he made mimick and dumb signs to the Jury at every word —— nay, my *very Books* were brought into Court, and Sir *George Jefferyes just such another man* (as the woman said (that *other-hopeful* Council) he pointed at my Books with his *Index*, as *not* knowing *what to say* against them *without blushing*, (of which (yet) he is not very guilty) and *onely made dumb shows too*, which were not capable of answer or vindication, yet were *sufficient hints to a willing* Jury that knew *their meaning by their mumping, and their gaping*; and accordingly gave a Verdict (*contrary to all mens expectations*) against me, and dammages —— 2000 l. (a good *round sum*, two Horse-loads, and therefore would break the back of one Horse, no wonder then a *single Parson* should shrink or sink under the *unconscionable load*.)

Yet I understand that this unreasonable Verdict is so pleasing to you, that in the *jollity of devotion* you have made it a *Deodand*; and intends to Dedicate the *Trophee* of your Victory towards the building of *Pauls*.

If so, I fear your *Piety is not of the* Cabal, or *Cabinet-Councel* with your *charity*; nor will you find that it is pleasing to God to make a man an *Offender for a word*, (and *no such mighty words neither*) if *Trump* had swore true, for he *wholly acquitted me* of the words in the 3*d*. *Count*, and yet they were words of his own making too, of his *own single invention*, and of his own ordering and *marshalling in the* Declaration, and which *no flesh alive* heard me speak but *himself*, as was attested by *all the By-standers*, that swore not *onely negatively* against this Evidence, but *positively* and contrarily as the Judg declared; and that they were *not so*, but so, *and so*; as they penn'd them down (whilst fresh in their memories) when I was gone, and occasion'd by *Harris* his going into another Room *by himself*, and writing his own *man-catching-shams*, which he brought to the company to *subscribe*, which with *abhorrence* and detestation they all *abominated*, and both *him* and *his* Projects, that (*with the help of a pickt, and specially appointed Jury*) have been *so successful*; and whom you may well *thank*, or *else you had now been in my debt*, not I in yours, nor ever was I in your debt nor *beholden to you* for a Courtesy (the most trivial Courtesy) in my life, which I did not requite *ten times over*, but mischief you have done not in aboundane, contrary to law.

Indeed, *if you had prov'd your Declaration* that the words (first) were spoken *before divers* the Kings Subjects (nay the words in the last Count

were

were not ſworn unto by *your own Implement*, (though he deviſed them) but (by *croſs and unexpected* queſtions) he was forc't to ſwear againſt *your own and his* Innuendo *the Popiſh Plot*, and alſo ſwore, inſtead, of a *damnable* Plot (which he ſwore *at firſt*) dwindled it to a *Horrid Plot* (onely) *againſt my righteous name and perſon*; though there he ſwore falſly, for my words were —— againſt my righteous name and *reputation in the Barretry*, and the *very ſame words* I writ to your Lordſhip, and *Harris* alſo confeſt there was ſome *pauſe or Comma*, but no *interlocution or interruption* betwixt the word *Plot*— *and righteous name*—— which yet theſe Lawyers would have improv'd, though *Harris contradicted them* therein, and *himſelf alſo*.

And as for the other words of *ignorance and impudence*, you will the rather remit the *raſhneſs* and *ſeverity* of the expreſſion, ſince *your injuſtice* in ſending that *illegal Sequeſtration* of the profits of the ſmall Tithes of the Pariſh of St. *Buttolphs*, (to which I was Inſtituted and Inducted as Rector of *All-Saints* long before you were *quartered in Colcheſter* with your Brother *Compton's* Troop.

And therefore, if you *do me no good*, you *did ill cauſeleſly* to provoke me, and *in hopes* to do me a *miſchief*; you did *act illegally*, and *contrary to Law*.

And *all this* in favour of an *infamous Creature*, that had not the *docility* and *exactneſs of memory* that my *Parrot has*, for if ſhe could not have *more perfectly conn'd* and repeated the few words in the Declaration *more* exactly and *uniformly* than *he* did, and have learn't by *heart and off-book* in *half the time* he has had to *conne them* (and of his own making too) I would *pluck off her head*.

And do but think *impartially* with your ſelf what a diſparagement it is to *your judgment and skill in men*, not onely to *prefer to your favour* ſuch a Creature *before me*, but in *favour of him*, to endeavour by an *illegal Sequeſtration* to wrong me of my *right*, and ſo take what is *mine and give it* to him: you may do *lawfully* what you will with *your own*, but what have you to do (unlawfully) to *take mine from me* to give it *to him?* a Fellow that is not ſo good as a Chip in Broth.

I *never* was *nor ever will be* ambitious of a *Prelates favour* if I can but keep *out of their Clutches*, and out of *harms-way*, and keep them from doing me a *miſchief*, it is *all the favour* I ever expected, or *ever will expect* from them; you will not ſuffer me quietly to keep my *rights* to which I am *lawfully inſtituted*, which *wrong of yours* has *occaſion'd* all this ſtir; thus the *original ſin* is yours, but the *puniſhment* thereof is mine; there is no *conſcience* nor equity for it though; let me tell you, without incurring *your further diſpleaſure*, as hitherto I have, becauſe *I durſt be ſo bold* as a *worm*, namely *to turn again*, when *trod upon* by you, *againſt the law of the Land*; And becauſe of ſaying *this truth*, *and complaining* to you for remedy and crying out and *groaning*, when you preſs me *unmercifully*, as well as *illegally*; without *Compaſſion* as well as without *Law*, nay *contrary to Law*, Therefore you double my Preſſures——with——*more weight*——*more weight*.——

Firſt you *torment* me 'till I *groan*,
And then you *pinch me*, 'cauſe I *moan*.

And all this *you know to be true*, and yet your *heart* (I fear will be) *hardned* as much as ever, becauſe I cannot make *falſe ſubmiſſions*, and *confeſſions of faults* that were occaſioned by your own *Injuſtice* and cauſeleſs revenge, and default, (*to call it no worſe*)

If *ſuch* ſubmiſſion or *ſatisfaction* as becomes a *Gentleman*, or a *Chriſtian* to

pay

pay you, *will ſerve your turn*, you ſhall have *them chearfully* and readily, but *baſe Conceſſions*, againſt *Truth and Honour*, all the Prelats in Chriſtendom (*united*) ſhall *never extort from me*, uſe what Cruelties you pleaſe, or ſhew the World your *skill in Men*, *your Policy*, *and ſolidity of* your *Judgment* and diſcerning, in preferring *ſuch a Wretch* to my Eſtate, whom I doubt not but ſpeedily to convict of *Perjury*, (notwithſtanding all the aſſiſtance you can *give him*) and make an Example of ſuch an *Epiſcopal Tool*, of thoſe *Ears*, that can *hear more* than all the liſtening and *attentive Company*; and yet *ſo ſilly*, that he cannot *repeat thoſe ſhort words* twice together *uniformly*; who was alſo *prov'd infamous*, by his endeavour to cheat the *Earl of Lincoln*, *in hopes* of an 100 Guinies; and alſo by his *forſwearing* himſelf for the company of a *Wench*, and by being uſually a *Maudlin-Drunkard*; And this is *your Man*, (who you have in your great *Care of Souls*, in your *Judgment* and *Skill*, with *ſo much buſtle* and detriment to the *Pariſhioners*, preferr'd not only before me, but to my Rights in Law.

Well, *if nothing but ſuch Counſels ſtill* pleaſe you—Then ſtill, *go on*—and endeavour the ruin of *me and mine*; and yet with a *Corban or Anathema*, imagine to *atone* for the *unmercifulneſs*; go on—I ſay—thus with a *ſpice of Devotion*, in *pretence* to pleaſe him that hates *Robbery for a Burnt Offering*, and would not permit the *hire of a Whore*, nor the *price of a Dog*, to *enrich or adorn his Sanctuary*—but go on then—and under *colour of Law*, *or rigour*, *or ſummum jus*, make blandiſhments for *Cruelty and Revenge*, and cement *Paul's* with the briny-*Tears* of my *Widow and Orphans*—when you have buried me in a Jayl; nay, carouze *in their Tears*, and cry, *Huzza's* with jollity and full ſayls, fill'd with the Sighs and Curſes of thoſe you bereave, whilſt thus you endear and honour the Name of a Biſhop and Prelat; and by being a Promoter and a Striker, or Action-Driver, in Temporal in Spiritual Courts, ſtrike thus with your two-edged Sword, that cuts both ways, and meditate *to enrich your ſelf*; or, (to avoid that imputation) deſign or pretend to build *a Temple of Stones upon the Ruins of* (the living Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, and) *Temples of Bones*.

This Counſel, *(though it is miſchievous and fatal to you, and the worſt* you can take for your ſelf, *your Reputation*, and Honour, and *Profit* too; yet becauſe *pleaſing* to *Malice*, *Hatred*, and Revenge, 'tis poſſible *you may follow* it; but firſt judg how ſuitable it is to your Office and Family) or rather *this honeſt*, ſound, *honourable* and fair *Propoſal*: Namely———

That, ſince (of this *outragious Verdict*) you ſhall never have a *Farthing*, (though you perhaps may throw more *good Mony againſt bad*) nor any *mighty Credit*; becauſe it was the *Verdict of a Jury picked for the nonce*, and of Men that held *Commiſſions* only *ad nutum*, and good pleaſure of the Court, where you have great Influence at preſent. And ſince all you *can get*, *or ſhall* get—is my *Bones*—if you can *catch them*; — And perhaps you will *never catch them*,—nor will I ever *fly for it*, my Friends and Enemies ſhall *not ſo be quit* of me. — But if you do *get my Corps*,—it is but like the *arreſting of a*—*dead Corps*—ſometimes *(but rarely)* practis'd, and that *(only)* by inhumane *Creditors*—a *barbarity* that will *ill become* Biſhops *at this time of day*,—how *confident ſoever* they be, or may *flatter themſelves*.

Beſides, *ſince the Verdict*, and alſo *your Proſecution*, was expreſly againſt *the Word of God*, 1 Tim. 5. 19. which commands *(you eſpecially)* not to receive an Accuſation againſt an Elder *(older than your ſelf)* but under two or three Witneſſes: Here was *but one*, and an *infamous one*, and a Man keen with ſelf-

Intereſt and Pretenſions to the Profits of *my Benefice*; though moſt illegally, and an Intruder, and could not ſwear it perfectly neither.

For what Sir *Tho. Exton* (your other *precious Witneſs*) did ſay, the Judg declared, *it was nothing* to the proof of the Declaration; and therefore ought not to be accounted any thing to ſway the Jury, as to *finding for the Plantiff*, (whatever or however his Teſtimony, or my private Letters, might aggravate the Dammages) yet firſt the Declaration ought to have been *well prov'd*, (for 'tis not Scandal till communicated) before Men uſe to talk of Dammages: but it was ſo far from being *well prov'd*, that the (worſe than) *Parrot*, could *not ſay it uniformly* twice together, nor alike.

Nor did your other Witneſs, Sir *Tho. Exton*, get more credit amongſt *all ingenuous and unprejudic'd* Men, by making my *private Submiſſions*, and what I ſpoke *in Confeſſion* to him, (as an old Friend, and in mediation of Peace, and an Accommodation) a *publick Accuſation* and Aggravation; but, judg you, — how inhumane, *unchriſtian*—un-Knight-like, *un-Man-like*, and *ungentile* is it for a Man to be *treacherous, and make his Table a Snare?*—a Turk or *Bravo* (amongſt the Spaniards) that *live by killing* Men, will yet *rather die* than be *treacherous*, or, *betray any Man under colour of Friendſhip.*

Many that *hug* the Treaſon, *hate* the Traytor, and will be *ſhy of him*; at leaſt, they *ought to avoid* him, as an *Enemy to* all Society, *Commerce*, and Converſation, as a *Serpent in the Boſome*, or a Toad, or any *dangerous Villain.*

Good keep all good Men from *truſting to the Honour* and Ingenuity-Eccleſiaſtical, eſpecially that of *a Lay-Vicar*, (bleſs us! *from the Hermophrodite! or Church-Monſter!*) or—*Gray-Fryar*, as Sir *Thomas Exton*, *Doctor Exton* is, in one ſence.

It was an *Exton* too, that *treacherouſly and cowardly* came *behind* King *Richard* the Second, and murdered him with a *back-blow*, when his valliant Hands were buſied with three or four *Rogues more*, (he *killed one or two* of them tho!) before that *treacherous and cowardly Villain*—*Exton*—ſtrook him *behind*, and did his Buſineſs.

But, I ſend this to your Lordſhip, that you may *ſhow it to your two doughty Confidents and Witneſſes*, and Lawyers (if you pleaſe) as formerly; but *rather* as an Expedient to *acquit your ſelf, with Honour and Profit* to you (more than to my ſelf) from this *outragious Verdict* of a pick'd Jury, *ſingled out* by ſpecial *Order* of the Court of *King's Bench*, (I ſhall live *to thank them*); which Verdict, (notwithſtanding) with all your *Intereſt*, Friends, Power, and *Greatneſs united*, ſhall *never be worth one Farthing* to you, (I ſay it) *neither in Mony, nor Reputation and Honour:*

But, *on the contrary*, This *fair and equal* Propoſal, ſhall be *both*, certain *Profit* in hand, and as *certain Honour*; Namely—

That, *conſidering the Premiſes*, and the outragious Dammages of 2000 *l.* (if they had given you 40 *s.* all the unprejudic'd World would blame them on ſuch *an infamous ſingle Evidence, againſt ſo many* other Witneſſes, as well as *againſt God's Word*; and that 40 *s.* would have been *better for you*, in Mony and Reputation than the 2000 *l.*

For, if the Jury, *on a ſtretch*, did it to *vindicate your Honour* and Reputation, then they are guilty of the greater *Scandalum Magnatum*, to prize your Honour *but at two Thouſand pounds.* Thus they have ſet the price on't, *in full value in their Opinion*; for, as for Dammages (you ſuſtain'd) there was *none* prov'd.

The

The Propoſal *is this*, viz.

I Will pay you, *upon demand*, *ſingle Coſts*, (or, if you have the Conſcience to take it) *double Coſts*, as the Maſter *of the Office ſhall tax* them, (ſo you will be ſure of ſomething); And I *will alſo give you ſufficient Security* for the paiment of *whatſoever another Jury* ſhall give you upon *a New Tryal*, if the cauſe go for you.

Nay, to have an *equal and indifferent Jury*, I will give you *far more Advantage* ſtill; I will conſent, that you ſhall *chuſe what County in England*, *Eſſex*, *Middleſex*, *York-ſhire*, or where you pleaſe, for the *Venue*, and to try the Cauſe in, over again, *upon this* only *condition*, that the *laſt Pannels of Juries*, return'd the laſt Aſſizes, in other Cauſes, in *Niſi Prius*, in any County, *you* pleaſe, or *ſhall chuſe*, to draw any of them *by Lot*, not looking into them, 'till you (or ſome for you) have drawn and are *fix'd*: And let the Tryal be managed by what *Learned Counſel ſoever*, all *England* over, and *before what Judg ſoever* beſt pleaſes you, and I *will have no Aſſiſtance* in the management, (but as the laſt time) *God*, *and my ſelf*, and my Witneſſes, and the juſtice of my Cauſe.

And, if *you will not accept this fair*, this honourable, this profitable *Propoſal*, then conſider——*how loſt* will the Juſtice of your Cauſe be in the Opinion of all Men, nay, even in *your own* Opinion, if you be *afraid to try* another grapple, before an *indifferent and equal Jury*, not prepoſſeſt, not pick'd, not pack'd, not depending upon——to help you out with it.

And, though you have now given me *a Foyl*, you had twelve *ſuch kind of Men* to help you; but it will abate the good Opinion of your *courage*, the good Opinion of the *juſtneſs of your Cauſe*, even in *your own opinion*, if *you dare not*, upon ſo fair Terms, let go the *catching hold* you have got, and *take fair hold*, when you *may aſſure* your Mony, your Coſts, your Credit, and your Dammages, (all now deſperate) only by playing the Prize over again *once more* before indifferent and *equal Judges*; and you *ſhall have Mony of me* too *for playing* the Prize *again*, with a naked, ſingle, Prieſt, *friendleſs*, *helpleſs* (but) *not hopeleſs*, though *you are arm'd* with all your Power, *Friends*, *Riches*, (and conſequently) *Learned Counſel*, *High Places*, and Intereſt, and *fluſh'd* (alſo) *with your* late Victory and *Succeſs*.

I'le *venture all* I have in the World upon *this Conteſt*, if you will *ſtake an equal Gage*: What? *Shall ſuch a Man as I am* be run down with *one little*, *ſingle*, ill-*thriven*, infamous Prieſt, *againſt God's Holy Word*, *and ſo many ſubſtantial Witneſſes*; nay, a Prieſt that *cannot tell his own Tale off-book*, *with the* exactneſs, uniformity and *docillity of a Parrot?* The World cries *ſhame on't*, and of *ſuch a Jury*.

Nay, (further) I *here promiſe* that I will ſurceaſe the proſecution of that ſame *Harris*, in order to convict him of Perjury, 'till (*firſt*) this new Tryal be over, he ſhall have *his beggarly Ears a little longer* on this condition; That's ſome comfort for this *Epiſcopal Witneſs*.

Theſe are the *certain* Benefits and Honour you may be *aſſured of*, by *conſenting to a new Trial*: And if you do not conſent, I doubt not but the Judges will grant me a *new Trial*, whether you will or no, at the Term, upon ſuch Suggeſtions as I ſhall make to them, and upon ſuch Motives as *has been prevalent* with them in other Caſes; and why *I ſhould not have Juſtice*, nay, their *Countenance* too, *more than vile Extortioners*, Oppreſſors, or their Abettors and *Partakers*, I do not underſtand: I believe I ſhall *live to ſee the day*, that Judges

will value the Oath of a Judg, and have no reſpect of Perſons in Judgment, though never ſo great; (Oh! for Judg *Hales* at this day, and in this Affair!) or, *if they warp*, will *warp on the right ſide*, and countenance the innocent Sufferer for *telling Men of their Sins*, and not warp in *confederacy with the Sinners*, and grand Contemners of the King's Laws, who are *very ignorant*, or elſe, bold, *daring, and impudent*, to act ſo *contrary to Law*, in vile Extortions, *&c.*

At a fair Hearing, *my Lord*, you can *never juſtify the Wrongs* you have done me, in deſpight of his Majeſty's Laws, and God's Laws; (where is Mr. *Withins* with his dumb ſhows to give *Item* hereof?) His dumb ſhows could not keep him in the Parliament-Houſe from his Knees.

How can you anſwer the invading of my *Legal* Rights by an *Illegal Sequeſtration*, contrary to *Magna Charta*, and the *Petition of Right*?

How can you anſwer it, to *turn Promoter* in the Spiritual Court? Is it for a Biſhop to be a *Striker*, that is, an *Action-Driver* or *Promoter*? and to ſtrike with his two-*edged* Sword, and hack and hew both ways? as you have hack'd me in *Spiritual Court*, and *Temporal* Courts? *Ecce duo gladii!* The Popiſh-gloſs, ſays, *Temporal* and *Spiritual Sword*, but what is that to you?

How can you anſwer it, to vex me in deſpight of a *Premunire*, with Law-Suits, and Accuſations of Barrety, in the Spiritual Courts, (as you have done) in defiance of the many Statutes of *Proviſors*? Are you *above the Law*? are you indeed? we *will try that one day*: It is no *Scandalum Magnatum*, to ſay, that *greater Men than you* ever were (or ever ſhall be) have been glad *to kneel, and ſubmit their ſturdy Necks* to the Laws of *England*.

How can you anſwer it, to vex me in the Spiritual Court for Barretry, in thoſe very Inſtances, whereof I have been honourably acquit, upon a fair Hearing in *the Courts of our Lord the King*?

How can you anſwer it, as Promoter, to cite me, and proſecute me, in the Name of *Robert Wiſeman*, *Doctor* and Knight, or I *know not who*, from my Home, my Employment, my *Cure*, (that you ought to *further*, not *hinder*) and not in the Name and *Style of the King*, as enjoyned 2. *Edw.* 6. 1. a Statute that I doubt not but to make *good againſt you all*? and then, what will *become of you all*?

How can you anſwer it? when you were, or might be convinc'd at *the King's Head in Colcheſter*, that *Martin* and *Groome*, *&c.* your *Apparitors*, who forſwore themſelves againſt me, and againſt the Eccleſiaſtical Records and Regiſtries, *ſtill to countenance* the Proſecution? And when I was acquit (honourably) *ſtill to vex* me again, and *turn Promoter to plague me* for Crimes (of which I was prov'd Innocent, and to vex me in a Court that cannot take cognizance thereof, and *have incurr'd* the danger of *a Premunire*, for the vexation you have done me therein cauſeleſly, and for the illegal Proſecution? for you (as Promoter) *ſwore Witneſſes to thoſe Articles*; and cited I was, at your Promotion, to attend your Motions thereon, at *Lexden*; *Manent altâ mente repoſtum*, when time ſhall ſerve, you ſhall hear on't.

And when you had plagu'd me almoſt a Year with theſe Barretry-Articles, then they dwindled only to *Marriages without Banes*, or *not paying* your Regiſters, or your under-Officers Mony (as I uſed to do) for *Blanck-Licenſes*, or marrying *too cheap*, this is the worſt inconvenience thereof; and I think that I can prove that I have as *much*, *or more* Authority to give Blank-Licences, then *your Lay-Vicar*, Doctor *Exton*, or, your Lay-Regiſters; (a fine World!) when Matrimony muſt be the *Benefit of thoſe Gray-Fryars*, (inſtead of the Benefit of the Clergy) becauſe the *Hermophrodites buy their Places*, or hire them.

Beſides,

Besides, There is not a Minister in our Town, or (almost) in the whole Country but *does the same*, and why do not you turn *Promoter against them also*, if Justice be not only the *Pretence*, but malice, spleen and *revenge at the bottom*? why do you make *fish of one*, and flesh of another? why a Picque at *mee only*? or is it because *none* of them *had the Wit*, or at least, *not the Grace*, nor honesty, nor *courage* to discover the Ecclesiastical Corruptions, which you are too privy unto, and *ought to amend and not boulster* them up; I am ashamed ont; and so may others too in time, and of *such grand Partiality*.

Besides those *poor five couples*, which I am accused off, (for marrying *without Banes first* published in time of divine-service in the Parish-Church or Churches) is a fault *impossible to be avoided*; for else the couples could *never have been* (Legally and in strictness of Law) *marryed*, having no *Parish-Churches*, nor any divine-service at that time; and yet your Proctors in the Articles *swore* they were *high crimes*.

Oh! (*My Lord*) would you be willing *to be so serv'd*, and to be so *done by*, *as you have done by me* (to be plagu'd, vext and suspended of your Benefice and Office three years, for *transgressing the Rubrick* in the Common-Prayer-Book, which you so *dayly transgress* (as well as other Statutes) in *your Nonconformist illegal Confirmations*, and the like; which in time I can prove upon you, and not always *bear and bear* your blows, and be *alwayes Defendent*.

Or, *If I should be such a fool* as to give you 2000*l*. how can you in *Conscience or honour* take a penny on't, when you are *not damnified a penny*? Are men bound to *Repair* when there are *no Dilapidations*? which of your many High-Places or Preferments *have you* (thereby) *lost*, either Temporal or Spiritual? *what minute favour* of the King have you lost by this *Scandal, that had never been heard of*, if *Harris* had not broacht it?

What displeasure of the King or great men of the Realm have *you incurred* hereby? I know not what *you may do tho'*, by being *Unmerciful, Cruel, or Hard-Hearted in using* your power (quite contrary to the Apostles) and *abusing it* and your self——for *Destruction*, not *Edification*; you know not yet *how apt* mischief is *to rebound*, or the *Eccho* to tell *tales out of School* (as all *Eccho's* do) and of its *Fathers motions*, and ring all the Kingdom over, and make good the Proverb—— *Harm watch, Harm catch*— or *how you will answer it*, for your neglect of gathering the King's Tenth's, of fingring hoe; or, not returning the default, a *Peccadillo to your other Crimes* in this Letter minutely mentioned.

The greatest murthers (as that of *Naboth*) was done by *form of Law*, and *two sons of Belial* for false witnesses to prove the Declaration; but my 2000*l*. must go upon the Testimony of *one Son of Belial*; (fy on't *let's hear no more on't*) my hap is *harder then Naboths*: Robbers are nevertheless *Robbers*, though they have a *Vizard on*.

If you *will not consent* to a new Tryal, upon so profitable, so honourable and so advantagious Terms, *what will men think* and *say of you*? how will their *Jealousies of foul play* be Increased, when you dare not *let go this catching-hold*, and take *fair hold before equal Judges*; especially since this verdict as I am told by substantial witnesses) was discoursed upon the *Royal Exchange* before the Assizes, That the Jury would give a verdict for the Plantiff, and 2000*l*. dammages. *If this be so*, This is to *hang a man first* and judge him *afterwards*, which (if I prove to be true) how can *you or the Judges*, in *Justice* or *Hon-*

nour refuſe a new Trial, that will be ſo *profitable* to you, eſpecially if you conquer: whereas now you will get *nothing but my bones, which are old* and will do you more *harm then good*; you will wiſh you had not troubled your ſelf with them; they will prove as fatal *to you* as you can be fatal and miſchievous to me; (*if you do catch them*) and it will be ſome loſs of ready money to catch them; there will be *ſome craft in the catching* of them, I'le aſſure you, with all your power, and yet I will ſeldom be a Mile from your houſe, perhaps *juſt under your noſe*; muſt Men be run down with *one ſingle* Infamous, *Ill-looking*, Intereſted, *Ill-thriven*, Revengeful, *Beſhrimpen*, Forgetful, *Dull* Prieſt, in *defiance of Gods word*, and in defiance of the Teſtimony of *ſo many honeſt* and ſubſtantial Witneſſes, whom no *Temptation could corrupt!* never think on't, it cannot, it *ſhall not be*; yes! perhaps *you may get my Childrens beds from under them*, I know not how ſtony-hearted you will be; and yet (*I do*) in part.

Shall you *firſt occaſion all this by doing me wrong*, and ſending the wretch to *uſurp my Legal Rights* by *Vertue* (or *Vice* rather) of your *Illegal ſequeſtration?* muſt I *ſuffer for your* miſtake and ignorance at leaſt; (*if it be no worſe*) If it be no worſe, it muſt be through your *Ignorance* of my Title; and your proſecuting me for Barretry (as Promoter) in the Spiritual-Court, muſt be *through your Ignorance of the Law*, ignorance of the Statutes of *Proviſors* or worſe then *I*gnorance, for—*Ignorantia craſſa not excuſat*—— A Biſhop and a Privy Councellor (*above all others*) cannot, nay, *will not be admitted* to plead *Ignorance of thoſe Laws* that were made *on purpoſe againſt Prelatical Inſolence* and Uſurpations; for if your Proſecution was *Illegal, bluſh and repent at leaſt*, and make me *Reſtitution for being Promoter* thereof, if *Legal*, why did you *abandon it* and *durſt not mention it* in the Sentence? However, it is mentioned in the Proceſs, and you ſhall hear on't *all of you*, if I live.

Nor *can you plead ignorance of the fundamental*-Laws and Conſtitutions of the Realm, and *yet to commend, recommend in Print*, and in publick *diſcourſe* (*in* the preſence of the *Mayor and Aldermen* of *Colcheſter, at your laſt Viſitation*, kept at the *King*'s-*Head Tavern* in *Colcheſter*, and in preſence of *divers other witneſſes* and worthy Gentlemen) to ſeem to *juſtifie the Canons, and Conſtitutions of* forty; nay, the very *firſt and worſt of them*——that (fooliſhly as well as *falſely* aſſerts that) *the moſt High and Sacred Order of Kings is of Divine-right, being the Ordinance of God himſelf, Founded in the Prime-Laws of Nature and clearely eſtabliſhed by expreſs Text both of the old and new Teſtament*; (*Right Lambeth*——Arch-biſhop *Lauds* nowne ſelfe!)

The miſchievous and bloudy conſequents of this Doctrine is aboundantly diſcovered in my 2d. part of Naked-Truth, p. 7. which if you had *impartially* read, you and I had been friends not foes: And none of you (yet) did or have been *ſo bold as to anſwer it*, or attempt to confute, otherwiſe then by oaths of Eccleſiaſtical-fellows, Whiſpers, Cabals, Pointings, and Dumb-ſhows of Council to an apprehenſive Jury (to endeavour my ruin and how did you *quarrel me* at the ſame time at your *Viſitation* upon *this very conteſt*, ſhakeing your head, and ſaying, now you *begun to know me* (not for a Tantiviee, even! *Curſe ye Meroz* was a *true Engliſh-man*) but ſaid alſo (and if *you had not ſaid it*, this Letter might have been ſpared) that *you never deſired to ſpeak more with me*; yet you could *turn Promoter* againſt me in the Eccleſiaſtical Court, and defame me (to a perſon of Honour) as a Barreter, and *vex me and plague me with Actions* upon Actions (I never

was

was quiet one week *ſince that conteſt when you ſaid begun to know me*) Articles, Supplicavits, Libels, Informations, Verdict of your pickt-Jury *(much to your Honour)* Promotions, *&c.* But becauſe you ſaid *(then)* you *begun to know me*, you and the world have therefore (ſince that time) *known me better*, and do *know you better* too, upon that difference betwixt us, the riſe, *ground cauſe* and occaſion of all our *after conteſts*, and therefore you took my place of Surrogate from me, the next day, for I alſo *began to know you then* and was *more joyfully* diſmiſt in hopes that I and the *world may know you better*, and publickly renounce theſe Canons of 40. which you publickly commended particularly, that (which you *then juſtified*) the *firſt Canon* thereof, that ſame Arch—*Lauds* Canon, the *Sybthorpian* Canon, *away with them for ſhame*! *Manwarings Canon*; for our difference thereupon is a difference about *this moſt conſiderable point* (this day) *in the Kingdom*, a point *on which all Engliſh-men*'s lives, Eſtates, Liberties, their Children and their Wives, *does depend*; a point of *difference betwixt me and you and your convocation* and Canon of 40. which not a *Tory Jury*, but a *Parliament* had need to *decide*.

What? Ha? Is it come to this? *Is the boyle Ripe*, that has been ſo *long a breeding*? Is the *Puſh come to a Head*? 'Tis high time to *let out* the Corruption.

Behold the ghaſtly Cicatrizes ſtill! or rather wounds which were *(I thought)* quite cloſed, and muſt men rend and tear them open again *Impunè*?

'Tis true, Dr: *Laud*, *Sibthorp* and *Manwaring* got preferment by this *Tantivee* (*before they durſt make it a Canon*) *principle*; *Laud* was *Archbiſhop* and *Chiefe Minion*; But *Manwaring recanted* in the Parliament-houſe *upon his knees with Tears*, and was grievouſly Sentenc't, 4. Carol. 1. 1628. by *both houſes of Parliament*, to be firſt impriſoned (*the Biſhops could not help him*,) during the pleaſure of the Houſe. 2. He was fined 1000 pound (*that was not* 2000 *pound* to the King (and *yet his offence border'd upon* if it were not *quite Treaſon*) and the *Original-Riſe* of my offence, *onely my diſlike of ſuch villanous* and damnable Doctrines. 3. He was to make ſubmiſſion and acknowledgment of his offences at the Barr of the Houſe of Commons, *merciful Judges!* for the *Poyſon of this Doctrine of Devils* afterwards occaſion'd on one ſide our late bloody Civil-Wars; and muſt we recommend and Juſtifie at this time of day? is it come to that after ſo much blood-ſhed? an *aggravation*, an aggravation! as *Withins* ſaid,——remember 40. and the Canons of 40. as well as 41. or 42. when Arch——*Laud* loſt his head; and the King and Kingdom all moſt ruin'd, and dare any man publiquely be at it again, when His Majeſty has *ſo often declared* that he will *keep his Oath*, his Coronation Oath inviolably, when ſo *many Addreſſes has been made* to His Majeſtys thanking him that he promiſes that he will *not break* his Oath, nor rule us *arbitrary*; but as (we are) *Engliſhmen* and he a *good Engliſh King*; we do not live in *Turky*, *Muſcovy*, nor yet in *France*; How haſtily ſoever, and furiouſly ſome men drive Slaves and Sycophants that having no Children, *no Inheritance* nor poſterity, care not how they *ruine poſterity* to get a little preſent *paultry Preferment*, (the price of their flattering Souls) nay, they ruine themſelves by theſe Principles as well as endeavour to ruine the King and Kingdom; ſuch *plaguy Ear-wiggs* ought not to come near the King-ear, for they *wrigle in* infection what they can, bleſſed be God, His Majeſty is not capable of ſuch impreſſions; no thanks to Earwigs—(like other men infected with the Plague) they care not how

Manwarings ſentence.

1.
2.
3.

many

many they infect, when they themſelves have got the *Tantivee Sickneſs*, or, like Devils, care not how many they tempt to damnation, being themſelves condemn'd (the expreſſion is not harſh, better for men to be cur'd with *Ink* than a *Hatchet*) You have no better way to acquit your ſelf from Jealouſies and Fears, then by as *publick an owning of me*, as you have *publickly vext me ever ſince I ſpoke againſt your conſtitutions of* 40.

4. 4. *Manwarring* was to be ſuſpended for three years (gentle! moſt gentle!) and yet his crimes were more miſchievous and fatal then to marry people too cheap or without banes, or without a blank-Licence, (*meer Trangum's* for want of other faults, and thus it alwayes is, when men *are reſolved to find a hole in a man's Coat*, and rather then fail *they'le make one where* there is *none*, and then get *Procters*, *Apparitors*, *and Doctors*, *and an Epiſcopal-Tool*, *to ſwear in a willing Court*——Lo here! here is great holes! *High Crimes*!) whereas *Manwarings-Doctrine* and *ſuch like Doctrine* occaſioned the ruine of our flowriſhing Kingdom and Common-Wealth.

5. 5. He was diſabled to have any Eccleſiaſtical Dignity or Secular-office, (but *his fine was pardoned by King Charles the firſt*, and the Doctor *puniſht with the two beſt livings in England*, namely the Rectory of *Stampford-Rivers* in *Eſſex*, and the Rectory of St. *Gyle's in the Fields*, and had a diſpenſation to hold them both (do not *Tantivees* know *the way to the wood?* and the *way not to be plagued* with *Promoters*, *Biſhops*, Articles, Informations, ſuits, Supplivavit's, Declarations and outragious Verdicts, they are wiſe and know a *way worth two on't*; and willing to be of the Religion Mr. *Sheriff* is off, eſpecially if the Court do but command him, to *ſingle out* and eſpecial *Fury* for that very purpoſe and expedition.

6. 6. That he ſhall be for ever *diſabled to preach at the Court* hereafter: (*and* all *ſuch as he*, they might well have added (*all ſuch Sycophant Preachers* might well be ſpared, even *in Lent*, the very *Harveſt for Court Preachments*) all ſuch *Poyſon-Sellers*, that for miſchief might *out vye the Poyſoners of France.*)

But the beſt on't is our King (bleſſed be God) does not *overmuch heed vain Pulpiteers*, and does but ſmile when the *Bigotly feaver makes them talk idlely* and prate impertinently (like *the Gown Philoſopher Phormio*, that never ſaw a ſword drawn in anger, or (if *he did*) tremblingly *knockt his knees together*, and yet *the Fop* made bold to read *militia Lectures to Hanibal*——of the art of War.——)

No thanks (tho') to theſe *well-willers to the Mathematicks*; though wiſe Kings ſhut their Ears, or ſmile to hear a *pragmatical Coxcomb*, *or imboſt Bygot*, who mounted upon the *Stage* of the over-topping *Pulpit* (bleſs us!)

How liberally he flings about — *Have at all* within his reach — And is as *terrible as a French Miniſter* when he cockes his Beaver, looks grim, and lifts up his *threatning-Arm* heav'd up and *arm'd with a Geneva-Bible* —— *Gentlemen* —— look to your heads —— *look to your Hitts* —— *do not dop* your heads there —— *the man is n-t in earneſt* —— *Draw-can-Sir* means no harm, he may fright *Fools* and little *Bigots*; butcan not hurt them.

For his *Threats are as inefficacious* perhaps as the *Biſhop's-Benediction* — (of *Paris*) when the *flocking*-Beggars *beſet* his Lordſhips Coach, and *begg'd his Alms*; inſtead of *opening his Purſe*, though he was *cloſe-fiſted*, he *ſpread his empty Palms*, and laid them gently upon *each of their heads*, *muttering his ſet-form* of words, and gave them (inſtead of a *cardecu* or a *farthing* (*a piece*) which *they expected*, (to him) (or more readily come by, or always *readier at hand*) a cheaper Commodity) His Epiſcopal-Benediction.

At

At which *disappointment the sawcy* Beggars told his good *Lordship*, That if *his Bishoping*, or *Bishop's-Benediction*, had not been in his Lordships good Opinion *the cheaper* (if not) *the viler* Alms *of the two*, his Lordship would *not be so prodigal of it.*

The History does not say, whether they grew *stiff in the Knees ever after*, as not willing to kneel on the *cold hard Stones, or in the Dirt*, any more, for his *Lordships Benediction*.—But the *Parisians*, and jeering *nickering Shop-keepers*, smil'd to see the wretches *kneel so devoutly* for an Alms, and yet be angry when they thought themselves *disappointed and fob'd off with the empty Benediction of Lawn-Sleeves*, (I mean) that Popish Lawn-Sleeves, who smil'd in his Sleeves, and said—*Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*—as if he should say—*The World is a great cheat*—The *Knaves* cheat the *foolish* Bigots.

But if that *Parisian* frenchified *Bishop* had been forc'd by Law to give a *Souce* or a *Shilling* to every one he so *Bishop'd*, that as he pretended to *both the two Swords*, the Temporal and the Spiritual, *to do mischief* with, so he might be forced to *both the two Charities*, the Temporal and the Spiritual—*to do good with*—And be *constrained by Law* to be good in spight of his Teeth, as well as cruel and mischievous, and to be *as honest as the Publican*, that said—*Half my Goods I give unto the Poor*; and if I have taken any thing from any Man, *by false Accusation*, (*mark that*) lo! I restore him *four-fold*: And if the Bishop had so given the Poor their *old Moet*), and *Primitive share*, in his Mannors, Tithes, and Glebes; or, at least, let them go *Snips* with him, *in getting a Shilling for every time, and every Man, Woman, and Child, to whom he so liberally* (higgle-tee-pickle-tee, hand over head) *gave his Benediction*: I am of opinion, the *Popish Bishops*, whatever the *Protestant Bishops may*, would not *frisk so often about their Dioceses* in frequent *Visitations*, Procurations, Mony, more-mony, *Conferences*, &c. but rather shut up their Doors, and keep a *big over-grown Porter to keep out the crouding Votaries* from such Benediction.

However, the Office *of such a Bishop would be* (*then*) *good for something*, and they would be (giving *Twelve-pence a Blessing*) *spiritually and temporally charitable*; as now some are (with their two-edged Sword, Spiritual and Temporal) *most* troublesome and *mischievous*, (in *France*) by Suspensions, Silencings, Church-Censures, Curses, and Anathema's, and Mony—more Mony—Excommunications, Prisons, Jayls, *Hey-day!* for an *Apostolical Man, alamode de France!*

Come, my Lord—*open the Pulpit Doors of All-Saints again to me*, (or else I'le open them my self) which *with so much ado* you have *endeavoured to shut*, and exclude me, and bolt me out (*if you could tell how*) for a *Bibble-babble*—marrying *too cheap*, or not with a *Blanck-License* (as hundreds others do uncheck'd) therefore act not in *Revenge*, nor *partially*, in *devotion to your Registers*, that used you *unworthily*, (in many Mens Opinions) in *making a Promoter of you*, for the accompliishment of their *viler and baser Ends*: And let there be no more strife (*as Abraham said to Lot*) betwixt me and thee, betwixt my People and thy People, for we are Brethren—why should we *thus quarrel a days*, and thus *fall out by the way*—about your Registers, Blanck-Licenses, or Fees illegal—or Mony?—And a *little Mony has* (to my knowledg) *often taken up this Dispute* with them—: for you know—*Mony is all they aim at*, that buy their places, or hire them—you know it well enough;— or, if you do not, *I can tell you how, and where, and whom, and when.*—

And as for your *little Harris his Evidence*, (if it were true) consider *the first provocation you gave me, through your ignorance* of my Title to the Benefits of the small Tithes of St. *Buttolphs*; to *usurp which* from me *illegally*, you sent the *Creature with your Sequestration*; would you *be so done by?* or have your Superiors to take from you *your Rights*, and you must not speak for your self? and tell them, *they are ignorant* and mistaken in your Title; or, if you do—*slap*—says the Usurpur with an Oath upon you, and reports your words *in the worst sence, and another sence* than you spoke them.

For *Harris has not wit, memory, nor docility*, to repeat my words *twice together alike off-book*; and must I pay 2000 *l.* because he wants Wit or Grace? My Lord, *'tis hard!* you would say your self, if it were your own case.

Why should we make our selves *thus the Town-talk*, the *Kingdoms talk*, *the chat* of every *Ale-bench* and *Coffee-house?*

This might have been—*in time forseen*;—but you *did not know me, when you said you began to know me*; if you had, you *would not have ventured to attempt to—wrong me* of my said Rights, to please ten thousand such *as Harris, a little Minion*, that neither *you nor the Church* can have *any credit of*, more than of a little *Fucus*, good for nothing but to *paint your Cheeks* with a blush; and to say too late—*I had not thought. Better late thrive* (tho) than never.—I assure your Lordship (*as I did formerly*) I have not done *half my best*, (that is—*my worst*, as *you will call* it perhaps); and you will *find it true*, and the *Men of Doctors Commons* too, (*say*) I tell you so; whereas I, as I said before, do *lie on the ground*, and can *fall no lower*, I am *shot-free*; or, if with so much advantage of Power, and the outragious Verdict of your *Pick'd-Jury*, you hit my Body, yet you shall never *finger my Estate*; and my *old Corps* will but make you *sick of them*, and prove *fatal to you*, and *annoy you*, if you do catch them; extend then your utmost cruelty that your great Power or Revenge can contribute, yet *stony-heartedness* will bring *no other renown* to the *Bishop and his Clerks*, except the external blame and *fame of being mischievous* to all Posterity, by virtue of a single Oath of an infamous Wretch, that swore *for his own Ends*, against *all the By-standers*, and believed by a *Jury singled out for the Service*, against the *Word of God so expresly to the contrary*, as aforesaid; a *Bishop should not* countenance this; nor is *Scandalum Magnatum* an Offence at Common Law, but an Offence *only against* a Penal Statute, and the Penalty, Imprisonment (only) 'till the Author be found out—but the very words of 2. *Rich.* 2. are *scarce intelligible* in the last words; Yet, no Punishment of the Author is mentioned in the Statutes; and Penal Statutes ought to be taken strictly—and not extended to Dammages—(as the Lawyers have finely spun it out)—especially when *no harm have you received*, nor ever could, it *Harris* had not broach'd his own Lies, and *father'd his spurious* Brats on me—and I must be *charg'd* with them 2000 *l. thick*, *by false accusation*: Remember *Zacheus*, Luk. 19. 8.

But, not a Penny (*upon my word*) shall you get, except you will *consent*, as aforesaid, to a fair *new Trial*, by an *indifferent Jury*, empannell'd *in other Causes*, and not *pick'd for this Exploit only.*

This is not a Time (my Lord) for Bishops to rule *with a Rod of Iron*, and break Men in pieces *like a Potters Vessel*; Christ and his Apostles did not so.

This method might have done (simply tho) in *Queen Mary's days*, and in the *Inquisition* of *Spain*, and in *England too*, when the *High-Commission-Court* was up, but the *wringing of the Nose brought forth*

Blood—and the bloody and cruel Biſhops paid dear for it in concluſion—Mens Eyes are opened—*It is not to be done now* in *England*.——— If we may judg at the Minds of the People, more *by the laſt Parliaments, than the laſt Addreſſes*, (which I like well enough of); But were there not *as many*, and *as numerous* Subſcriptions to that Uſurper, *Richard Protector*, nay, more *zealous* Expreſſions and *Promiſes*?

But when he needed them, *not a Man ſtood by him*——I know the *caſe* is vaſtly *different*—but not *different in zealous Promiſes* and Proteſtations.

But as little Rivulets alter their Motions to *follow the great* Tyde—and the Stars obey the motion generally of the *Primum Mobile*, though they may have ſome little excentrick motions of their own: For, *whatever the generality of this Nation does affect or diſaffect, it ſhall become a Law*; (it is naked Truth).

Oh! but we have *a Law and Act of Uniformity*, and muſt not Laws be put in *Execution*? I anſwer—*No—not with partiality*—but either *hang all or ſave all*—either *puniſh all Nonconformiſts* or none——— make not *Fiſh of one*, and Fleſh of another—(ſay)—In your *Conſcience* and Honour, is *there any* Conſcience or *Honour* in this *Partiality*—Hang it—*It breeds ill Blood*———Shall a *Non-conformiſt-Biſhop* ſend Men to the Devil for *Non-conformity*? *Hey-day*—where live we?

Beſides, Cruelty, *Severity*, and Perſecution, does *ill become a Proteſtant* Biſhop; the Servant of the Lord *ſhould not ſtrive*——but with meekneſs inſtructing (*not Jayling, nor Curſing*) thoſe that oppoſe (*mark that!*) themſelves.

Should they (*indeed*) Curſe them, and Jayl them, and ſend them to the Devil by Excommunication, and *toſſing them* to the Magiſtrate, (as nimbly as if they were *but Tennisballs*, and *all this Racket* about a Moot-caſe, or, Mony matter) by *Significavits*, in order to Jayl them? And then the nimble Magiſtrate *toſſes them* to the Biſhop *again*?

As the *Juſtices of Middleſex* admoniſh or deſire you, in their late printed Declaration, to deliver Men to Satan by Excommunication, that ſo (*alſo and likewiſe*) they may *not be capable of ſuing* for their lawful Debts, nor be Competent Witneſſes, nor Jury-men, nor Teſtators.

This is no Perſecution to ſpeak of—but—except *death*—*what is worſe*?—Nay, 'tis worſe than Death to be thus us'd for a Bawble.

Time was when I writ—*Curſe ye Meroz*,—that I was *juſt of thoſe Mens ſcantling*,—And in this particular, had no *more wit than Sir* George Jefferies—who then admir'd my folly, (*for ſuch it was*) as all Men admire thoſe things *that fit their own ſize*, their pitch, and their attainment, their honour and their ſcantling.

But, I confeſs, my Lord, at that time, *I knew no better*, (How does Intereſt blind the Eyes of the wiſeſt?) 'till I conſider'd the *Golden Rule of our Saviour in this caſe*, of *doing as we would be done unto*; And how loth we ſhould be, that the rigour of Law ſhould be exacted for our Non-conformity, or—Premunires—And that *Empſon* and *Dudley* were hang'd for being ſo rigorous (againſt the general ſence) in exacting the penalty of *Statutes, in force too*: Some Juſtices (now) admire this Policy: *Hullou!* Let them go on—They got the Law in their own Hand.———

Time was, when I look'd upon all *Non-conformity*, to proceed from *Humour*, Frowardneſs, Self-conceit, or Deſign, rather than from *tenderneſs of Conſcience* (*the mock* of Atheiſts that *have none*) until I had impartially weighed their Arguments, which I could never (*as yet*) meet with any Man that was able to anſwer; *if you can*, you underſtand more than I.

No, not that Argument of *King Charles the Firſt*, mentioned juſt before the laſt Verſes of *my Black Nonconformiſt*—concerning *Conſcience*—*God's Throne*———And therefore refrain—Do not (*like the Giants*) attempt to ſcale Heaven—the *Babel is in vain to boot*—though *Pope and Devil*—*High-Commiſſion or Inquiſition* ſhould *confederate* againſt Conſcience (*God's Throne*) it is *hard* for ſuch Perſecuting *Saul*'s to *kick againſt the Pricks*.

Beſides the great Friend of Perſecutors (*innuendo*) the aforeſaid *Devil* uſually *leaves them* (as he does *Witches*) when he has brought them to the Gallows.----

I do not deſire you ſhould, in a ſowr humour——turn the Cordial Wine in this Letter to Vinegar, and cavil at it, as formerly, and make it my Accuſer; *but do*---if you have the *boldneſs*---for I will *juſtify it to a Tittle*; and that there is no *Scandalum Magnatum* in it, to any but the *Wicked*, who have moſt need on't, and therefore much *good may it do them*.

There is a Divine *Nemeſis*, a Divine Vengeance (the Heathens could ſay) that purſues *bloody and cruel Men*---they *ſhall not live out half their days*; like that Heathen *Adonibezeck* (I ſhall live to hear them ſay) *As I have done, ſo God hath requited me*.

And, my Lord, you have not ſuch Enemies under Heaven (*in time you will believe me*) as theſe *Eccleſiaſtical Fellows that egg you on*, and hearten you on to ſtalk as their Promoter, for their own little, and *baſer Ends* and Gain, (in their *dear-bought* Offices and Places) to theſe *harſh Methods*, ſo *below the dignity* of a Biſhop—ſaying—*What will become of Diſcipline*? what of the Church? *Fie on them!*

What care they *for Diſcipline*? that (as well as they love *Mony*) *coine but little out of Whores* and Rogues, Swearers, Drunkards, Tories, and Blaſphemers; except of a *poor Whore now and then*—but *Mony* will redeem or buy off a white Sheet.

But, if there be a *conſciencious Non-conformiſt*---they coin *him preſently*---or---if he will not down with his Duſt---and ready Darby---then *curſe him and Jayl him*.---Brave doings! and yet what Wretches in *England* are greater contemners of the King's Laws than they? or, greater Oppreſſors?

And how can you anſwer it, to talk of Diſcipline and Excommunication, and be a Promoter,----and yet not *deliver theſe Fellows to the Devil, amongſt other vile Sinners*? What has the Houſe of Prayer to do with a Den of Thieves?

For ſhame! *for ſhame!* for ſhame of the World, and ſpeech of People, *abhominate this Partiality*, or, pretend to no Diſcipline at all. The very *Heathen Romans* did ſo hate Partiality, that *Brutus* ſacrificed his Son to Juſtice: And ſhall a Chriſtian, nay, a Proteſtant, nay, a Proteſtant Biſhop, be guilty of *Partiality*? and *draw his* two-edged *Sword againſt ſome Diſſenters*, and ſome Non-con's, and ſome that marry without Blanck-Licences or Banes, and yet connive at others; nay, at the impudent contempt of the King's Laws, in Extortions and Oppreſſions, and illegal Fees, of his *own Servants* and Officers juſt in his Eye, and under *his Noſe*?

It admits no Anſwer---*no Cavil to evade it*---A *Prewunire* is not harſh for *harſh Men*, and partial and unjuſt

unjuſt, cruel Men. *Auguſtus* (buſy to reform the State) bluſht when a Peaſant bid him go home and reform his own Houſe firſt, his Wife and Daughters, being the veryeſt Whores in *Rome*. Whoſe Vices? what Sins? what Oppreſſions does your Diſcipline-mongers correct? no, not their own; good doings the while —— when Vice corrects Sin — nay, it does not that neither —— if there be Friendſhip, Tory-ſhip, Tantivee ſhip, or Mony in the caſe —— Rare Diſcipline! —— Let me hear no more talk of Diſcipline, except it were better. Where does one (of all the Whores in *England*) ſtand in a white Sheet for lying in polluted Sheets; are they *amicæ Curiæ*.

Beſides, Tho to me it ſeems improbable, that ever Popery ſhould be the State-Religion, yet it is poſſible that it may be ſo, and then —— by this Act of Uniformity-Principle, we muſt all be Papiſts or Martyrs —— Then I think *we have uniform'd finely*, and have made a fine Scourge for our own Backs —— And well may the *Inquiſition-men ſtop our Mouths* with our own Arguments, and Methods unanſwerably, with —— *Out of thine now Mouth will I judg thee, thou wicked Servant*——

But, all this while, I had almoſt forgot our old Friend Mr. *Manwaring and his Sentence* —— which was.——

7. That his ſaid Book was worthy to be *burnt*; and that his Majeſty may be moved to grant a Proclamation to call in the ſaid Books, that they may be *all burnt accordingly*, in *London*, and both the *Univerſities*, and for inhibiting the printing thereof upon a great Penalty.

This was a true *Engliſh-Parliament* — in 28, and not that of 40, nor 41: 41 as the raſcally-Hireling Pamphleteers thunder it, Slaves like *Eſau*, that vilely ſell their Birth-rights. And all the Addreſſers in *England*, can never chuſe other than true Engliſh-men to defend their Liberties, their Lives, their Eſtates, their Children and their Wives (baſely ſold by Penſioners formerly) — tho the Tantivy-Slaves little deſerve ſuch a Parliament. *England* is not frenchified, nor ever will, never think on't, they'll dye (firſt) a thouſand Deaths, if poſſible: Men may as well talk of —21, — and 28, — and 71, — or — 91, as 41. For when we are dead, our Children will be true free-born Engliſh-men (and ſo dye) if they be not Baſtards.

Now, my Lord, compare the Crimes of the *Laudian-Convocation of* 40, (for which yon do ſo ſtickle, and hate me, and vex me ever ſince I oppoſed them) Canon 1. with the Crimes of *Manwaring* charged upon him in Parliament by Mr. *Rous*, namely, a *Plot*, and practice *to* altar and *ſubvert the Frame* and Fabrick of this *Eſtate and Common-wealth*.

1. In labouring to infuſe into the Conſcience of his Majeſty (*Oh! may ſuch Ear-wigs never now come ſo near him!*) the perſwaſion of a Power not bounding it ſelf with Laws (the very Crimes charged againſt Duke *Lauderdale* and the E. of *Danby* by the Loyal Long-Parliament) they ſate never the longer for that tho) But what cat'd they? which King *James* of famous Memory, calls in his Speech to the Parliament; Tyranny, yea, Tyranny accompaned with Perjury. (*where is your* Jus Divinum *now, my Lord? and your Prime-Law?*) In your Conſtitutions of — 40: See the Articles and Impeachment of Arch-biſhop *Laud*.

2. In endeavouring to perſwade the Conſcience of the Subjects, that they are bound to obey Commands illegal; yea, he damns them for not obeying them (*vide your Can.* 1. *of* 40, *to the ſame tune.*)

3. In robbing the Subjects of the Propriety of their Goods, (*vid.* the Proceedings twelve Years together, from 28 till 40, whilſt Biſhop *Laud* was a Minion and a Privy-Counſellour) in *Loanes* (you may call them Gifts, for they were never repayed, *Ship-money*, *Cuſtoms*, and ſuch like) If a High-way-man ſay, with Sword in hand, Come — Friend, I muſt borrow your Purſe, we had as good give it him as be cut.

4. He brands them that will not loſe this Propriety with moſt ſcandalous Speeches and odious Titles, to make them both hateful to Prince and People; ſo to ſet a Diviſion between the Head and the Members, and between Members themſelves, (*and how like*, my Lord, *are your Proceedings againſt me ever ſince you* (ſaid) you begun to know me, when I ſpoke againſt your *Canon and Conſtitution of* 40. How have I been vext and plagu'd *ever ſince*, a Martyr for the Publick-weal) againſt your Canons of 40, by your Promotions, Citations, Proceſſes Eccleſiaſtical, *about Fiddle-ſaddle*, Suſpenſions, Excommunications, except I would pay a Guinny, (*which I did*) Suits, Articles, Libels, Actions, Informations, *Whiſpers to Judges and Great Men*, Supplicavits, Informations in the Crown-Office, Defamations as a Perſon convicted of Perjury, Declarations, and now, an outragious, and convicted Verdict of 2000 *l.* And yet, (for God's ſake) *what one Evil have I done?* or, who ſweats againſt me, but the for-ſworn Rogues, *Groom, and Martin, your Apparitors, ſix Proctors*, Harris *and* Exton, *all Eccleſiaſtical Fellows?* And yet here's *no Plot* (*belike*) againſt *my righteous Name and Reputation*; I *never was quiet* one whole week together *ſince that fatal time* that your Lordſhip *begun to know me*; Know me! *for what?* for what? *for what you ſhall know me till I dye*, (againſt your *Lambeth*-Canons of 40) a true free-born Engliſh-man, that hath a luſty Poſterity, and Eſtate for my Heirs; and Heirs for my Eſtate (*if I can but keep it out of your Epiſcopal-Gripes*) and I'le gage all I have (chearfully) upon *this Quarrel* and Difference, the *true cauſe of all our Differences* ever ſince, and more fit to be decided by a Parliament, than a Tory Jury, pickt and ſingled out. If I had ſaid, as you ſaid, and as the *Convocation of* 40 ſaid, and as the Poor *Clergy* (*then preſent*) durſt do no other than ſay, It had been 2000 *l. in my way*, and a better penny, the Canons of 40. with a Curſe and miſchief attending them. But no Bribes can tempt me, nor Fears appale me; as the Cardinal told the Pope of *Luther* when he refuſed a Cardinals Cap, --- *Germana illa beſtia non curat aurum*: Therefore keep your Gifts to your ſelf, and your Threats too, and reſerve your High-Places and Preferments for *Tantivies*, I am none; nor for Threat or Money to be made a Slave, or a *Traitor to the Fundamental Laws* and Conſtitutions of this Kingdom; and this, as Mr. *Rouſe* ſtiled it, to the Speaker without Rebuke, *This State and Common-wealth*; not unlimited and abſolute Monarchy, but bounded within Laws; not by prime Law of Nature, nor by expreſs Texts of Holy Scripture, as falſly, Can. 1. of your Conſtit. 40. but by human Bargain, Compact and Stipulation, contracted and agreed unto betwixt the King and his People.

5. To the ſame end, not much unlike to *Faux* and his Fellows, he ſeeks to *blow up Parliaments*, and Parliamentary Powers. God grant there be *no ſuch Villanies alive at this day!* No ſuch privy Earwiggs — nor therein Succeſſors of *Laud*. One would think a Bible ſhould better become Biſhops, than unhinging of Governments and Fundamental Laws, that the Sycophants have no skill in, thus — unlike Apoſtolical-Men — and leaving the Word of God to ſerve *Tables*: *Acts* 6. 2, 4. nay, leaving it to do Miſchief and get the Kingdom's Curſe, and ſometimes a Block for their Pains, and unſuitable *Alotrò-Epiſcopal Miſchief*. *Hamlet*, King of *Denmark*, was poyſoned and kill'd, by Poyſon poured into his Ears as he lay careleſly and ſecurely,

and supinely sleeping by his false Friends and Sychophants. We are told this day by *Nat. Tompson*'s Intelligence [Numb. 134.] that *John Wolf* [I do not know whether your Lordship ever heard of him or no] that notorious *Pick-pocket*, when he was [on *Saturday Feb.* 18 Instant] at *Salisbury*, drawn to Execution, confessed that he had pickt Pockets at St. *James*'s Chappel, at the time of receiving the Sacrament, *&c.* God bless us from *Church-Pick-Pockets!* Amen.

Thus [saith Mr. *Rouse* to the Speaker] you have heard the Voice of the wicked one—*Judas* (*quid dabitis?*) what will you give me? [two good Livings and Preferment and Favour, Tantivie] And I will betray this State, Kingdom, and Common-wealth.

And observe how *Manwaring* nickt the time for rendring this damnable Doctrine, namely — in the Heart of the *Loan*, and printed in the Term that ended in a *Remittitur*. So that you might guess [saith he] there might be a double Plot —— [namely — at *Westminster-Hall* as well as in the Pulpit at *White-Hall*] by the Law — and Conscience to set on fire the Frame and Estate of this Common-wealth, was Mr. *Manwaring* —— [just such another Man as he that justifies the Canons and Constitutions of 40? well — he got Preferment by it, but it was *his ruine*,] as well as the like Doctrines the *ruine* of this Kingdom and Common-wealth.

And by his Divinity [saith Mr. *Rouse*] he [*Manwaring*] would destroy both King and Kingdom: [mark that] the King, for there can be no greater Mischief, than to put the *Opinion of Diety* — [whose Will is a Law] *into his Ears*: [yet how ignorantly and impudently, by that *Lambeth-Synod*, attempted in that *Can.* 1. of the Constitutions of 40, from, falsely pretended express *Divine* Scripture: Will Men never take warning?

For if [continues Mr. *Rous*] from the King's Ears, *it should have passed to his Heart*, it had been *Mortal*: you know how *Herod* perished: [I may add, you know how King *Hamlet* perished and died by this Ear-Poyson] Will Men never take warning?

King *Alexander* the Great, well answered his Sycophant Courtiers, that Diefied him ——. He that empties my Close-stool, is not of your Opinion; nor did the Wenches that lay with *Jupiter* and *Hercules* think them to be Gods; or, but very lustful, beastly, Goatish Gods. *Jupiter* appeared to *Io* more like a Bull than a God.

Now [continues Mr. *Rous*] this Man [*Manwaring*] gives *Participation of Omnipotence to Kings*: tho a Part may seem to qualify, yet all doth seem again to fill up that Qualification, and very dangerously, if we remember, that God saith of himself, *I am a jealous God.*

He goes about *to destroy* this Kingdom and Common-wealth *by his Divinity*. But do we find in Scripture such a destroying-Divinity? [*yes, yes, if we believe a whole Synod, and believe the Constitutions of* 40, *my Lord*, mischievous Canons of 40, I may well say, and so may all mine, and this poor Kingdom too, ruined and undone by such Synchophant-Tantivee-Doctrines.] Surely I find there [namely in Scripture continues Mr. *Rous*] that God, is the God of *Order*, *and not of Confusion* ——and that the Son of God came to *save*, [mark that — *my Lord*] and not to *destroy*. By which it seems he hath not his Divinity [mark that too — my Lord] from God, not from the Son of God —— And that we may be sure he went to Hell for his Divinity, he names sundry Jesuits and Friars, with whom he hath consulted (mark that too) and traded for his Divinity. But not to be-ly Hell it self; the Jesuits are honester than He [mark that too] for if he had not brought more Hell unto them, then he found with them, he had not found this Divinity in them, which he hath brought forth; yea, in his Quotations he hath used those Shifts and Falshoods, for which Boys are to be whip'd [mark that too] in Schools, and yet by them he thinks to carry the Cause or a Kingdom, [mark that too, my Lord] you see the Ground and Occasion of this — Difference betwixt your Lordship and my self [begun in the Presence of Mayor and Aldermen of *Colchester*] is not private Piques, but an adjudged Case long ago — in many Parliaments, and called in 1628, in Parliament, *The Case of a Kingdom*; and so it is, and will be —— See the Book called, *The Loyalty of the last Long-Parliament* — wherein, tho there was a long Bill of Pensioners (who may yet live to be hanged, for it is far worse than robbing by the High-way) said to be found amongst them, such as the Treasurer had gratified with two hundred thirty one thousand six hundred and two Pounds in two Years time —— (Oh liberal! on a poor Kingdom's Stock, and so empty an Exchequer — as the Widows and Orphans howl!) Yet the major part of the Parliament did, and for ever will continue true English-men to the ancient Constitution and Frame of — Government, and the Fundamental Laws — (the Scoff of Tories and Tantivies.)

This Loyal Long-Parliament plainly told the King in their Address against Duke *Lauderdale* — *Feb.* 23. — 75. (not 41 nor 40.) that he was abused — saying — Some Persons in great Employment under your Majesty, have fomented Designs contrary to the Interest of your Majesty, and People, intending to deprive us of our Ancient Rights and Liberties, that thereby they might the more easily introduce the Popish Religion, and an Arbitrary Form of Government (well coupled in troth — Papist and Tantivie — together) to the ruine and destruction of the whole Kingdom, *&c.* (then particularizing) The Duke of *Lauderdale*, did publickly affirm in the Presence of your Majesty sitting in Council (I am apt to think your Lordship heard him) and before divers of your Majesties Subjects then attending, that your Majesties Edicts ought to be obeyed — for your Majesties Edicts are equal with Laws, and ought to be observed in the first place. — Thereby justifying the said Declaration (of *March* 15, 71.) and the Proceedings thereupon, and declaring his Inclinations to Arbitrary Councels, in terrour of your Majesties good Subjects.

They conclude thus — We do therefore in all Humility implore your Sacred Majesty — That for the ease of the Hearts of your People, who are possest with extream Grief and Sorrow to see your Majesty thus abused and the Kingdom endangered; that your Majesty would graciously be pleased to remove the said Duke of *Lauderdale* from all his Employments, — *&c.*

Wherein, if his Majesty has gratified his People to ease their Hearts from the said Terrour, your Lordship knows better than I.

And in their Addresses against the King's Declaration of Indulgence — they tell his Majesty plainly, but with all Humility — That Penal Statutes in Matters Ecclesiastical (mark that) cannot be suspended but by Act of Parliament —— and yet some Judges have been of another Opinion, (I know who, and where, and when, when time shall serve.)

And tho his Majesty tell them in answer — That they question his Power in Ecclesiasticks, which he finds not done in the Reign of any of his Ancestors.

This

And in fine —— His Majesty did defert the misinformations of Earwigs, and adhered (as most safe) to his great Councel of Parliament, and did cancel that Declaration —— (notwithstanding the suggested-Power in Ecclesiasticks) and declared it should be no President for the future. Let no man dare make any such suggestions for the future, and may such Earwigs also be banish't to any part of Earth, or into the Earth —— rather than thus to plague a King and Kingdom at this rate, in all Ages, and vex and grieve his Sacred Majesty and his *Parliaments* —— what a pother and a doe have *Parliaments* had with these Tantivies in all Ages? And how ruinous and ruful were the Consequents —— I know not whither you —— my Lord, can remember, But —— I can, by woful expeperiment —— you said you begun to know me —— now you know me better, and I know you in part —— I hope I shall know you better; the onely design of this *Letter* ——

I wish *Synods*, and *Lambeth* Convocations, and Bishops would keep to their Bibles, and mind their own business (work enough, in conscience, for 1000 Bishops in *England* if they would stoop to be Conformists to the Act of Uniformity, and more than a thousand Bishops can legally perform, if there were so many in *England* (for there was a greater number in a far less spot of ground in *Africa*, Contemporaries with S. *Austin* the Bishop of little *Hippo*, that was never so big as *Islington*) which is not impossible; nay —— if we had a thousand Bishops in *England* they could not at all do —— the confirming work alone —— let alone the Work in the House of Lords, and at the Councel-Board, and their promotions at *Doctors Commons*, and ther Actions, Suites, and Declarations and Libels, as Action-drivers and Promoters, and Visitations, and vexations) of ruinous consequence to the Projectors as well as to the Kingdom) such as the Tantivie Doctrine of *Manwaring* and little *Laud* —— that had better minded his Book, his excellent Book against *Fisher* —— then to turn Politick-Engineer, and Master-Gunner in planting of Canons against the Fundamental Laws, that such Tantivies are not skill'd in —— but if they read but of a King in Scripture, though it be *Rehoboam*, (that Fool) or *Cæsar* (that Heathen) then Heysday! —— for the Pulpit —— or the Synod —— Hey for *Lambeth* and the Canons of 40.

But, you will say, what have I to do (a Priest also) with these State-matters?

To which I answer. 1. These State-matters (improperly or foolishly handled by your Tantivee-Archbishop *Laud*, and your Tantivees (Bishops that would have been) *Sybthorp* and *Manwaring*) and by your Tantivee *Canon.* 1 of the Constitutions of 40 was by you justified in your publick Visitation, and before the Mayor and Aldermen of *Colchester*, and the greatest part of the Gentlemen of the Town and Clergy of that Precinct; and for you boldly to recommend or justifie this Tantivie-Canon 1 of the Constitutions of —— 40 —— I know not whether all the Clergy you have, or any Friend in *England* would have thus adventur'd —— *suo periculo* —— to awake you out of this *Tantivee-dream* —— in which, as in the old disease (the Plague of *English-men*, and of *English-men* only) called *Sudor Anglicus*, or the *English-sweating-sickness*, if you sleep in it, 'tis mortal, if you had a hundred thousand lives; and I think you are beholden to me, above all mankind, him that you have thus vext above all mankind, for nothing but the cause —— the cause of the Kingdom —— the cause —— and *Fundamaentl-Laws*, scoff't at and derided by none but *drunken Tories*, and Sack-posset-Tantivies that cry —— *brother* —— let me pledge thee —— Brother *Sybthorp*, Brother *Two Livings* Brother *Manwaring*, Brother *Arch-Laud*; they will be loath to follow him though at the long run, and latter end —— But it is that we must all come to — If we be *Tantivees* —— therefore as you love your self, my Lord, and me —— Let me hear no more —— in my part of *Essex* —— any more *Commendations*, *Justifications*, *Aggravations*, or *Recommendations*, of this ignorant *Synod*, and *Tantivee-Convocation* —— of *Lambeth* —— in their *Constitutions* of —— 40 —— nor of any such *Synod-men*, that were never lick't into Form-Political; let them tell *Sacred Stories* of God and Christ —— I but no more *Politick Canons* of — 40. against the Fundamental Laws —— if you love me, or my betters, (*innuendo*) your *Lordship* for one.

2. This *Politick-Lecture* of *State-matters* begun by you and your *Lambeth-Synod* has been a Plaguy-vexation to our *Kings* and *Parliaments* in all Ages —— read the *History* of the *Barons* Wars in King *John*'s Reign —— *Hen.* 2. *Hen.* 3. The *Edwards* —— The *Richard*'s, the *Henry*'s —— I had almost said —— The *Charle*'s. By what I have said, you read the said *Bickerings* in the Reigns of King *Charles* I. and our present Soveraign King *Charles* the II, and His *Loyal House of Commons, then which never any King was more Happy than He in that* —— yet (though) chosen in a time of Languishing Expectation, after the *Profits* and *Benefits* of a King (which we had too long wanted) they were *English-men* still —— And he's an Ass that expects a fitter juncture or more auspicious Election —— for the choice of *Parliament* to carry on any Designs but what are *Catholick*, and according to the *Good Old Cause* — I mean the *Fundamental Laws* — which not a few swearing and beggarly Pamphleting Tories, and unthinking and very impudent *Tantivees*, and withal very ignorant, are able to defeat, though they draw down

their *Canons* of 40.——which I thought had been nail'd and damn'd, and ram'd 40. years ago, by the *Tories* Themſelves and *Tantivees*, to whom they prov'd ſo fatal—— will men never take warning? muſt *Parliaments* always be plagu'd with theſe *Earwiggs* and *Tantivees*? Flaterers and Court Sycophants, and *Blaſphemous Inſinuators* of *Divinity* into *Humanity* by a moſt *Atheiſtical Invention* of a New *Hypoſtatical Union*———But the Holy Trinity admits no Partners, though the Prieſts teach us, or inculcate never ſo villanouſly, traiterouſly, falſely, illegally, unſcripturely, irrationally, or blaſphemouſly. It is a high ſhame, that's the truth on't, that ſuch *Tantivee-Doctrines* ſhould thrive---and ſuch as ſtand up for the *Ancient Laws* and *Liberties* muſt ſuffer above all others: 'tis a ſhame, power ſhould be thus abuſed (like a ſilk worm) to ruin and conſume it's ſelf to bedeck worſe Vermin--'tis a ſhame--I will not venture to ſay any more———but draw a Curtain over ſome mens ſhame, becauſe I will not ſhow--all--their Nakedneſs———I forbear———my Lord, I have done---And leave you to think ſadly to think (and with ſorrow (I hope) and repentance too) for juſtifying this firſt *Canon* of the *Conſtitutions* of 40. thoſe *Chequer-works* of different Hue-- black and white--good and bad--- eſpecially the Firſt of them--*nigro carbone notamur*-- let you and I remember that Firſt fatal *Canon* of the 1. of the *Conſtitutions* of 40. that has been ſo mortal already, and will ſtill prove (without very timely and immediate Repentance) baneful to one of us, or rueful to both of us, or to this Kingdom, State, and Common-wealth.

But ſtill you will object-- what have I to do to diſcuſs theſe State-matters, fit chiefly for a *Parliament*? I anſwer-- That you have given the occaſion (the ſad occaſion) It now becomes me, and becomes neceſſary what before had been as impertinent as for a *Biſhop* or *Synod-man* to meddle in the State-affairs.

But 2. Do you compare my *Skill* or *Learning* or *Underſtanding* in *Laws* and *State-matters*———with meer Caſſock men, meer *Synod-men*, that never yet were lick't into other Form or Faſhion, than their own *Tantivee Will* and *Inclination*---undiſciplin'd, unrefin'd in Judgment, by the ſtudy of the Law of the Land, the ſtudy of men, and the *Laws* and *Tempers* and *Conſtitutions* of *Forreign Kingdoms*, more whereof I have ſeen than ſome *Tantivee Circingles* ever read off (in *Heylin*'s Geography, if they have it) And do you compare my *Knowledg-Salt-water-Souldiers* Knowledg in *State-matters*, Do you compare us that have been Souldiers (at leaſt on this ſide the Water in times of *Peace*) with meer *Caſſockmen*? I Hope there is no Compare, at leaſt the Compariſon is as odious, as groundleſs.

But, I had almoſt forgot the Provoſt of *Eaton*, where I left him (Mr. *Rous* to the Speaker) ſaying—

For a Concluſion, to give you the true *Character* of this man (Dr. *Edward Manwaring*) whom I never ſaw, I will ſhew it you by one whom I know to be contrary to him---*Samuel*-- (we know all to be a true Prophet, now we read of *Samuel*-- that he writ the *Law* of the *Kingdom* in a Book, and laid it up before the Lord. And this he did as Mr. *Manwarings* own Authors affirms--*That the King may know what to command, and the People what to obey.*

But, Mr. *Manwaring*, finding the *Law* of this *Kingdom* written in Books, tears it in pieces, and that in the preſence of the Lord (*right Tantivee*) in a Pulpit, that the King may not know what to *command*, nor *the People what to obey.*

Thus Mr. *Manwaring* being contrary to a true Prophet, muſt needs be a falſe One, and the Judgment of a falſe Prophet (*mark that*) belongs to him.

I have ſhewed you an evil Tree, that bringeth forth evil fruit, and now it reſts for you to determine, whether the following ſentence ſhall follow, *cut it down, and caſt it into the fire.*

Thus have you ſeen, my Lord, what a Pother and a do, theſe Clergymen have made in the Kingdom, how Parliaments have been plagu'd with theſe *Tantivee-Jehu*'s, (nay Kings moſt of all, and themſelves alſo) the *Raſh Phaeton*'s ſetting the world in a flame by ambitiouſly mounting and driving *ſwitch* and *ſpur*, *Gallop* and *Tantivee* in a Chariot they have Pride to mount, but no skill to drive, findging and burning themſelves to boot in flames of their own kindling.

In your next Viſitation, I hope, we ſhall hear no more of theſe Canons and Conſtitutions of-- 40— I wiſh it for my own ſake, that would avoid all occaſions of Conteſts, Differences, Suits and Diſputes with all meu, more eſpecially with you, but I wiſh it alſo more for your own ſake, you will moſt repent it in Concluſion, if it take Air, and be nois'd abroad ſo loud, till it come to the Ears of the King and Parliament, (*when we get one*) His Majeſty has promis't his Subjects frequent *Parliaments*; the Fundamental Laws; which whoſoever attempts to undermine, and liker another *Faux*, to blow up, it will be his ruin, and fall heavy on his head.

Better leave no Lands, no Fields to our Heirs, than *Akeldama*'s only, or Fields of Blood; or elſe in baſe Tenure, at the Will of the Lord——much worſe, at the mercy of every Court Sycophant that may well beg us and our Eſtates for Fools, if we be willing to part with our Fundamental Laws for *Manwaring*'s Sycophantry, or, your ſo magnified Can. *I.* of the Conſtitutions of——40.

And

And,in your next Visitation, not my Sufferings will so far daunt the *English-Clergy*,but that they will remember,they are *Englishmen*,not *Scots*, nor *Irish Tories*,nor *Lambeth Canon-men*, especially when their Eyes are a little more opened with more *Naked Truth*— for *Magna est veritas & prævalebit*, Men will not long be blinded (under pretence of Loyalty)to abuse the King,the Constitutions of the Kingdom and themselves and their Posterities; nor be willing to bold their Liberties, their Estates, their Lives, their Wives and their Livings *ad nutum Episcopi*, no, nor *ad libitum Regis*, but *ad libitum Legis*. Oh vile Slaves! willing by cowardly Pedantry or ambitious Sycophantry to be Hoodwink't,and led by the Nose to a certain *Precipice* and ruine,or,to have a Ring put through their Nose,and led about like Bears for Sport,or, Collars about their Necks,because enamell'd perhaps,or made of Silver —— and snapping and biteing and snarling at him above all others that would take the Collars off,wnuld unringle them,would unhoodwink the blind-men Buffs in spight of their Teeth: I'le do't,I am resolv'd,let them snarle and bite—— poor hearts———— it is their nature— they cannot help it,nor can I in reason expect other requital of my Charity, I know them, the men and their Communication —— the men and their innate envy,and peevish revenge: In time,they will grow better, when prejudice and passion makes them not forget that they are *Englishmen* (not *Irish-men*) Christians, (not Bigots) and willing to be governed by our ancient *English Constitutions* and Laws (not the *Manwaring* and *Laud*'s Canons and Constitutions of——40.)

Have we,with so much adoe,been puzzling all this while, these 40 Years, and are we not yet got over the *Lambeth-Canons* and *Constitutions* of 40? must the Church and Kingdom twice be split on the same Rock? some men endeavour it might and main;or else the Loyal *Long Parliament* were not the *Happy House of Commons* (as the King styles them)at least not happy in their Intelligence,if they struck so violently (without sufficient Reason) against Duke *Lauderdail* and the *Earl* of *Dmby*, for this very cause of the Kingdom,*The Good Old Cause*) (without a *Sarcasm*)*Good for the King and Kingdom*,the best and surest,if not the only way to make the King and Kingdom happy,safe and pleasantly united,against which (the old and true fouudation and principle) none ever yet attempted,*but it prov'd his ruine,bringing the Old House over his Head.*

And when you hav impartially weighed the mischiefs that have attended these new *Sybthorpian Doctrines*, *Manwaring* and Dr. *Lauds* false Canon of——40. you and I shall never more quarrel, nay,let us now shake hands,enter the Ring again,and try the other touch in a *New Tryal*,or,let us shake hands,and be friends,and on Condition *you be so Good Natur'd as to remit this Unconscionable and Outragious Verdict* I to shew my *Good Nature*,in requital will *Remit* the *Injuries* aforesaid, the *Original Sin* that has tainted the *Consequent Differences* and *Contests*, I hope I have in this *Long Letter* given your *Lordship* such sufficient satisfaction about the *Canons* of 40 —— the *vanity*,the *Mischief* and *Falshood* especially of the 1.*Canon* thereof that, like eager *Disputants*, we shall end just where we began, and yet, both be wiser and better, and the *Kingdom* too,for this *Contest*,and then this *Outragious* and *Unconscionable* and *Unreasonable Verdict* will have a *Happy Issue*,in either Curing the St. *Anthonies Fire Heat* and *Tantivee-Flame*, that has not only endamaged Me,but *Endanger'd the Peace of the Kingdom*, if we believe the late *Long* and *Loyal Parliament*,or if not convert,at least convict and rise up in Judgment against those *Erostratus*'s, that get great *Titles* by setting the *Church* on Fire again by such *Tantivee-Heats* as produc't and brought forth that destructive-Canon 1. *of the Constitutions of* 40 and burnt a fine Church.

Yet some tell me,that all this *Long Letter* is but labour in vain,that you are set upon a Will and Revenge,and whom you once hate you know not how to *Remit*, but I have other hopes: surely I do not wash a *Blackamore*,nor preach thus long a *Sermon* to as little purpose as St. *Bede* when he preacht to a heap of Stones,or,as if I were preaching to the Rocks,near *Silly*, called *The Bishop and his Clerks*, you cannot be so *Stony-hearted* I think: but,either you will *Remit* the *Verdict* and be friends, or accept of those Honourable and profitable *Proposals* which I hear make you of a *New-Tryal*: and if you will do neither,the World shall know it,that they may judge betwixt you and me,and my Six substantial Witnesses,and your single,interessed Witness, that swears for his own ends, to get me out of my Rights, which you have unlawfully indeavoured to invade by an Illegal sequestration, the cause of the words betwixt us: and the *Canons* of 40 the cause and first occasion of your displeasure against me,which made you so willing in defiance of (1 *Tim.*5.19.) Gods Holy Word to receive an accusation,nay, and prosecute it too,upon the single Testimony of an infamous wretch,who wants the necessary accoutrement of a Lyar,a good Memory,whom I have begun to prosecute for the *Perjury*: I hope you will not still countenance him against such a Man as I am, I have also prosecuted for Perjury your other Apparitors, Groom, Martin, and your six Procters of Doctors-Commons: blush for them, help them not for for-shame——(I hope) no—*noli prosequi* nay I am advis'd to make an attaint against the Jury.

I have in this Letter,made very sharp Reflexions and corroding *Epithites*,of the *Laudian-Faction* and *Tantivee-Principle*; It is not rashly done,but upon good Advice,such spreading *Cancers* and dangerous cannot be corrected,check't,nor cured without Precipitate *Corrosives*. For this *Lambeth Divinity* ruins *Humanity*, *Polity*,and *Policy*.

We

We do not live in *Muſcovy* (where *John Valevodsky* (I believe I do not write it right) the *Muſcovy-Duke* and Emperour of *Ruſſia*, Tyrannically laid a Tribute (upon the people) of ſeveral buſhels of living *Fleas*, and (in default) an outragious Fine and arbitrry.

If it had been buſhels of dead *Fleas*, I believe I knew where he might have been fitted the laſt Summer but *Fleas* have a skittiſh Property, and are ſooner kill'd than jail'd, or put into pound, except they be dealt with as the *Spaniſh Fryar* dealt with the *Muſquetoes* of the Bay of *Campeachy* in *America*, namely, he Excommunicated them, and then every body knows it is not very far to the Jail or pound.

The *Tyrant* had as good have ſeized their Lands, their Liberties, their Lives and their Wives, without the *Ceremony* of *Buſhels of Fleas*; only to pick a quarrel— For ſo the *Tyrannical Baſhaws* of *Egypt* at this day, bring thither a Ship load of Tin, and without the Philoſopher's Stone, turns it immediately to a Ship load of Silver, by ſending to every man, according to his Eſtate, a quantity of Tin, commanding them to ſend him, the like quantity of Silver, and ſo the Bargain is made; or, if they do not like the Bargain, a *Mute* goes along with the *Janizaries*, and does the mens buſineſs with a Bowſtring, if they do not cheat them, and ſave them the Labour by making uſe of his own Bed-Cords, before they come nigh when he firſt hears they are coming and knows their Errand Tyranny needs no Ceremony, but a long Sword.

Theſe arbitrary Cruelties are common in *Turky*, *Muſcovy*, and a little (I fear) in *France*, and the *Prieſts* make them believe they have a *Jus Divinum*, and expreſs Texts of *Alcoran* (in *Engliſh*) holy Scripture for all; But the *Canons* of 40. are not yet *Canonical*, my Lord, nor ever ſhall if I can help it, though you proſecute me with all the united *Power*, privy *Whiſpers*, *Affidavits*, *Verdicts*, *Articles*, *Libels*, *Supplicavits*, *Informations*, *Declarations*, *Suſpenſions*, *Silencings*, *Jails*, and *Bails*, or your ſevereſt weapon, namely, (what the *Fryar* frighted the Flys with) *Excommunications*.

But I have by this fair *Propoſal* ſo profitable to you acquit my ſelf in the Judgment of all Ingenuous men; for if it be profit, or my money you ſeek, that I will ſecure, if you recover by an indifferent Jury; if Honour, that is better ſecur'd, by this *Propoſal*: for it can be no Honour to you, if you dare not try the cauſe before (not a pitckt Jury for the nonce) but ſuch a Jury as is indifferently return'd upon other Tryals.

And if nothing will prevail with you but you'l keep the catching hold you have got, nor liſten to any thing but revenge, revenge, except I make diſhonourable and baſe Submiſſions, then

Scabbard! be gone---fight on---be bold,
And let him fall that firſt ſays--hold,

I believe you do not read my Books, for if you had impartially weighed the 7th. *Page* of *Naked Truth* ſecond part. ſecond Edition, I ſhould have been more in your books then the Canons and Conſtitutions forty. read 21 *Hen.* 8. 13. or *Acts.* 6. 2. 4. againſt Spiritual-Apoſtolical-perſons medling with temporal Councels and Employments, diſdain not to be drawn out of a Pit with rags——— and do by me as you would be done by, when time ſhall ſerve; for theſe conteſts are but a kind of hot-cockles, there will be no ſport if we do not lye down in our turns; eſpecially when I propheſy ſo right, why, and how, and who it is that ſmote me.

Neither deſpiſe nor reject with ſcorn the good *Admonitions* in this *Letter*; if I had not lov'd you well, and better than you deſerve at my hands, I would not have beſtowed ſo much pains upon you.

But there is ſeldome a greater *Plague* attending *Greatneſs* than the flattery of their own judgments and conceits, as well as the flattery of *Sycophants* without; but what non-ſenſe is it?

The *King* can make a man a *Knight*, but he cannot make the *Knight* one jot the wiſer or more Learned (he may be the poorer) for his *Title*: The *King* can make a *Biſhop*, but all the Kings in *Chriſtendome* cannot with the *Lord* convey Learning and Wiſdom, but uſually leſs; for a *Lord-Biſhop* has more *Diverſions* from his Studies and Books, by attending *Councils*, and *Parliaments*, and *Confirmations*, and *Procurations*, and *Viſitations*, *Promotions*, *Suits* and vexations, that it is next to impoſſible that he can ſtudy ſo much as a *Country Vicar*.

Robert Gretſhead, Biſhop of *Lincoln*, writ a Letter Monitory to the *Pope*, and the diſtance betwixt them two was was far greater than betwixt your *Lordſhip* and my ſelf; nay, *Abbot Bernard* chid *Pope Eugenius*, and call'd him all to naught;---The *World* is the better for theſe *Letters*, though Pope *Eugenius* was hardned in wickedneſs, and incorrigible, till the Council of *Conſtance* took him in hand conven'd him before them, impriſon'd and unpop't the *Old Gentleman*, an an Adulterer, Sodomite, Symoniacks, *&c.*

I

I am ſure of one good event of this Letter, namely I have acquit my ſelf in my own *Conſcience* that I have thus ſtudied the way of *Peace* as well as *Truth*—and by my fair propoſal for a new Tryal; But if you reject it you get nothing but my *Bones* when you catch them; but the Honour will be mine, in that you will ſeem to be convicted in your own Conſcience, that if I have fair play, I muſt worſt you, having *ſix* to *one* againſt you, *ſix* honeſt *Witneſſes* to *one* little infamous one---that has not the docility or memory of a Parrot or Magotte-Pye.

For all men that have any briskiſhneſs of Spirit are herein like *Tennis-Balls*, which you may ſafely handle and play with, nay, toſs and bandy too ſometimes; but if nothing will ſerve your turn but with violence to throw them right down, or down-right, 'tis odds, if they do not rebound, and hit you in the face with eagerneſs anſwerable to the impetuoſity.

And if no other Councils but what are violent, will reach your *Ears* and *Heart*—— go on——In time you will find (*as at Tennis*) I will return your very beſt *with Excellent deſign*, and perhaps into your hazzard—— or—— hit the hazard of your *Partners and Partakers*; nay, I will write your Epitath, that in memory of your conqueſt, and how obtained, ſhall outlaſt your tomb, and *Celebrate your name* and fame to Poſterity; though I cannot ſay, but it might have been *more honourable to you* to ſport with *Flora* (*as you do now*) at *Fulham*, then to be a Promoter (*by my Pen Recorded for*) a Promoter.

For every thing has two handles, if a *Prudent man* cannot hold it by one, he can certainly hold it by the other—— nay; even when he falls he falls but like a dye, which *flur'd or cog'd or* thrown which way you will, always reſts on a true ſide and right bottom; it is true I ſuffer, but the *Original ſins* was yours, in that illegal ſequeſtrations, and the juſtifying that firſt and *worſt Canon* of the Conſtitutions of *Forty*.

Thus am I whipt upon others backs that deſerves the laſh more then my ſelf: ſometimes you hold me *up to the men of Doctors Commons* (as Promoter) and they laſh me with *ſuſpenſions*, *Excommunication*; and ſometimes they take turn and hold me up to you by ſwearing againſt me, and then you ſwing'd me with *Supplicavit*, *Affidavits*, *Outragious Verdicts*; between you both, I have had a good time ont, I thank you (*with twelve men to help you*) pay'd me off to ſome tune at———*Chelmesford*.

Now if you would be but as good to me as you were to the men of Doctors-Commons, the Employment would be leſs Drudgery, and more honourable as *being a piece of Juſtice* for which the Nation would call you bleſſed——namely —— that you would turn *Promoter or Informer* againſt them for their many and impudent, dayly exetortions and oppreſſions of the Kings Subjects 'till they groan again———or, if that will not pleaſe you——do but hold them up to me——ſee how I'le make them friſk again———yet———a little nearer ———yet nearer———let mee but have them within my reach, And I will ſo chaſtiſe them, that the whole Kingdom ſhall joy in me.

But I confeſs to your Lorſhip I do not like the ſport, I had rather be quiet, if you and they would ſuffer me to reſt,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips (humble as well as)

Humbled SERVANT,

Cc *Edm: Hickeringill.*

POST-SCRIPT.

SINCE I writ this, I missing of Mr. *Firman*, (whom I never saw) ——carryed this Letter My self intending to present it, as well as write it, with my own hand——but your *Porter* and *Maid* (all the family I could find at *London-house*) told me that you kept not Hospitality there, but was gone to your *Country-house*, for this Summer, I know not how well to get it to your hands, nor how, nor when I shall have your answer, I going home to morrow, and therefore have Order'd it to be *Printed*, hoping that way it will not miscarry, (whatever the *Manuscript* may do) which I have this day sent to you by the *Porter*.

And yet *both may* miscarry, for I could never yet find that you did ever read my *Letters*, except to *Cavil* at them, and produce my very Apologies as evidence against me; for my part I know not how to deal with you, you are too cunning for me, (*I am sure*) too powerful.

And when the quarrel first began about this *Tantivee*, *Heylins*, *Manwarings*, *Sybthorp*, *Lauds principle and Canon*, you did so *espouse the cause* against me and the *good old cause* and was so angry, that before the Mayor and Aldermen of *Colchester* (if you could have disgrac't me thereby) you passionately said ——that you *never desired more to talk with me*.

For, (I confess) I was pretty warm upon you for your *Lambeth Canons*, and you could not have nettled me worse than to *fright me* (with what the late *Loyal-long-Parliament* in their said Address to his Majesty confessed to be a terror to them, and *grief of heart* to His Majesties Subjects) to hear of a *Manwaring*, a *Heylin*, a *Laud*, a *Sybthorp*, rediviv'd, or their *Canons* or *Principles* so *destructive* to the Fundamental Laws or *The Good Old Cause*.

But you are so seldom Resident at *London* (the great *Episcopal Workhouse* for a Bishop of *London's Presence* and Residence) and at *Fulham* the greatest part of the year, *That* if you would admit a conference with me (which would be *good for both of us*) yet I know not how to obtain it, except I go to *Fulham*, which is *out of my way* (and so will be) till you come to *London*, where the perpetual Residence of a *Bishop of London is absolutely necessary*, (especially, since the New-Buildings have almost doubled your Diocess) That if you had *nothing to do there*, but only to *Bishop or Confirm* All Saints and All Souls therein, if you were as High and Great (and I believe you are now *past* (the Age of) *growing*, but if you were now as great) as the Giant *Bryarcus* that had 100 hands, they would all be *too little* for the performance of (*one single Episcopal Badge*) the *Confirmation* in the Common-Prayer-Book.

Nor does the *Rubrick* say, that Men are bound to take a pair of Oars, and go by *Water* to *Fulham* to be *confirmed*——as if men were dipt with the *Error Anabaptistical*, and thought it necessary *to go* to Heaven *by Water*, (more then needs.)

Surely, you came lately from reading the *Encomiums* given to *Laud* by that *blind* (in a *double*-Sence) that old *Tantivee-Bard*——*Peter Heylin*, upon that *Archbishop*, and I would not have you (*whom I love so well*) to be so ambitious as to desire to be his *Successor*, (though) to follow his steps: I hope you will be *wiser before you come to the Grave*; they are dangerous steps for you——believe Me.

The CONCLUSION.

THIS Letter is the *Quintessence* and *Epitome* of the whole Book, and may (*for a shift*) serve those that *will not or cannot* find leisure to read the *whole* Book, and though writ *raptim*, *and in haste*, yet (though I say it that should not say it) worthy for the *matter* to be *writ in Letters of Gold*, and transmitted to all Posterity; the *Subject is so Good*, so seasonable, and so *needful to be handled*.

For however it happen to work *doubtfully* upon *Teagues* and *Irish-Tories*, and slavish *prostituted* and *Hackney-Pamphleteers*; (whose only *Religion* is their *Gain*) yet I doubt not but it has sufficient Vertue in it to *Convert all English Tories* and *Tantivees*, that are *not sworn-slaves*, and make them *perfect WHIGGS*: *whose Numbers* increase *daily* (they are *never the fewer for me and this Contest with the Bishop*) and multiply wonderfully; and *so will will*, when things are *well-consider'd*, and impartially-weighed, according to our *ancient*, *Honourable*, *safe*, and most excellent *English Frame*, and Constitution of *Government*; Our Kings are Kings of *France*, but (God forbid) they should be like the *French King*; then indeed (as the *Tantivee-Preacher* ratled it) *our very Souls would not be our own*, nor (scarcely) would God be suffered *quietly* to enjoy them, *as his share*, but *All would be Cæsars*, our *Estates*, our *Libertiet*, our *Children*, our *Lands*, our *Lives* and our *Wives*,

Wives; And then, what shall *we have*? nay, what shall *God have*? If *All* be *Cæsars*? such *Tantivee-Pops* and senceless *Preaching-Sots* deserve to be *hang'd*, and till some of them *be so served*, or, *made Exampels of*, we shall never be freed of these ENGLISH *Incendiaries*; (Tory-Pulpiteers, and Tory Pamphleteers) but be ruin'd (*twice in an Age*) with *one and the same* Plagues and Pests. And work (as *Negroes* do in *Barbadoes*) *by day* for their Masters, and at *night* lie with their Wives *to get slaves for their Masters* too: And is it not better to have no *Charters*, no Priviledges, then to serve a weary Apprentyship and give Money to boot, for our Freedom, and yet hold them by no *surer Tenure*, then till a Courtier be displeas'd, or wants Money? And as for Eccleſiastical Courts, if 16 *Car.* 1. 11. be in force, and was never repealed, and that the 13 *Car.* 2. 12. (repealing 17 *Car.* 1.) can never be construed to Repeal, 16 *Car.* 1.

Then what force have they or Power toward, impose or inflict any pain, penalty, *&c.* nor *did they, or durst they* inflict any pain or penalty (as loath to venture 100 l. for every offence) nor did they censure any, till 13 *Car.* 2. 12. repealed 17 *Car.* 1. 11. but if it did not repeal 16 *Car.* 1. 11. as it is evident upon the Parliament Roll, it is 16 *Car.* 1. 11. that repeals the branch of 1 Eliz.—I think they have brought their Hogs to a Fine Market, and stand liable for all the mischief they have done, to Souls, to Bodies, and to Bones.

I believe some in the *Parliament* (at least did intend) to repeal 16 *Car.* 1. 11. but if it be (as it is a great mistake) it is *fatal*, and not to be remedied, *but by a PARLIAMENT*, and if ever they should be so bold and daring as to inflict any penalty *upon me*—have at them for the 100 l.

Besides, I doubt not but 1 *Edw.* 6. 2. is in force; for though it is repeal'd by 1 *Mar.* 2. yet that 1 *Mar.* 2. is repeal'd by 1 *Jacob.* 25. and *Samson* is unbound again *Remoto Impedimento Reviviscit*; and herewith agreeth the Book-Case in 15. *Ed* 3. *tit.* Petition Placit. 2. *Coke* mag. chart, 686.

'Tis true that 4. Jacob two questions were moved, first whether any Bishops made especially since the first day of that first Sessions of Parliament. 1 Jacob. *were lawful or no.*

2. Whether the Proceedings in the Eccleſiastical-Courts, being made *under the name* Stile *and Seal of the Bishop* were warranted by Law?

The *Chief Justices* agreed that 1 Edw. 6. 2. *was in force*——for though the Act 1. Eliz. 1. Revive the 25. Hen. 8. 20. Which Empowers Bishops to Act as formerly, (and consequently or obliquely the 1 Ed. 6. 2. is struck at) yet can any man in his right wits imagine that it is either true or safe, that a Statute should be repealed obliquely, and by consequence without the least thought thereof in the Legislators? *this would be of most dangerous consequence.* But the Legislators could not think of repealing that which was *actually* and expresly at *that time repealed* already by 1. Mar. 2. nor of repealing the Ed. 6. 2. by 1. and 2. Phil. and Mar. 8. which was repealed already by 1 Mar. and 1. 2. Phil. Mar. that does not *repeal* 1 Ed. 6. 2. *by name* and consequents will not do, nor inferences, this is tricks and wiredrawing, to defeat a Statute-Law by fineſs or nicety of Wit, or Lawyers-Criticisms. And therefore there is *no need of flying* to 1 Eliz. 1. for the repeal af 1. 2. Phil. Mar. 8. yet the Judges generally extrajudicially were of *another opinion.*

The case deserves the Resolution of the Judges in open-Court, or in a Parliament, or both; an *extrajudicial Judgmentthen has been* in Jan 4 and 1 July 1637 and the Judges gave their opinions as the Bishops best liked, (Dr. *Laud* especially) but the same Judges also to please him, were for the Legallity of Ship-money, and customes (unsetled by Parliament) see Appendix of Dr. *Godolphins* Abridgment of Laws. and *Coke Instit.* C. 2. p. 685. 686. the Lord *Coke* was overawed by the High-Commission Court, now *the Law* is not in awe, though the *Gentleman* that gives *this Narrative* of the said *Tryall* did *not take it in short-hand* (he that has so *vast a memory shall not need*) nor yet is willing to be known to be the Author of these observations; not that there is a a word or line in this book that he is not prompt, and at hand and (*to chuse*) willing to

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juſtifie, if any dare *be ſo bold, daring and impudent, or ſo very ignorant* as to oppoſe theſe profitable and well known truths, backt with the Goſpel *and the Law*; Ha? Let me have *no grumbling*——you may *Whiſper*, Point, make *Dumb-ſhows* and Signs; but—— I *will have no grumbling aloud.* But he is *not willing* to put *his Name to this Book as Author*, yet nevertheleſs (according to the *Common-Cuſtome* of Learned Authors that *Preface* their works with *their own Pictures* or Effigies (*they ſhall not need neither, ſome of them are not ſo handſom*, no more then the courſe face of this Blunt Author) Nevertheleſs the Author (*to humour the Common vanity*) gave me leave to give you part of his *Effigies*, or a halfe-face of him, pourtray'd as followeth (*not in his firſt but laſt Page of his book*) (if you be Oedipoſſes) you may ſoon unriddle the *ænigma*; the Author has a ſoul ſo *great*——I'le ſay no more on't—— but as for his *fancy and invention* the whole Creation is ſo immediately *at its beck*, that (*like Chambers to be let ready furniſhed*) it never wants *apt Epithites*, Metaphors, or *Expreſſions to Elucidate* the thoughts of his *weightier* matter and judgment. But (which are *ſeldom pairs* in one man) his *memory* (Ay, that, that ſame---*his Memory*) like the *French King*, ſeizes all it can *lay hold off, right or wrong*: or like the men that *drive the Commons*, impounds *all that comes to hand*--or, like a *Drag Net*, it ſweeps all, and *retains All*, the *Good*, the *Bad*, but what *its better Judgment purpoſely* waves and *throws away*, or like a *Serjeant*, a *Bum*, a *Snap*, a *Trap*, or a right *Engliſh-Maſtive* never lets go its hold, except the *piece come out*, when it has once *laid hold*; and married, coupled or *matcht with a Body* ſo *perfect a Slave* to the greater Soul, that it never *tyres* or *playes the Jade* when ſet at work *ſometimes unmercifully* and moſt Tyrannically us'd, and yet the willing Slave, like good Horſes, keeps *it's ſelf in Good Caſe*, tight and in good plight, & for a *Sinner*, if it were not ſometimes *Prieſt ridden*, or rid with the *ſpiritual Incubus*, or night-mare, *I ſay*, for ſo great a Sinner--*well to Live*-Plump & fat-*deſiderantur cætera.*

Thus have I with a *Pen*, not *Pencil* drawn the *Authors-Picture*; and there is *in* ſome men's *Styles* as in *Faces* and Features, ſuch *peculiar Idioties* and diſtinguiſhing Ayres *from all others*, that it is needleſs to write the Authors-name (as was, over dull painting, accuſtomed of old)—*This is Cock*, This a Bull.

For the *notoriety* is as eaſie and *remarkable*, as a *Pick't Fury*, or a *Tory Sheriff*, or a *Hunted Deer*, that may indeed (endeavouring ſhelter) a while be *concealed* amongſt the *Crowd*, but any *eaſie Sagacity* may *ſingle him out from the Common Herd.*

But do not you, (ye weekly Libellers and dirty *Pampleteers!*) Do not you prophane any more this *Effigies*; eſpecially *Truſty Roger*, Mr. *Obſervator*! tremble at aſperſion, leaſt the Villanous Attempt you made againſt the *Printers* Widow, (now Mr. *D*—s Wife) riſe up in Judgment againſt you, to her unſpotted Honour, and your ſtrange and unheard of Villany, look too't— And dare not to bring your Works of Darkneſs to Light, The modeſt Gentlewoman, which your Goatſhip would have prophan'd, is yet alive to atteſt your Villany, though you promis'd her, that, if ſhe would conſent to your Goatſhip, or *Towzers* Heat (above the rage of *Dog days*) you would, being then *Preſs-Maſter*, permit her to *Print* all the *Quakers* Books and *Unlicenſed Pamphlets*—only ſhe ſhould lay them aſide before your coming to make a ſearch, of which you would give her timely notice. Ah! Villainy——to make the Kings Favour and Truſt in *Truſty Roger*, A *PIMP* to Truſty *Rogers* Goatiſh Luſt; Oh *Tantivees*— bluſh at your *Obſervator*, do not hereafter (ye *Reading Don's* of the Pulpit!) do not hereafter take matter out of his *Weekly Pamphlets* for your *Reading Lectures* in a *Country-Church*——bluſh at your *Whory*, *Roary*, *Scory*, *Tory Obſervator*; of which, Mr. *Obſervator*, I cannot but, in kindneſs to you, make this *Obſervation*, to check, if poſſible) your prophane *Billingsgate*; as if you were——ſworn *Scavinger* as well as *Penſioner* to the *Tories* and *Tantivees*——but I ſpare you at preſent--However deface not *This Pourtrayture*--This is no *Common Effigies*, nor every mans ſhare. This is *not the Face of an Hermophrodite or Lay-Vicar* (falſe and baſe, as treacherous and low——*Exton*— What? prefer the *Favour* of a *Biſhop* before *Hickeringill*? It is a Sin to caſt dirt upon this *Medal*: But if any ſilly *Tory* or unthinking *Tantivee* be *ſo Fool-Hardy*, he knows he may, *in juſt Requital, expect* (but that they are not worthy) a *Whiggiſh*

MUSHROOM. *FINIS.*